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METAPHYSICAL ANTHROPOLOGY:

The Empirical Structure of Human Life

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FOREWORD

This book has been thought out over the course of twenty years; its subject matter has been with me ever since I began my philosophical exploration of human reality. As the reader will see, its greatest intellectual novelty is its theme: the discovery of that level of reality which I call the empirical structure of human life.

I have written this *Metaphysical Anthropology* since December 1968, in sixteen unbroken months of work despite my moves from place to place: in Madrid, in Soria, in Indiana, in Madrid again. I have written it in a single mental movement, one demanded by the systematic nature of its theory and by its literary form. And I have tried to make it, despite its complexity, a relatively short book, for it must be *read* and not merely leafed through or consulted. The reason for this is its dramatic structure, the structure which corresponds to philosophical theory.

Its place within the body of my work is obvious: the presentation of the philosophical past (*History of Philosophy*), which brings us up to the present day, had to be followed by the specific setting in motion of philosophy as theory of human life (*Reason and Life: The Introduction to Philosophy*). I then had to present a view of that life in its collective concreteness (*The Social Structure*). Now, this further step tries to understand human life in its empirical structure, as we find it realized in "man."

The fact that I have explained the total genealogy of my thought so minutely, in so many books, permits me to dispense with notes in this book in order to present its trajectory in a clear and unencumbered way.

Madrid, 23 March 1970

Julián Marías

CHAPTER ONE

RESPONSIBLE VISION

Philosophy can never be taken for granted; to the degree that this occurs, it ceases to function as philosophy. This explains a strange historical phenomenon: the arresting or interruption of philosophy in some societies at certain moments in history, without apparently effective reasons to justify it. Philosophy is *arrived at*; strictly speaking, it is always being arrived at. It consists primarily in a change of viewpoint or perspective; but, interestingly enough, one eventually realizes that throughout all its existence philosophy retains the characteristics of perspective when it changes. More simply expressed, we might say that it is always starting to look.

The man who enters into philosophy, when he has really penetrated it, learns what disorientation is; to penetrate philosophy means to get lost. But then he discovers that he was disoriented *before*; and from the disorientation which is philosophy, the previous "normal" state appears to him as an even more profound and radical disorientation, for it does not even recognize that it exists. The immediate, experiential origin of that philosophical disorientation is that one realizes that things are more complex than one had believed, and especially that they lie in reciprocal connections. Therefore, one must simultaneously take these connections into account as well.

We can see that, instead of the lineal structure with which thought usually proceeds, there is a circular structure: each of the elements or ingredients neither has meaning by itself nor is supported only on the "previous" ones, but also on the "later" ones, and this means that the notion of "beforeness" and "afterness" loses its clear meaning. That circular structure—which at the proper time we shall have to call systematic—imposes a movement of coming and going or, better still, a constant perusal of reality. Hence the philosophical way of looking at things is never at rest. It comes, it goes, and it must justify itself. Philosophical truth is useless if it is not making itself evident, if it does not exhibit its *bona fides*, its *why*. We might say that no truth is philosophical if it is not evident.

This demands effort as an integral part of any relationship with philosophy, even that philosophy which does not claim any creative character. Passivity is incompatible with philosophy, which consists in thinking and re-thinking. To take over an alien doctrine means to follow that internal movement through which it came into being and hence, incidentally, to cause it to be no longer alien. The fact that the philosophical way of looking at things is a perusal of reality results in the "transitable" nature of every philosophical doctrine, and therefore in the possibility of using it creatively. In fact, I would say that every philosophical use of a doctrine is necessarily creative, for if it is not, it is not a philosophical use. To have philosophical access to any philosophy whatever is to move through it, to experience it executively, to use it as one uses a language, operating in all three cases within reality.

It is easy to understand the permanent distrust of philosophy which with rare exceptions dominates history and reappears in different forms, a phenomenon which it would be very stimulating to trace and explore. A "History of Suspicion and Hostility with Regard to Philosophy" would illuminate one whole aspect of human reality. The philosopher is a disturbed and disturbing man. He has, of course, tremendous audacity. The permanent and inescapable risk he runs is arrogance, which can be cured only by the philosopher's continuing to be a philosopher, by his accepting his condition and his fate to their ultimate consequences. Then he emerges into the most radical humility, the only true humility: acceptance of reality. The philosopher never starts off from ignorance, but from knowledge, from a repertory of received interpretations and beliefs in which he was installed and which turn out to be indefensible or inadequate. Hence the general formula of the philosophical thesis is never of the type of "A is B," but "A is not B, but C." Clearly, it would be preferable by far not to have to make philosophy; for only the inevitable, the irremediable, is justified. While life flows along, philosophy is not necessary. Man always knows many things; he goes along opening his path upon the earth, but darkness is on every side of him. This does not matter too much because he realizes it and takes it as part of his life, as an ingredient in that life. The patent—a brief island of manifest present—is surrounded by an ocean of latency: what lies beyond, the recondite, the forgotten, the future, the possible. *Φύσις κρύπτεσθαι φιλεῖ*, *phýsis krýptesthai phileî* ("Nature loves to hide herself"), said Heraclitus. The other side of the coin is the *revelation* of the latent, when Nature wishes to reveal it, through oracles or *moîra*. In any case, man is carried along, led along within a unity, traditional society, in whose bosom he journeys, encapsulated within which he traverses life. This does not mean that he has no problems or questions or decisions to make, but that all of them are located within a great primary certainty, which permits him to know what to hold to.

It is in this context that the significance of the terms which preside over the birth of philosophy in Greece appears clearly. These terms are *δόξα* (*dóxa*) and *ἀλήθεια* (*alétheia*), usually translated as "opinion" and truth." I shall try to use as few Greek words and as few neologisms as possible. "Terms," defined or stipulated, are strictly speaking the opposite of words. Words are not the result of any convention but, on the contrary, are pre-existent to any speaking situation, so that we already find ourselves with them and their meaning. The word must open wide and pour out its meaning, which is the opposite of the function of the term or the invented neologism. The hermetic word, the "cyst-word," is the opposite of philosophy. It is quite another thing for a word to *keep on* pouring out new meanings, like the face which one can always keep on looking at, yet which is always new.

Let us try to *open* those two Greek words. The origin of *dóxa* is the verb *δοκέω* (*dokéo*), which means first "to expect" and only secondarily "to seem"; *dóxa*, in Homeric language, means "expectation": *οὐδ' ἀπὸ δόξης* (*oud' apò dóxes*), (*Il.* X, 324; *Od.* XI, 344) means "not otherwise than had been expected." Only after Homer did *dóxa* come to mean "notion," "opinion," "judgment," whether well-founded or not, true or not. Then there was a transition to the meaning of "mere" opinion or conjecture, more specifically, "the opinion of mortals" (*τῶν βροτῶν δόξα*, *tôn brotôn dóxa*, Parmenides); or rather, "the opinion of others," that is, esteem, reputation, fame. A further step is the meaning of glory or splendor (*δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις θεῷ*, *dóxa en hypsístois theô=gloria in excelsis Deo*). *Dóxa* is "what was expected," what was counted on. The meaning of "opinion" follows the failure of *dóxa* or "expectation." When what is expected does not come to pass, or when things are not as one expected, one begins to have opinions. The correlate of this attitude is, on the plane of reality, "seeming": it seems that something is such-and-such, but perhaps not. Insecurity slips into the bosom of the real and into man's mental and vital behavior with regard to it.

That is when it becomes necessary to *arrive at the truth*. It is the attitude which begins with Hecataeus of Miletus and especially with Parmenides. It is the moment when man believes he is capable of seizing reality and tearing away the veil that covers it, which makes it be latent, which also makes it "seem" one thing and "be" another. What it is *in truth*, ἐν ἀλήθειᾳ (*en alétheia*), is what now shows itself. It is unveiling, uncovering, patentization, the "removing of a veil or cover" described by Ortega y Gasset in 1914 when he began the *philosophical* utilization of the concept of *alétheia* in our time, after the discovery of the etymological meaning of this Greek word by Leo Meyer and Gustav Teichmüller in the last quarter of the nineteenth century (on all this, see my *José Ortega y Gasset: Circumstance and Vocation*).

I do not want to repeat myself. Many years ago, in my *Reason and Life*, I showed how the three great historical interpretations of truth—the Greek or *alétheia*, the Latin or *veritas*, the Hebrew or *emunah*—correspond in a certain sense, exaggerating slightly, to the present, the past, and the future or, if you like, to knowledge, history, and prophecy. They also correspond to the three meanings of truth and falsehood in the life of the child, that is, in the most elemental and least theoretical form of human life. In *Biography of Philosophy* I also dwelt at considerable length on how variation or change, *kínesis*, in connection with the plurality of *true* beliefs, of opinions that may be correct, led to the need to know *radically* what to hold to, which required a new form of knowing. From the credential or mythic instance it was *necessary to pass*—this is the whole point—to another instance which is that of *reason*, understood as λόγον διδόναι (*lógon didónai*), to "account for," or, as we say in Spanish, with perhaps not unnecessary duplication, "to give account and reason." The examination of oracles made by Croesus, with his rationalist mentality, before he would "believe" in them; Xenophon's conduct with regard to oracles, in the face of evidence and rational conviction; all this shows the internal crisis of one kind of installation in the world and the difficulties of a slow and painful transition—full of vacillations and backslidings—to a different way of living.

Thus philosophy appears as a radical form of birth, like a tearing away from the original placenta which is traditional society: to live at the mercy of the elements and—in a way that has never been possible until now—*from out of one's own self*. The decisive factor is that philosophical truth does not consist only in the moment of *alétheia*, of discovery or patentization, and, in consequence, of vision. At the same time it requires the seizure or possession of that seen reality. Philosophy means discovering and seeing, making plain. If a philosophy is not visual it ceases to be philosophy—or it is the philosophy of others. But seeing is not enough: one must also "account for" what one sees, be aware of its connections. This is why, some time ago, I proposed a "definition" of philosophy: responsible vision.

Responsible vision happened in Miletus, in Asia Minor, at the end of the seventh century, or perhaps early in the sixth, before Christ: but it would be a mistake to believe that it simply "happened." It keeps on happening every time that someone awakes to philosophy, every time that philosophy exists anew. And the most important thing is that philosophy consists in the fact that that painful birth does not occur only at the beginning. It must keep on renewing itself moment after moment, and that is what "accounting for" means. To philosophize means being continually reborn into truth; it is constant wakefulness.

CHAPTER TWO

THE TWO WORLDS

Philosophy is present only if man believes that he can progress from the patent to the latent, to uncover it and account for it; but this is possible only if the *real* has *consistency*. In taking progressive possession—sometimes regressive possession, we must not forget—of this connection the first rational interpretation of reality as nature or *φύσις* (*phýsis*) has occurred. It was originally thought that things are all, "at bottom," *the same*—there is a reality from which all things emerge or are born (*natura*) or spring (*phýsis*). But this is not enough. There must be a way or path, *μέθοδος* (*méthodos*) both coming and going—what Heraclitus called "the road up and the road down," *ὁδὸς ἄνω καὶ κάτω* (*hodòs áno kaì káto*). In one direction we arrive at *natural things*; in the other, at the *nature of things*. Nature is the first general outline of the interpretation of the real; things are "reduced" to a primary basis from which they emerge. That is why the notion of *beginning*, *ἀρχή* (*arkhé*), is in its turn an interpretation of Nature. The word *arkhé* has simultaneous aspects of "old," "archaic," "beginning," and "command." While the Milesians emphasized the moment of *generation* in reality—that was why they made a *φυσιολογία* (*physiología*)—the Pythagoreans affirmed that "things are by imitation"—*μίμησις* (*mímesis*)—"of numbers." That is, they insisted exclusively on consistency, for numbers have "only" consistency. But Nature is *both* these things.

The great discovery of Parmenides—see my *Biography of Philosophy*—was that of *consisting*: things have a *certain* consistency, and this led him to discover that they have a certain *consistency*; they consist in consisting. What he calls *éon* and was later called *ón* could be translated as "the consistent." Consistencies are dissipated when they confront consistency itself, and become *irrelevant*: from the point of view of the ὄν, *ón*, of the "entity" or "being," they *do not count*. Therefore Parmenides does not deny their existence, but relegates them to *dóxa* as opposed to *alétheia*. In his work these words mean "interpretation" and "patency." And with this, *phýsis* dissolves from the viewpoint of the "being." It only "seems" that there is variation, change, movement, plurality; they are interpretations ("names men give to things"). The world of *dóxa* is opposed to that of *alétheia*, the only world that really "is."

But this makes us suspect an initial, perhaps an inherent, error of philosophy. We are dealing here with an exaggeration: Parmenides has spoken truth, but philosophy does not content itself with a single truth, only with *the whole truth*. And so, if no interpretation exhausts reality, may not philosophy be an inherent error? Yes; provided that we are aware that as soon as we know this it ceases to be an error. There is something that is, perhaps, more serious: scorn for the *return*, for that primary reality with which we find ourselves and which was what obliged man to make philosophy. Has not philosophy almost always forgotten this?

It is a question of *understanding reality*, in other words, what *there is*. The best translation of *phýsis* would be "living source"; but as soon as metaphysics began in Greece this became congealed into *ón*, entity. Reality was abandoned, literally in the street, under the name of "things," "matters," "tasks"—πράγματα, χρήματα (*prágmata, khrémata*)—the things of life. Sophistry's justification consisted in its willingness to take up these things; its error was to forget truth, and therefore to be incapable of *collecting* them—let us not forget that this is the first meaning of the verb λέγειν (*légein*) and, consequently, of λόγος (*lógos*). The result was the crisis in Greece, and especially in Athens, which led to the "vertigo" of which Plato speaks in his Letter VII, and which led him into politics. Philosophy is not a dialectical game, but a way of knowing what to hold to. In regard to what? In regard to what we need *in order to live.* (Hence my boredom and lack of interest about most of what professional philosophers are doing today.)

Socrates sought the *what*, the correlate of the definition, and Plato, taking a genius's step forward—or upward—sought the εἶδος (*eîdos*) or ἰδέα (*idéa*): but the difficulty is that definition is always universal, and the human things with respect to which I must guide myself are individual and of the senses; this is the drama of philosophy. Through dialogue one arrives at consistency, at the being of things, but one must also come back. This is not entirely lacking in Plato, and his theory of myth is there to prove it, but later philosophical tradition has usually started off from only half of Plato. Even Aristotle does this; and when he tries to return to things, he is apt to "stay" in things. In Aristotle the Platonic idea becomes *form* and leads him to the theory of substance or οὐσία (*ousía*)—and we are still living today from those two terms, "idea" and "substance." Aristotle considers that substances are natural entities, but when he undertakes to explain substance by the theory of matter and form, power and act, he always resorts to the statue and the bed, artificial things which, *according to him*, are not true substances. This means that Aristotelian ontology is insufficient from its own point of view. Aristotle, a man of science, a naturalist, explains the inside of things—that is the marvel of Aristotelianism—but he stays too much in things. He explains what things are, but it is possible that reality cannot be reduced to *things*.

The notion of truth as uncovering is founded on the distinction between patency and latency, appearance and reality: it is a question of bringing the latent into patency. Philosophy appears to be affected from its very root by the duality between seeming and being, and turns on the instance or recourse to what "truly is" (*περὶ τῆς ἀληθείας ἡ θεωρία, perì tês alethéias he theoría*, according to one of the Aristotelian definitions of metaphysics). This means the splitting of the real into *two worlds*.

The hunger for reality coexists in man with the impulse to flee from reality. There are certain forms of thought characterized by a singular loathing for reality, and these should be studied in depth. Parmenides, always a great innovator, speaks of the two methods: what we might call, somewhat inaccurately, "sensibility," *αἴσθησις* (*aísthesis*) and "thought," *νοῦς* (*noûs*). Their extreme forms would be the materialism of the Atomists and the hatred for matter of the neo-Platonists. Plato speaks of ideas and things; still more, of a sensible or visible world, *κόσμος ὁρατός* (*kósmos horatós*) and an intelligible world, *κόσμος νοητός* (*kósmos noetós*). Between the two is interposed the scheme of participation or *μέθεξις* (*méthexis*)—"a metaphor," Aristotle would say, with not entirely unjustified disdain. Since then, whenever "Nature" is mentioned in Western philosophy, a concept will immediately arise in opposition to it, one which changes with time: natural and supernatural, nature and grace, nature and culture, nature and spirit, nature and history. One could write a history of nature by following these opposing concepts.

All this is extremely debatable; at least, it is not obvious.

We could speak of the sensible *and intelligible* world (as opposed to the notion of a sensible world *and* an intelligible world.) The *same* world is both these things. The inexorable connection between seeing and understanding is forced upon us. Sight, and perceiving in general, necessarily have an interpretative character. Ortega wrote in 1914, in *Meditations on Quixote*: "If there were no more than passive seeing, the world would be reduced to a chaos of luminous dots. But above passive seeing there is an active seeing, which interprets by seeing and sees by interpreting; a seeing which is looking." If there were no more than passive seeing, *there would be no world.* There is no "external" world except as there is an "internal" world; this is the condition for there to be *world* in general.

The decisive question we would have to ask is this: What is "world"? If we answer, "things," we have already committed an error. Things are the things *of the world*; things are *in the world* (in an old essay written in 1941, "The Problem of God in the Philosophy of Our Time," I showed in detail how the traditional proof of the existence of God *a contingentia mundi* only proves the existence of something necessary *a contingentia rerum*). With things alone *there is no world.* An *I* is necesssary to be able to speak of world and "worldhood." The old catechism asked and responded: "For whom did God make the world? For man." Of course: it is obvious if one is dealing with the world *qua* world. The world is always *my* world, the world of *someone.* And then it turns out that, no matter how carefully we distinguish between sensible world and intelligible world, or external world and internal world, *qua* world the two are one: *my* world. I am the one who unifies and "mundifies" the two worlds, at one and the same time.

The problem has almost always been presented by following two rather unsatisfactory attitudes which are usually called materialism and idealism. No reason is seen as sufficient to feel loathing for matter or to flee from it. It is a question of an irrational position, whose historical genesis would be fascinating—and perhaps today it would be possible to try to disclose it with the necessary profundity. On the other hand, the anti-materialists, sometimes called spiritualists, at bottom are thinking of "another matter" which would be the negation of the matter that we have and know.

Any really serious attempt at materialism will speak of "organized matter"; but in saying this it is forgotten that organization *is not material.* Matter, in order to be real, has to be *structure*. Remember Ortega's definition in his first book: "structure=elements+order." Strictly speaking, if we take terms in their true sense, we could not speak of the "structure of reality"; we would have to say that *reality is structure*. Now matter *alone* is not reality but an element *for* reality. In the last instance it would turn out, and in an unexpected context, that matter is always *raw* matter.

Does this mean that the traditional split into two worlds, which has run through the whole history of philosophy, vanishes? If the word "split" creeps in, the answer is certainly yes, for the two worlds cannot split off from each other —and in this consists the structure in which reality consists. But the distinction between two worlds now acquires a radical meaning: the world which *is* and the one which *is not* (but which "might be"). Here we are dealing with the future, and more generally with possibility. The reality of the future, *a priori*, cannot be material. And the *fact*—we are dealing with a fact, though not only with it—the inescapable fact, is that we live primarily in the future. I am not future—let me make myself clear—but perfectly real and present; however, in Spanish there is a marvelous suffix, *-izo*, which indicates inclination, orientation, or propensity: *resbaladizo* is "that on which it is easy to slip" (*resbalar*); *levadizo* is "that which can be raised" (*levantar*); a man who is *olvidadizo* is likely to forget things (*olvidar*); *enamoradizo*, one who easily falls in love (*enamorar*): very well then, I am *futurizo*—present, but oriented toward the future, turned toward it, projected toward it.

I am in *this* world and in the *other*: the world I anticipate, project, imagine, the world that is not there, the world of tomorrow. And this world, the world of my plans, that unreal world in which I am "I," is the world which confers its worldhood—its character as a world—on this material and present world, which without the future-oriented "I" would not be a world at all.

CHAPTER THREE

FROM THE GODS TO GOD

When "the other world" is referred to, this expression is usually understood in an eschatological sense. We have seen that, even before this consideration, *my* world is both *this world and the other*, the present and real one—in principle, and at least in part, material and perceptible, often interpreted as "external"—and the future, projective, and imaginary one, which "is" not, though perhaps it "will be," but in which I live from the present moment thanks to my future-oriented condition. In any case, therefore, and from the present moment, in any vital act whatever, the world, which is unique insofar as it is *my* world, appears as divided into two worlds which have reciprocal need of each other.

But the eschatological consideration is inevitable if thought is to fulfill one of its essential requirements: not to stop. If that projection toward the future, if that living in the imagined world which as yet is not, continues, we come up against the limits of our life; and when we reach that point we have to go on thinking if we do not want to strip philosophy of its chief attribute: radicality. It must be said that this line of thought was followed by men before they came to the point of philosophy; death, possible survival, the idea of "salvation" arose independently of philosophy and previously to it, in different *religious* contexts, and this has conditioned the primary meaning of the idea of God, which has a religious origin; but it does not mean that this meaning is the only one; for the moment, it is not the one which interests us here; the problem which now arises for us is that of the gods, or God, *in philosophy*, not in religion; but it would be an amputation of the theme to forget that its origin is religious; in other words, if we wish to proceed philosophically we must seek a strictly philosophical perspective on a religious theme, or one whose discovery is primarily religious.

Modern thought—conditioned by the Christian sense of religion and especially by some of its forms—has directly referred the problem of God to eschatology. This problem is important insofar as it involves "salvation" after death. In some doctrines God is scarcely more than the guarantor of human immortality; if there were no other life, God would be of little importance. The dual result is that, if faith in an otherworldly life is eliminated, this in practice entails atheism, and that there is very little interest in God in this life. But when we find that references to personal immortality in the Old Testament are very scanty and that in Greece they are exceedingly vague, we realize that things may be otherwise, that the meaning of divinity is not exhausted in this function.

Since here we are interested in the philosophical perspective, let us try to see with what traits the gods appear in Greek thought. In the first place, their connection with immortality is obvious; however, it is not a question of men's immortality, but of their own: they are "the immortals" in contrast to men, those who are called precisely "mortals," *οἱ βροτοί (hoi brotoí)*. The wearing out which threatens all of the real, man included, halts precisely here, with the gods. There is another instance where wearing out and corruption are powerless: mathematical objects—numbers, triangles, polygons, polyhedrons, spheres. But these properly speaking do not have reality, only consistency. The gods are like mathematical objects, but endowed with reality; they are, therefore, *the full form of reality*. In the second place, the gods are "the gods of the city," and in this sense they are related to collective life and furnish a *sacred* meaning to the individual's membership in that group which is the *pólis*. They signify the unity, the personality, the protection of the city. In the third place, the gods signify "meaning." The Greek gods are related to different realities, which thus are not only "things" nor only "matter": waters, forests, fire, lightning, earth, harvests, sex. I would say that imaginative projection is made through *the whole range of the gods*. The gods signify, therefore, the repertory of human *possibilities*, the explicitness of their *meaning*, and their exemplary models.

With this we return to our starting point and see the connection with the theme of the two worlds. The gods, without necessarily having an eschatological or transcendent character, in this sense represent the *beyond*. They are beyond the present, the real; beyond the limitations of reality, of imperfection, of wearing out. But not beyond *all* limits, beginning with the plurality of those same gods, which excludes infinity and permits conflict. The positive counterbalance is that the richness and diversity of the real are made patent, and abstractness and the automatism of inertial thought are avoided.

Essential to Greek polytheism was its *mythological* quality —we must not forget that either polytheism or mythology can exist without the other. This quality made possible the personalization of the gods, and in consequence the personal character of the Greek polytheistic religion. The decisive factor is the μῦθος (*mýthos*), the body of tales or myths that were told of the gods, who thus ceased to be mere "entities" or consistencies defined by certain attributes, and became "persons." Mythology is the great *Who's Who on Olympus*. Thanks to this, every god of polytheism is "somebody"—like Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael as opposed to the unnamed angelic hierarchies—and real religion exists. The pagan gods have *names*, to the point that a large part of the religious history of the Mediterranean and the Near East is the story of the names of divinities, of their identities and assimilations.

All this works very well if one does not think about it too much, especially if one does not think about it systematically. Let us not forget that Greek religion was a religion without a clergy and without theology. As soon as thought begins to function in a coherent way, problems arise. To begin with, plurality itself, evocative and plausible as it is to see and project reality from it, becomes burdensome when viewed from a precise notion of divinity: the *reality* of the gods becomes problematical. They are, moreover, too anthropomorphic; they turn out to be "men" with most of the troublesome characteristics of "human nature" removed. The gods turn out to be *difficult to think about*. The gods' powers begin to conflict. Their morality begins to seem uncertain and dubious. The *time* of the gods also gives rise to uneasiness: they are immortal, but they have a life which passes, a διαγωγή (*diagogé*). What is one to think of the "when" of myths, of their succession, their "before and after"? What happens to duration?

Philosophic thought gives rise to very different concepts from the gods, though these are occasionally used later for a new theology. The transition is represented by the idea of μοῖρα (*moîra*); in more defined form, by the concepts of φύσις (*phýsis*), ἀρχή (*arkhé*), and, in particular, νοῦς (*noûs*). The philosophers soon fell under the suspicion of attacking "the gods of the city," of not believing in the traditional gods. Anaxagoras and Socrates—think of the view of the Socratic group given in Aristophanes' *The Clouds*—are the most famous examples, but Aristotle's disgrace in Athens, though considerably tinged with Macedonian politics, included a religious element. Impiety or ἀσέβεια (*asébeia*) was the accusation which hung over the heads of the philosophers. And when, with modern eyes, we see a suspicion of political imputation, we forget that in Greece the two things could not be separated: politics was the proper field of the πόλις (*pólis*), but the *pólis* was sacred and the gods were primarily its gods. The connection between the idea of the Empire and the constitution of the Roman pantheon is obvious and illuminating. The gods of the city—the *Urbs*—were transcended toward the totality of the gods of the new expanded fatherland represented by the Empire. The crisis of the *pólis* in the Hellenistic world was as much political as religious, and on the other hand Christianity's chief problem in the Roman Empire was the *exclusivity* of the Christian God, his incompatibility with other gods; that is, the impossibility of including him in the pantheon and thereby assimilating him. What the pantheon contributed to the confusion and vagueness of the notion of divinity is obvious. The positive side is the conviction to which it led: that the known forms of "gods" did not exhaust the possible forms of divinity—and indeed, given the essentially anthropomorphic nature of the Graeco-Roman gods—of humanity.

The theism of God began in Greece, therefore, with an atheism of the gods. But if we consider—still without thinking of the future—the first dawn of Greek philosophical monotheism, if we compare it with Homer's world or even with Hesiod's *Theogony*, our first sincere impression is one of *impoverishment*. (Moreover, if we think of pre-Socratic speculation, especially in the first phase of the *physiológoi*, we have the same impression of poverty, which must not be overlooked or ignored. When the thought that was just beginning culminates by saying that everything is water or air, we feel the beginnings of disillusionment. That this impoverishment was necessary and, in a sense, valuable is another question; but it ought not to be forgotten.)

To begin with, that theism consisted in a *depersonalization* whose first symptom was the loss of the gods' names: its only precipitate was the noun θεός, *theós*, (in lower case, of course, and generally used with an article: *ho theós*). We should have to undertake a long and fascinating journey to follow the development of this word into a proper name: *Theós*, God. We can say that to begin with it was a question of an irreligious, perhaps an impious, theism; religion was sacrificed—to what? A modern man would be likely to reply: to reason. A Greek would perhaps have used the word *lógos*, which certainly means reason, but can be translated in many other ways, some of them more fundamental; I would say that religion was sacrificed to coherence (and this is, moreover, the danger in all theology). Expressed in other words, there was a transition from the gods to "God," but to the abstract God. It was what Pascal meant when he spoke of *le Dieu des philosophes*, contrasting him to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

The clearest and most mature example is the God of Aristotle, upon whom was to be forged such an enormous—and excessive—part of Christian theology. Passing over the suspicion of polytheism that hovers over all of Aristotelian thought, in those texts where monotheism appears to be clearly present, the God of Aristotle is "the first unmoving Mover" who moves without being moved. He is *ἐνέργεια* (*enérgeia*) or "pure act"; in short, the expression of the ontological conditions of the being as such, not a creator, nor a provider, nor a God who acts on the world. In the measure in which he is anthropomorphic (and he is because he cannot be anything else) he retains only one particular dimension of man: theory. He is *νόησις νοήσεως* (*nóesis noéseos*), "vision of vision," a thinking reality which thinks itself, radically self-sufficient.

After this point, and after the confluence of Greek thought with the Christian religion, the paths of thought about God became multiplied and enriched. The decisive factor—and the dangerous one—is the idea of the *infinite*, which Greece had always avoided. (I refer to concepts of philosophical, not religious, origin; the latter, which are fundamentally those of paternity, creation, and love, in the end turned out to be the most fruitful concepts in *philosophy*, but it would be long before philosophy took possession of them.)

The idea of the infinite leads to the *via eminentiae* as a theological and philosophical method. When that method *really* starts off from the real, it is quite fruitful; but when it forgets the real, or when it takes the name of reality in vain—when it empties that name of content—it aims at the abstract superlative, what we might call the theology of exaggeration.

On the other hand, the naturalism of Greek thought began to weigh heavily on doctrine about God. The Hellenic propensity to think from things unknowingly led the Greeks to weaken—without denying—the great Christian intuition: to think of God as the "superthing." And this explains (we shall examine it more closely later) the risk of pantheism to which all Western thought comes very close: the involuntary, inadvertent falling back onto forms of interpretation which "turn out" to be pantheistic, as if the "mundification" or "thingification" of God had slipped like an insidious breeze into all Hellenic types of speculation.

And meanwhile the real questions were relegated to the shadows or the periphery of philosophy. At a certain moment those questions were to become inescapable and to ruin most of the thought that had not dealt with them: creation, the human person, divine persons, the true nearness and true distance of that *Deus absconditus* who, being supreme reality, "shines by his absence."

CHAPTER FOUR

CREATION AND NOTHINGNESS

Unlike the Greek gods, even the God of Hellenic philosophical monotheism, the Biblical God—in Judaism as well as in Christianity—appears as a *Creator*. The notion of creation is primarily religious, and appears in the Old Testament in purely religious, not even "theological" contexts, as in the first verse of Genesis (*ἐν ἄρχῃ ἐποίησεν ὁ θεὸς τὸν οὐρανὸν καὶ τὴν γῆν, en arkhé epoíesen ho theòs tòn ouranòn kaî tèn gên*, according to the Greek version of the Septuagint; *in principio creavit Deus caelum et terram*, according to the Vulgate). Even in the passage in Maccabees II, 7, 28, where the reference is added to creation *from nothing—οὐκ ἐξ ὄντων ἐποίησεν αὐτὰ ὁ θεός, ouk ex ónton epoíesen autà ho theós, ex nihilo fecit illa Deus*—it is strictly religious and has no "theoretical" aim whatever. The words are those of the mother of the Maccabees as she exhorts the youngest of them to accept torture rather than be faithless to the prescriptions of the Law.

But that religious idea of creation, *as soon as philosophy is present*, has immediate philosophical consequences. I mean that, in principle and to start with, it has nothing to do with philosophy, but "in the presence" of philosophy it becomes a decisive philosophical concept, which is the one that interests us here. It becomes clear from the point of view of a Hellenized Jew like Philo of Alexandria, or from the Christian viewpoint of the Church Fathers.

In neither of the two mother tongues of Western philosophy was there a word to express the idea of creation. In Greek as well as Latin ordinary words, whose meanings were very loose, were used. But they gradually acquired a more precise significance. In Greek the word most frequently used was ποιεῖν (*poieîn*), the broader verb for "making" or "producing," from manufacturing to poetry. Sometimes used were the nouns κτίσις (*ktísis*), "creation," κτίσμα (*ktísma*), "creature," and the verb κτίζειν (*ktízein*) itself, related to the ideas of "founding" and "foundation." In Latin, the verb *facere* alternates with the more specific *creare*—from the same root as *crescere*, "to grow"—a term from rustic language which means to produce or cause to germinate, and by extension to raise to any magistracy: *consulem creare*; as for nouns, the predominant words are *creatio*, *creatura*, and of course *creator*, which in Christianity received a much more concrete sense than they had had in the classical language; on some occasions *condere*, "to found," is used.

On the other hand, it is curious that the root word γένεσις (*génesis*), is rarely resorted to, despite its long Greek philosophical tradition, especially among the pre-Socratics, and despite its being the word used to translate the title of the first book of the Pentateuch; that is, the story of the creation. Philo, who shows a surprising vacillation in terms, occasionally employs *génesis* and *genetós*, and also the old Platonic expression δημιουργός (*demiourgós*) for "creator," and sometimes calls the creation of the world κοσμοποιΐα (*kosmopoiîa*). From an early date the meaning of *génesis* was reserved for the divine *filiation*, precisely in contrast to creation: in almost all the apostolic symbols, from the oldest versions of the Creed, Christ is called *monogenés*, *unigenitus*, and beginning with the Nicene Creed γεννηθέντα, οὐ ποιηθέντα (*gennethénta, ou poiethénta*)—*natum* (or *genitum*), *non factum*—is expressly added.

The notion of *creatio ex nihilo—ex nihilo sui et subjecti*, as the Scholastics were later to clarify—is contrasted on the one hand with the "generation" of the Son and on the other with the neo-Platonic concept of "emanation." It is not a question of a derivation of the divine reality itself, nor of the mere "fabrication" of a world beginning with matter, ἐξ οὗ (*ex hoû*), but of "calling" into existence or "placing" in existence. The difficulty of thinking through this idea was almost insuperable for Greek thought, owing chiefly to the relatively weak meaning of the Greek expressions which had been used to designate nothingness: no longer merely μὴ ὄν (*mè ón*), but even the stronger οὐκ ὄν (*ouk ón*). The temptation is to interpret "nothingness" as a "quasi-matter" when it is said that God created the world *from nothingness*.

Two different elements enter into the idea of creation: *contingency* and *irreducibility*. The first is, for the Greek, the idea of "each thing"; for the Christian, that of "every thing." It is not that something might *not be* (something that is, of course), but that it might be *nothingness*, that there might "be nothing." Why is there something and not, rather, nothing? This is the decisive question. The Greek being—as is well known—is threatened by movement or change, κίνησις (*kínesis*) and "not-being"; Christian reality is threatened by nothingness. And to the thesis *ex nihilo nihil fit*—"from nothing nothing is made"—corresponds the thesis *ex nihilo omne ens qua ens fit*—"from nothing is made every being as a being"—precisely when the infinite *creative* power of God is introduced.

But now we can attempt a different perspective from this traditional one. The positive aspect of nothingness resides in the fact that it is *imagined* as imminence, as threat. Many years ago I noted (in "The Visual Interpretation of the World") that darkness is probably the psychological origin of the idea of nothingness; but darkness does not consist in the fact that one "does not see" but in the fact that, in darkness, "one sees that one does not see." In Spanish we can easily distinguish between *nada* ("nothing") and *la nada* ("nothingness"); in German there are *nichts* and *das nichts*; in French, with a shift of word, *rien* and *le néant*; in English, "nothing" and "nothingness," with a troublesome abstract suffix which disturbs us a good deal. The article (or suffix) confers "reality" on "nothingness" even though it be the *negation* of *all* reality, made from it. It is the ontological meaning of what I have called "threat." Confronted with nothingness as "matter" (the *ex* of *ex nihilo*), we can speak of the *programmatic* or projective nature of nothingness, nothingness as a *horizon.* It is the *correlate* of personality. "Nothingness" is programmatically upheld by me; if you prefer, and even more strictly, it is "radicated" in the area of my life, where it is constituted as the negation of all reality, as the threat of annihilation; its "consummation" must be "nothing"; that is, the loss of its "substantivity," expressed by the suffix.

On the other hand, the crux of the notion of creation is *irreducibility*. It is not "manufacture" or "generation" or "emanation," but creation *ex nihilo sui et subjecti.* The world is not something "made" by God out of a pre-existent raw material, nor engendered by him—as the Son by the Father—nor has it emanated from its own reality, but has been placed in existence, "outside." This radical "outsideness" is what has been called *transcendence*, as opposed to all forms of pantheism. It is the total irreducibility between creator and creature.

But this traditional posing of the problem smacks of a defect in all Hellenic or Hellenized thought, namely "substantialism" or "thingism" or "materialism." The irreducibility of "things"—in the broadest sense of the word—is always problematical, especially if we keep in mind the probability that, *qua* things, all may be reduced to a single structure. There is another mode of irreducibility, another mental "model," if you prefer, which philosophy has not taken sufficiently into account: *personal* irreducibility. From this perspective, such a model is convincing because the person is always irreducible to everything that is not itself. But there is a risk, one that has invalidated the attempts which the past has made to think in this direction: the eventual "thingification" of the person—visible ever since Boethius' famous definition—and the abandonment of the strictly personal point of view. If we say simply "the I"—and this has been the temptation of all idealism—we are lost. "The I" is a substantivation or thingification, which alters the original significance, and, which is more serious, eliminates the *denominative* function of the expression "I." One must say "I" executively. And then it becomes clear that *everything* is irreducible to me, as *I* am irreducible to *everything*, beginning with my body and my soul and, of course, my children.

Let us attempt to think *personally* about human generation. Psychophysically, the thing is clear (at least as clear as scientific explanation can be, for it lacks the personal element of "comprehension"). The psychophysical reality of the child—body, biological functions, psychic traits, character, etc.—is "derived" from that of the parents, and in this sense is "reducible" to it. This is true of his psychophysical reality, but not of the *child*. "That which" the child is, is his *what*, not his "who." The child who is and who says "I" is absolutely irreducible to the father's "I" and the mother's "I"—and they are equally irreducible, of course, between themselves. There is not the slightest controllable meaning in saying that he "comes" from them, because I cannot come from any other I—that other I is always an irreducible "thou." To say "I" is to form a diametric opposition to any other possible or imaginable reality, and this polarity, in a bilaterally personal form, is precisely the I-thou duality.

This is the point I have been trying to reach. In this purely "descriptive and phenomenological" sense, personal *creation* is obvious. I mean that the appearance of the person—of *a* person—as such is the model for what we really understand as creation: the bringing to birth of a new and intrinsically irreducible reality.

Let us not look at it just now from the idea of God. The idea of creation has been distorted because its point of departure has always been God. Religiously this is natural and justified, but it is not justified philosophically, because in philosophy we cannot *start off* from God; we do not find God, and he can never be a point of departure. Though it may seem paradoxical, from the point of view of method it is not necessary to make God intervene from the outset in order to understand what creation means. I would suggest taking the opposite route. We cannot demonstrate that God creates each person, because he is not "available" to us; thus we cannot start off from him. What is obvious, however, is that each person represents a radical *novelty*, one impossible to reduce to any other given reality; and this is what we should be obliged to call "creation." I mean that, abandoning the "creator" for a moment, creation becomes the only adequate manner of describing the origin of personal realities. The person as such is derived from the "nothingness" of every other reality, for it cannot be reduced to any of them. If we do not regard it as "created," it becomes literally inexplicable to us, or appears as forcibly reduced to what it cannot be: a thing.

According to this point of view, we would call creation *the innovation of reality*. The study of the ontological structure of that innovation, and the possible inference of a "creator" —and even, perhaps, the discovery of that creator's attributes, in the form of "requisites" of the creative action—would be later questions. One of the chief functions of philosophy is to determine the "place" of each reality and that of each theme or question within theory.

Instead of starting off from a Creator, and seeing the reality of the world from him, it would be a question of describing the condition of *creatures* in certain realities: concretely, those which are at once *contingent and irreducible*; or, expressed in another way, whose manner of coming into being consists in true innovation. Upon this "model" of *personal* creation we might then attempt comprehension of creation in general and perhaps of a possible Creator.

As so often happens, analogies in the thought of the past turn out to be doubtful and essentially misleading. If we think about what has been called "the creation of the soul," we slip, willy-nilly, into a certain "thingification," and consequently into a loss of that personal condition—"who," "I"—in which we discover the need—or better still, the proof—of "creation." Let us say, therefore, creation of the person, or, more immediately and strictly, creation of *me*—of each *me*. But to do this obliges us to ask ourselves rather seriously about the meaning of those words we constantly use: "person," "who," "I."

CHAPTER FIVE

PERSON AND I

The theme of the person is one of the most difficult and elusive in the whole history of philosophy, and for reasons which are not at all coincidental. Around this theme perhaps the most radical transformation of that whole history has taken place—or is taking place—and strictly speaking it is a question, rather than of the different ways of studying or interpreting a reality, of the *emergence* of that same reality and of its establishment as such on the mental horizon of the West. Customarily the origin of the notion of person is sought in the Latin word *persona*, and this is considered to be the equivalent of the Greek *prósopon* which, as a Hellenic word, is naturally taken as "previous" to the Latin one. But none of this is particularly clear when we take a closer look at things.

In the first place, the word *πρόσωπον* (*prósopon*) is very infrequent in philosophical texts, and rarely means "person" or anything like it. Among the pre-Socratics it appears in three texts, Antiphon, Democritus, and Empedocles, and means face, countenance, even the visage of Helios, the Sun. In Plato it also means countenance. This is again the meaning which appears in Aristotle, who speaks at length of the *prósopon* and its parts (the nose, for example), and also of the face of the Moon. Somewhere he remarks that one says *prósopon* of a man, but not of an ox or a fish. This remark is interesting, for in the use of the Greek language there is frequent mention of the "face" (*prósopon*) of animals: ibis, dogs, horses, deer, fish. Of course, the most interesting meaning of this Greek word, the one which has been taken as a basis or starting point for the notion of "person," is the meaning in which it coincides with the Latin word for *mask*, the tragic or comic mask worn by actors, for example. It is from this that the meanings of "role" or "character" or "personage," and ultimately "person," are derived. It is possible, though not certain, that the meaning of *prósopon* as "mask" is indebted to influence from the Latin *persona*; this word has a doubtful, probably an Etruscan, etymology.

The direction the word has taken—the mask and the personage represented by the actor—has led to abandonment of another which strikes me as interesting: the meaning of "face" in speaking of animals or stars, and also the "façade," more specifically, the *front* of a building. In a moment we shall see why this is more important than it appears to be at first glance.

During the Scholastic period, when there was an attempt to think about "person" philosophically, the notions which have been decisive are not the ones arising from these contexts, but from those of "property" or "subsistence" (*hypóstatis*). Boethius' famous definition, which has been so influential—*persona est rationalis naturae individua substantia*—started off from the Aristotelian notion of *ousía* or *substantia* thought of primarily in relation to "things." Always explained with the eternal examples of the statue and the bed, this notion was founded on the old Greek ideal of the "independent" or sufficient, of the "separable" (*khoristón*). That this substance or thing which we call "person" is rational, is no doubt important, but not sufficiently so to react upon this quality of *ousía* and modify its mode of being, its manner of reality. The person is a *hypóstasis* or *suppositum* like the others, only it is of a rational nature. Signoriello's *Lexicon peripateticum*, which is so careful in its distinctions, says literally: "Persona *nihil addit supra* suppositum, *nisi aliquam dignitatem et excellentiam petitam ex natura intellectuali*" ("*Person* adds nothing to *substance*, except some dignity and excellence required by the intellectual nature"). That is, the person is simply a thing with a slightly greater degree of dignity and excellence than the rest.

But suppose that there were an error in all this? Suppose that the "model" of reality which has been used to think about things were not applicable to the person? Suppose it were completely inadequate? The introduction of the theological viewpoint in the theory of the person represented a decisive step as well as a risk. Beginning very early, Scholasticism spoke of *divine* persons; moreover, the word "person" is applied more to God than to man; in fact, man is described as *homo* and only secondarily as *persona*; it is the person—the divine person—of Christ who is simultaneously God and man (*homo* tends to become relegated to *natura*). Similarly, it was thought that the person could be divine or angelic or human. This is fruitful in one sense: the divine person is not, of course, a "thing," and in this sense theology has been a fertile stimulus for the investigation of personal reality. But it also contains a serious risk: the notion of person was thought of in such a way that it could "harbor" the reality of divine or angelic persons as well as human ones. This has caused a loss of contact with immediate reality, with that which becomes immediately present to us. Perhaps it is better to proceed from presence, phenomenologically, reserving the right to add and subtract *later* so as to be able to arrive at *other* persons and to think about them from the only person who is clear to us. To begin with, the only persons we know are human ones: I, thou.

We cannot even say "man," for this is to say a great deal. When we hear a knock on our door we ask "Who is it?" (Although philosophy and science have been mistakenly asking

"*What* is man?" for 2,500 years and receiving, as was to be expected, mistaken answers.) The normal and sufficient answer to the question "Who is it?" is "I." Naturally, an "I" is accompanied by a voice—a known voice—that is, by a *circumstance*. If the voice is unknown the answer does me no good, which means that the significance of that word "I" has been changed. Now it means something else, a noncircumstantial I, that is, anybody at all; as if someone were to say "an I." But I already knew that when I asked "Who is it?" and the answer does not resolve my doubts. What I was asking for when I inquired was precisely the pronominal position of that "someone" who is knocking, his concrete circumstantialization in "I," unsupplantable, unequivocal, irreplaceable. This pronominal function of the circumstantial "I" or "thou" is equivalent to a *proper name*—a *personal* name—if, of course, we always keep in mind that this has not only a significance but a denominative function, along with another vocative function whose full significance will become apparent later on.

Certainly, when I say "I," "thou," or a proper name, I am thinking of a body; we must not forget this *for a single moment*, and we must not content ourselves with saying it once and then leaving it inoperative as we go on thinking. But we think of a body insofar as it is the body of *someone*. That *corporeal someone* is, to begin with, what we understand a person to be. But now let us try, without relinquishing that first piece of evidence, to see more clearly what we actually understand and are trying to say.

That *corporeal someone* or person not only "happens" but is identified with futurition, that forward tension—or pretension—which is life. Now we begin to glimpse the meaning of *prósopon* as "front" or "façade" or "forward part." It is important to retain that frontal quality of the person because life is an operation performed in a forward direction. That "someone" is *future-oriented*; that is, present and real but turned toward the future, oriented toward it, projected toward it. The face in which the person expresses and shows himself faces the future and hence the face is, among all the parts of the body, the strictly personal one, that in which the person is concentrated and revealed, in which he is expressed. But this future-oriented condition of the person contains one essential trait: it is partially *unreal*, for the future *is not* as yet, but *will be*. In the countenance or person we *now* see—truly present—the person he will be. By person we understand a reality that is not only real. A "given" person would cease to be one. The programmatic, projective quality is not something that merely happens to the person; rather, it constitutes that person. The person is not "there," he can never be there as such, but he *is arriving*.

When we say that he "is being made," we can easily misunderstand, either in the sense that the person is not yet made or that what is being sought is his "result." That is not the point: the person *already is*, is made as a person, and on the other hand his "finishedness" or result is unimportant. His present being is to be becoming; better still, to be arriving. Every strictly personal relationship—friendship, love—proves this. In such relationships, "being" means "to keep on being," a condition made of duration and primarily of future, a constant *arriving* and *setting forth*, especially a "going to be." The personal relationship, insofar as it is truly personal and not "thingified," is always "the eve of delight" even in the fullest presence or possession.

Of course, this is also true of myself. My possession of myself has the same programmatic, durative, and arriving quality, by means of which the personal pronoun—me, I—is possessive: mine. And this turns the traditional ontological definition upside down. So far from possessing sovereignty or sufficiency, the person is defined by the indigence, the neediness, the unreality of anticipation, poised on an expectant reality.

I am a person, but "the I" is not the person. "I" is the name we give to that programmatic and arriving condition. When I say "I," I "prepare" or "get ready" to be. For man, to be is to prepare oneself to be, *to get ready to be*, and therefore he consists in disposition and readiness. When we say "I" we are not dealing with a simple point or center of the circumstance, but with the fact that this circumstance is *mine*. Because I am *I myself* I can have something which is *mine*. In the person there is selfhood, but not identity: I am *the same one* but never *the same*. But here we must add something which I have said many times but which is often forgotten: the past "I" is not *I*, but circumstance with which I find myself; that is, the circumstance which *I*—the projective and future-oriented I—encounter when I am *going to* live. And mere "succession" would not be sufficient for selfhood. There is need for that anticipation of myself, that *already* being what I *am not*, that intrinsic futurition or neediness. Man can possess himself throughout his whole life and be the same man because he does not possess himself wholly at any moment in that life.

The common noun *signifies what is*; the proper name, as I have already noted, *denominates who one is*. The reality of that "who" is never given, and simultaneously includes a certain infinitude and an essential opacity. That infinitude does not affect the finite character of human reality. The image of infinity is *lack of definition*, and only in this form is the human person infinite: not to be "given," always able to be something more, to be arriving. The arcane quality of that reality consists in its superlatively internal condition, its intimacy (intimate is the superlative of inner). Hence the need and possibility of the *expression* as the person's mode of being: the secret intimacy in which that arcane person consists rises to the surface in the face—which is the person as he is projected forward. And one's own person? you will ask. One's own person is the means by which each can understand himself, interpret himself, and thus project himself. My own reality is reflected in those mirrors which are other people; in them I find my expression, I recognize myself, and thus project myself. This is why personal life is essentially *living-with.*

In the Introduction to *Lessons in Logic,* Kant summed up the field of philosophy in the mundane sense (*in dieser weltbürgerlichen Bedeutung*) in these four questions:

1. What can I know? (Metaphysics.)
2. What ought I to do? (Ethics.)
3. What can I hope for? (Religion.)
4. What is man? (Anthropology.)

And he said that fundamentally all these questions could be included in anthropology, for the first three are reduced to the last. Well—and leaving aside the Kantian correlation between the questions and the philosophical disciplines, which today would be debatable—my point of view would be considerably different.

I think that everything could be reduced to two radical and *inseparable* questions, whose meaning lies in an intrinsic mutual connection: 1) *Who am I?* 2) *What is to become of me?* It is not a question of "man," or of "what," but of "I" and "who." And that question can only be answered by *living,* with an *executive* response. The second is also a personal question: I ask "what," but inquire what is to become *of me.* The articulation of the "who" and the "what" is precisely the problem of personal life.

But the decisive point is the interconnection of both questions. To know the first means not to know the second; and in the measure in which the second is answered, the personal quality of that *me* vanishes and becomes more like a *what,* a thing. The more I know *who I am,* the more I possess my programmatic and projective reality, future-oriented, unreal, and "arriving." The more authentically I am "I" in the mode of personal life, the less I know *what is to become of me,* the more uncertain is my future reality, which is thus the more open to possibility, to invention, chance, and innovation.

This is the *radical* neediness of man as person, projected forward, facing the future, going toward the other and especially toward the other person. The person needs the *other person* in the measure in which that person is presented to him as irreplaceable and unrenounceable. And since every human person is affected by that same insufficiency and neediness, we find here the reason why the personal being, considered to its ultimate consequences, brings us to the need for something that is described by one of the most obscure words there is: *salvation.*

CHAPTER SIX

THE EXPERIENCE OF REALITY

We have touched on various forms of reality, especially that of the person. We have progressed from the thing to the person, from the "impersonal" interpretation of reality to the "personal" one. Of reality? one may ask. Of *all* reality? In a certain sense, yes, though this may seem strange. For it makes no sense to speak of "reality" without reference to me—to me, a person (I have explored this in depth elsewhere, beginning with my *Reason and Life*). Therefore, reality, whatever it may be, is affected *qua reality* by that personal condition. Now we must ask ourselves, from this level, *how* reality is known.

We all remember what Ortega called "the two great metaphors" (which later turned out to be three). The first is the wax tablet, the *ekmageîon* of which Plato and Aristotle spoke: according to that metaphor, knowledge is *impression*. The second metaphor is that of the container and its contents, according to which knowledge is *consciousness*. Realism and idealism are the results of these two ways of looking at things. While the ancient way of knowing is perception, the modern one is creation. We shall see later what the third metaphor implies.

Perception has a structure from which derive certain frequently unnoticed results. One only perceives *what is there*. The psychology and philosophy of the last eighty years, and very especially Brentano, have observed that an essential note in perception is that it is accompanied by belief in the existence of its object; to perceive is to consider something as existing; but the balancing factor is—and therein lies the justification of that belief—that perception is only perception of the real and present. If man were only a perceptive or percipient animal his life would be impossible; I mean that it would not be *human* life, it would not be "life" in the sense we give to this expression when we speak of our own life. And man would not be *person.*

Remember that the person is future-oriented, that it is never "given," that it is not *only* real, that it is programmatic or projective, that it "is arriving," that its being is a "going to be" or a "getting ready to be." Perception only permits a *reaction* to what is real and present, to stimulus; but human life operates essentially in anticipation of the future, in view of what *is not there*, *given*, and therefore cannot be perceived. Now I am living in view of what I am going to do this afternoon, but the afternoon is not there, it is not given, I cannot perceive it in any way—and yet without it, without that unreal afternoon, my present life at the moment would not be, could not be intelligible.

The "consciousness" of the moderns recognizes the factor of imagination, and no doubt represents a step forward. But the interpretation which idealism introduced into it contains an error. The expression, apparently so innocuous, "I have consciousness of" contains, as Ortega showed at an incredibly early date, a descriptive error. Not only is consciousness not *absolute reality* (or "relative to nothing," as Husserl said) but it *is not reality*. I never find consciousness, but the thing; *consciousness of* is not a primary phenomenon. Strictly speaking, still better than "I find the thing" would be "I find myself with the thing." If I call this "consciousness," it is an added interpretation, executed in an ulterior act, which is no longer the act in which I find myself with the thing, but another in which "I find myself with my previous act" (in reflection or memory). The primary phenomenon is, therefore, *I with the thing*; in more general and more exact terms, *I with reality*. Although that reality may be "thing," in any case *I am not it*. That primary and total reality ("I with reality") is not thing nor is it reducible to the mode of being of things.

Here a new concept intervenes: experience. It is the Greek ἐμπειρία (*empeiría*), connected with "knowing what to do," with "know-how." In a marvelous philosophical analysis founded on etymology—and not merely an etymological one—Ortega studied this concept in Section 19 of *The Idea of Principle in Leibnitz and the Evolution of the Deductive Theory*; I defer to those pages, which cannot be improved upon. Ortega emphasized the fact that the root *per* (common to *empeiría* and *experientia*) is identical with the Germanic root *fahr* ("to travel," preferably in a vehicle) which we find in the German word *Erfahrung*, experience. The meaning of "essay," "test," has a more deeply rooted meaning in *periculum*, "peril" (German *gefahr*), and the meanings which refer to the road and especially to its difficult places or "passes" (*póros*, *portus*, or *porta*) take us back to the idea of travel. And Ortega observes that *fara* (*action de guetter*, "danger," according to Ernout-Meillet) is close to *gué*, "ford" (*vado* in Spanish, *guado* in Italian, the Germanic *wat*.) We should also have to add, though Ortega does not mention it, that the English "ford" and all the related Germanic family of words (*furt*, *fyord*, etc.) have a close connection with *portus* and *porta*, a place through which one can pass. Experience is to travel, to walk without paths, searching for the passes; hence Ortega could say, half jokingly, that experience is "thinking with one's feet." And if we go behind experiences in their partial forms to their radical mode of being we find, in addition to experience of things, experience of *life*

(see my essay in *Time Which Halts Not and Returns Not*, Vol. VII of my *Obras*.)

Life is a *unitary* operation, whatever the complexity of its contents may be. We always feel ourselves to be at a certain "altitude" in it, what is called the altitude of life, and this brings us back, secondarily but inexorably, to the "road" that is traveled. Here the past intervenes, along with futurition and inseparable from it: to live is to be *already* living, to find oneself *already* in life. (Many years ago I made the point that birth is the "absolute past," the past that was never present, what I find already behind me when I find myself in life.) To live is, therefore, always, and not only in one's mature age, to be *nel mezzo del cammin*; if not "halfway," still *in the middle of the journey*, even though we may be at the beginning of it, for life has always begun already.

Experience allows us to see "the back of things." However, it is not experience but a deceptive mirage to believe that one can be "back again," for life is an operation, as we have seen, carried out in a forward direction, and of course has no "back." What it does possess of "return"—for it is a movement of coming and going—is regression from the mere "experience of things" to that smooth water which is experience of life. I expressed this idea somewhere when speaking of the phenomenon of "I know that already." The man—or woman—who possesses experience of life has, in regard to things (that is, to each thing), an *inchoate* experience, which does not need to be fulfilled in its entirety. It is what is expressed in some Spanish expressions founded on basic human experience: "watching them come," (an allusion to the cards uncovered during a game when they are just beginning to show their tendency, but before they are all in view) and "being at the end of the street" (the street in which one really is, of course, except that it is not necessary to travel to the end of it.)

Life has a configuration which gradually changes with age, and age itself is a decisive element in that configuration. But the interesting thing is that experience consists in possessing that configuration *projectively*, toward the future. We possess ourselves personally thanks to the fact that we do *not* ever possess ourselves in a total way. Rather, we are coming back from the unreality of the future which is prefigured in the reality of the present. And this means that not even what *already* is—the present—nor even what has been—the past—is properly speaking *given*. Strictly speaking, nothing human is a mere "datum"—and to have forgotten this has been a decisive error of the human sciences, which for a moment seemed to have been overcome but into which they are now falling again. Think of the idea of the "happy ending" and, on the other hand, of the Greek conviction that no one is happy until the end, that it makes no sense to say of anyone that he is happy until he has died, for we do not yet know what is going to happen to him. The modern mentality would tend to believe that someone *is* happy, no matter what the future may have in store for him, but the Greek very shrewdly believed that within the total configuration of life this state is problematical. What is depends on what will be; not even the past can be taken as over and done. "Neither tomorrow nor yesterday is written," said our poet Antonio Machado with great perspicacity. And to me, the following prayer in the Mass has always seemed to be an expression of the profoundest wisdom: "Deliver us, oh Lord, from all evils, past, present, and future." In contrast to what rationalism might think, it makes the most profound and rigorous sense to ask God to deliver us from past evils.

But one may ask whether experience of life is possible. In a different sense, this inevitably recalls the Kantian theory of regulative Ideas, the "infinite syntheses" which cannot be the object of experience and, precisely because of this, do not permit of metaphysical knowledge within the ambit of speculative reason, though they may reappear as postulates within practical reason, with unconditional evidence for the subject. (An idea which, let us remark in passing, needs to be deeply rethought outside the framework of Kantianism's idealist postulates.) Am I not *within life*? And if this is true, how can I have experience of it? The distinction—whose meaning will not be entirely clear until later in this book—between *life* and *my life* permits us to overcome this difficulty. I am within *my* life as radical reality, but *in* it I find *other* lives with respect to which I am "outside." The experience of *life* is not the experience of *my* life. Experience of life is acquired in solitude; one retires to it from the experience of living-with, and this is possible thanks to the communicability of circumstances, which shows itself above all in the forms of love and friendship. Strictly speaking, it is *my life* which has experience of *life*.

It is in this perspective that, strictly speaking, the experience of personal reality appears; or, in other words, the selfhood of one's fellow-man: we have experience of our fellow-man *himself*, not of his qualities, belongings, or attributes. And then we discover, when we have this real and direct experience, without replacing personal reality by its patterns, that life has many sides or faces, that it is *mehrseitig* (according to Dilthey's expression), "many-sided," and that at the same time it has a systematic quality, so that whatever contact we have with our fellow-man himself, our fellow-man in his selfhood, implicates his whole person, even though that person in its entirety may always be inaccessible. I mean that that entirety is in operation at any "point" of his selfhood. How? We will say—taking the two words with equal strictness—that it *is latent*. When we encounter the selfhood of a person, in which his systematic entirety pulses, we get a whiff of eternity and at the same time feel a sense of disillusionment—not psychologically, be it understood, but metaphysically. It is the impossibility of possession, the falling back on time, on the future, on the project without which not even that which is present *is*.

Now we understand better the end of the previous chapter, the culmination of the problem of the person in the two inseparable questions whose answers are mutually exclusive: "Who am I?" and "What is to become of me?" The articulation of the "I" as project with its actual trajectory is always problematical. The more I am "I myself" the more vulnerable I am, more open to "what may come"; I am less "made," I am less of a "thing," and I know less and less *what* is to become of *me*. To the degree to which I know it, I am less I. Therefore, excessive experience of things is likely to destroy experience of life, or not allow it to be born.

The fundamental problem which is posed when we take the experience of *reality* seriously is that of *connection*. We have already seen that perception does not offer it, and therefore does not permit "living" (in the sense of a human life, a life that is not merely biological.) Only *reason*, apprehension of reality in its connection (according to the old definition I proposed in *Reason and Life*) makes human life possible. But the usual interpretations of reason, those dominant in so large a part of the history of philosophy, destroy experience of life and with it possession of personal reality. Rationalism is sure, and thinks it knows in advance what things are like: namely, rational; irrationalism is also sure that they are irrational. (Irrationalism, moreover, as we shall see in its proper place, has another drawback: it is impossible.) Experience of life, the non-theoretical homologue of vital reason, the socket within which that reason functions, the *subsoil of philosophy*, makes it possible to really propound the problem. (Let me be permitted these anticipations—for they are by now intelligible—of theses whose full meaning cannot appear until later, in virtue of the systematism of philosophy.) Only now can we inquire directly about human life.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE REALITY OF HUMAN LIFE

By speaking of human life, are we introducing a new theme into our study? The situation is paradoxical: we find that we have been using it throughout all the previous investigations, and that it has been serving to help us understand everything. Not the "idea" of human life, but human life itself in its reality is what has permitted us to comprehend everything we have understood up till now. Does this not mean an anomaly of method, perhaps a vicious circle? Should we not have posed the question of human life from the beginning? I think not; this apparent anomaly only makes us reflect on the strange and elusive quality of life as reality; we are *in* life, we find ourselves in it from the outset, inside its ambit or area, and we can discover it only *late*—in an essential "lateness." And if this is not done, if we start off initially from an "idea of life," life's reality is lost.

In other words, when we use the expression "human life" we must take care not to slip a theory into it over-hastily. In a scientific or philosophical context—especially in languages other than Spanish—there is a tendency to give it a rather uncertain meaning, with unjustified biological overtones. In a Spanish context we can easily see, owing to the influence of a strong recent tradition, that this is not enough. But then we fall into the temptation of thinking that it is merely a question of "Ortega's philosophy," perhaps without a particularly clear idea of what that philosophy consists in. Both positions are, to say the least, inadequate and insufficient.

For the moment I shall give the expression "human life" the meaning which it really has in language when we use it spontaneously, without reservation and without scientific intent. This is precisely what Ortega did, and in this sense the reference to his thought is permissible. When I use this name I am designating *the same thing*—that is, the same reality—which he named with that word. But this does not imply that the content of what I am going to say is "the same philosophy." Rather, it excludes my doing so. First, because when one *starts off* from a philosophy, one necessarily goes to other things—while when one tries to "avoid" it, one probably falls back into it. Second, because when one rethinks a doctrine from another level, in another perspective and with respect to other problems that have been posed, one must necessarily explore other zones or aspects of that reality. Third, because concepts are used here not to remain stationary in them, but as an optical instrument to observe reality, and it is reality which decides; and since reality includes me, I who am observing it, for whom it is real, it must automatically be *another* reality, for it shows me, whether I like it or not, a different foreshortening.

In fact, I am going to take up as a principal theme the analysis and recognition of one stratum of the reality which is human life that has not been studied in Ortega's work; something to which I first called attention more than twenty years ago, and which has not yet been adequately explored. In this sense, these investigations—like all of my work in general—are intended to be added to Ortega: not to forget him, nor to be subtracted from him, nor to start from zero—for to do so it would be necessary, of course, to have previously annulled him, and this would be neither easy nor interesting nor fruitful.

During the past few decades there has been a great deal of discussion in Western philosophy about human life and other "kindred" things; but that is precisely the problem. When too much confusion is produced—terminological confusion to begin with—it is said that *man* is being talked about in order to settle the question, "to get things clear." But this attempt at clarification turns against the one who practices it, for that new term, despite its obvious appearance, is also problematical, and still greater confusion is incurred.

Western philosophical tradition has tended to think of man as a "thing." We have seen at length to what point this is so, and how a "thingification" has insidiously crept into the very concept of "person" and has invalidated it. When it has become all too evident that this traditional manner assimilated man too much into inert or living realities (but always of the mode of being of things), new expressions have been introduced into philosophy again and again: I, subject, consciousness, existence, *Dasein*, subjectivity, *pour-soi*, and so on. With all of them there is an attempt to "aim" at the reality of life, but interpreting it from certain differing assumptions, which therefore do *not signify* the *same reality*, but at most, different dimensions or aspects of it. Something similar can even happen to the word "life" if, instead of using it in its proper function, in the sense it really has in language when we speak of "our life," it is used as the title of a theory.

This happens when the starting point is a notion of "life" within which the different "forms of life," the modes of being of different "living beings," must be accommodated: corporeal (plants, animals, men) or incorporeal (angels, God). A certain abstract quality is taken and is made the meaning of the word "life"; it replaces life by a theory or interpretation which *might* be true, but which would always be a theory. It is usual to think first of biology, but this makes such a meaning even narrower, for biology, far from being a primary reality, is a theory made by biologists and consecutive, naturally, to their life. When we speak of a generic notion of life we lose all intuition and all directly controllable meaning. We must proceed in the opposite direction: the only life which is directly accessible to me, directly patent to me, is my own. Starting off from it, adding and taking away, I can perhaps come to understand in some manner what "life" means when we speak of vegetable life, animal life, angelic life, or divine life.

It is not a question of man—we shall soon see what "man" means, strictly speaking—nor of "the I," "subjectivity," and so on. Man is a reality which I encounter *in my life* (even the man I am); *I* am the one who finds himself in life; my subjectivity is simply one of its traits. The primary meaning of life is not biological, but—as Ortega always taught—biographical. Yet life is not "biography" or "biographical trajectory" either. When we speak of "biographical life" we must guard against an easy and frequent sophism: to forget—yes, forget!—"life" and surreptitiously replace it by "trajectory," which is only a determination or ingredient of that life. We are dealing with biographical *life*; that is, with a *reality* which includes among its qualities that of being biographical; namely, of taking place in such a form that it can be told or narrated. To this extent it is impossible to identify life with its trajectory; in fact, life essentially includes a number of trajectories: not only the actual trajectory, but all those which have been possible at every instant, whose extremely complex interlacing constitutes the true reality of each life. To confuse life with its trajectory means not merely taking one of life's dimensions as if it were life itself, but taking a mere fragment of that dimension, which does not even have meaning apart from the rest, out of all the other trajectories which have not reached the point of being "real," have not actually taken place. Any consideration which starts off from theories—not to mention scientific theories—lacks radicality and passes over the *reality* we call life.

The primary meaning of the expression "life" appears when each of us speaks of his own; that is, when it is a question of *my* life. This life, and only this one, is what Ortega called *radical reality*, in the sense that it is the root of all the others, those which are to be constituted and appear in its ambit or area. My life is what I do and what happens to me; I with things, making something with them, *living*. My life is a gerund. All reality *qua* reality—as it is encountered by me in any mode whatever—springs from my life, is rooted in it. In that sense, my life contains all reality, but not in the form that reality is its content or one of its elements; rather, in the concrete form of radication, which does not even exclude the fact that that reality rooted in my life may transcend it. The analysis of my life is metaphysics insofar as what must appear in it is what we might call the "place" or mode of radication of all reality as such.

But this means that my life is not at all "subjective"—hence my life as radical reality cannot be confused with what is called "psychic life," nor metaphysics with any form of psychology. My life takes place outside me; if you prefer, it is an inside which becomes an outside. This is why it is a happening or drama. The circumstance—whose minute analysis has been made elsewhere by Ortega and by me—is not a collection of things, but a stage or world where this drama is played. The "I" is not a thing at all, but a project or program, and that circumstance is a circumstance because it is *mine*. *I*, as full reality, executively, far from reducing myself to any kind of subjectivity, co-implicate or "complicate" every other reality which I encounter in any form, and I consist in exercising an anticipatory and future-oriented pressure on that circumstance. This is what we might call the *vectorial* quality of the concrete I.

My life is—to repeat the formula used in my *Idea of Metaphysics*—the real organization of reality, as opposed to any other interpretative or theoretical organization whatsoever. In the infinitive form, *to live*, as a gerund, *living*, more strictly in the personal form, *I live*, life is revealed as a happening and, with greater precision, a thing-to-be-done, a description which involves four essential notes: personality, dynamism, necessity, circumstantiality; that is, what I have to do here and now. But this life is not given, not even as possibility; it has to be imagined, anticipated, and invented by me at each instant. It is what corresponds to the *arriving* character which we discovered before as a condition of the person.

Now we begin to understand the meaning—and the relative justification—of what we have found so many times, the "thingifying" tendency of human thought. We find primarily those realities which appear and are constituted in our life, the *radicated* realities; for the moment, we apply to them the name of reality. Our life, in principle, is not the object of our attention. It does not manifest itself to us; it is not understood, but only co-understood, insofar as it is our life which makes us understand any reality. It is simultaneously what encompasses all realities and the diaphanous medium through which we see those realities. Only very tardily—both in history and in the personal biography of each man—does life itself become manifest and present. Hence, the age-old significance of the word "reality"—throughout all the differences that traverse the entire history of thought—has been restricted to *radicated* realities, the only ones which have been the object of consideration. This is the reason why, even at moments in history when the most energetic attempts have been made to escape the mode of being of things, there has soon been a falling back into it. Think of the innovation of Christian thought as a form of strictly personal thought, overwhelmed at a very early stage by the weight of the Hellenic mode of understanding the real. Or think of the surmounting of realism in Descartes, who falls back on the notion of *res*, applied equally to *res extensa* and *res cogitans*, with which he does not succeed in making a new metaphysic. Or think of the idea of consciousness, which weakens the most profound discovery of phenomenology. Think of all the attempts to substantivate reality by reducing it to the old model of radicated things.

When we think of *radical* reality, which is not, nor can it be, a thing—all things are found *in* it, rooted in it, they are things *of* life—we are not confronting just one more reality, but another meaning of the word "reality." Literally, this reality is irreducible to any other, and therefore to reality in the sense of things. The difficulty of grasping human life resides precisely in this: that it obliges us to use new concepts, even to give a new meaning to the verb "understand."

The sterility—at least the relative sterility—of a large part of what seemed most promising in present-day thought is owed, if I am not mistaken, to the fact that contact has been made in one way or another with this reality which we call "human life," but which has not been recognized in its peculiarity. Attempts have been made to think about it with systems of concepts and structures that work only for thinking about "things"—radicated realities, let us say—and hence human life has been reduced to the condition of one more thing. It would not be difficult to show how, in contemporary thought, the intuition of the reality which is my life has been stifled again and again by attempts to grasp it with categories from which it naturally escapes. We observe a singular "weariness" in these attempts to move from the radicated to the radical, which has caused the prompt abandonment of what has barely been glimpsed. It would not be unlikely if humanity allowed to escape, God knows for how long, the essential discovery of a new sense of reality, just as the lazy or exhausted fisherman lets the enormous fish he has had on his hook for a moment fall back into the sea.

CHAPTER EIGHT

INTERPRETATION, THEORY, REASON

Ortega's expression "radical reality" involves two significant aspects: reality on this side (or the other) of all theory and reality in which all other realities have their *root* (radicated realities). These two aspects are inseparable. Reality is that which I find, exactly as I find it; radical reality is the "ambit" or "where" in which I find all reality; and it is also what is left when I eliminate all interpretation: things and I, I with things, I doing something with things, living; in short, *my life.* All reality appears to me *in my life*; this is, therefore, the ambit or area in which all reality *as reality* appears (that is, as I encounter it) no matter what that reality may be like, be it absolute, creative, or—which is more serious—impossible.

This is enough to make us see that *anthropology* is a very different thing from the metaphysical study of my life. My life is not man, nor I, nor consciousness, nor existence, nor subjectivity, nor any sort of thing. It is the area where all those things can appear, and they are ingredients of my life or partial interpretations of it (literally, radicated realities.) My life includes, *along with me*, the things that surround me, my circumstance or world, including its horizon, the latent world beyond, its ultimate planes or ultimatenesses. To try to reduce this radical reality to any "thing" whatever, to an "animal," no matter how unique it may be, to the "mode of being" of a certain entity, to a "quality" of any sort, is to speak of something quite different.

The chief objection which could be made to this—and which I had to make some fifteen years ago—is the following: if "life" is "I and my circumstance," and *every* reality that it can encounter in any way enters into it, is it not then identified with *the whole of reality*, the sum of all of the real? Why call it "life"? What is added to it by this "I and not-I," if all of the real is either I or is not I?

We must warn that the distinction between *radical* and *radicated* reality is operative, that it affects reality. We must avoid two errors into which it is easy to fall: a) we are not dealing with reality as a *sum* or whole; b) radicality is not *elementality* or simplicity, for example the supposed functioning of a human organism among naked physical things. The "destruction" of what we really encounter is also a construction. Philosophically, Adam is a theory, and one of the boldest of theories. All reality is included in my life in some fashion, in the concrete sense that no reality is excluded. This is why I speak of reality *as such* (as I find myself with it). I am an ingredient of all reality *qua realitas*, constituently, though it may not be in any way *part* of that which is real.

Very well then: this encounter of mine with and in reality is not inert or theoretical or intentional; I encounter myself *by living*. I encounter reality as the *stage* of my life or *world*. Any portion, aspect, or interpretation of reality presupposes my life, the area in which it occurs. Any philosophy that begins with anything else whatever begins "late"; it is not radical. As opposed to any theory—entity, being, universe, "sum of reality," etc.—*my life is the real organization of reality*. The meaning of reality depends on its original discovery, by living; it is not being, or being somewhere, but *living*, in the personal form: *I live*.

But—someone will say—is this not also a theory? Is not human life a theory like the others? Up to this point I have not spoken of *human life*, but of something quite different: *my life*. Will it be possible to go on doing this? Above all, we must establish one thing: human life, so far from being radical reality, is a *theory*; but we must immediately add that it is *not* a theory like *other* theories.

A very considerable part of my *Reason and Life* is dedicated to the study of interpretations, to their difference from "things," to the establishment of the indissoluble connection between the two. What I primarily find, what I initially take for reality, are interpretations, which are social and also "old." I receive these from my human surroundings; I find them "already there," as something which covers reality and seems to be reality itself; this is why I insistently used the figure of speech of interpretive *patina*. History, from this point of view, appears as the *órganon* of the elimination of interpretations, of their return to the reality which underlies them. It is not a question of "destroying" interpretations, but of recognizing them as such, of seeing them come to birth and take shape, and of distinguishing them from the reality of which they are interpretations. But we must add something important: what I call perception is conditioned by interpretations. There is never a mere functioning of the human perceptive apparatus; rather, this apparatus operates throughout a system of interpretations—a consideration which it would not be superfluous to keep in mind if we want to understand the problem of "abstract" or "figurative" art. There is, we might say, a perceptive *a priori*, to which we will have to return later.

Now, this inseparability between reality and interpretation or theory endangers the radicality of life. When I say that "human life" is a theory, but not a theory like the rest, what do I mean? Reality pure and simple is *my life*—each person's life. *This life* means individuality, singularity, absolute, irreducible position; "human life" is, on the other hand, an interpretation which I *must* reach.

The reason for this is that my life occurs in the form of *living-with*; it is the concrete form which its circumstantiality presents in one of its dimensions. *In my life* I encounter *other lives*. I discover myself as an *I*, not primarily, but in confrontation with a *thou* (secondarily with a he or a she); and this is the primary meaning of the expression "*my* life." But what interests me more just now is the *disjunctive* quality (*my* life or *yours* or *his*, this *or* this *or* this life), which brings us to a new notion: "life." Let us not say "life in general" yet, for we are not yet dealing with a universal, a species, or a genus. *My* life, radical reality, appears to me as *this* concrete life, a circumstantial *disjunction* of "life," which is the life of *each person*. If we want to speak of universals, we shall have to say that it is a new posing of this problem, which in no wise reduces itself to the traditional one (individuals and genuses or species). Living-with is *intrinsic* to my life, for the human world is *social*, composed of interpretations, and in *my* life there is *already* a reference to *other* lives, and consequently to *life* in general. But observe that the latter does not have any primary meaning, and that it is absolutely unthinkable without the intuition of *my* life.

Now we can understand that *human life* is a theory, but not a theory like the rest, because it is necessary for the *reality* of my life; it is what I usually call *intrinsic theory*. My life is not possible without apprehension of itself, without imaginative projection, without transparency as *such a life*; that is, as human life. The reason is that life—according to a very early thesis of Ortega's—is not made. Not only is it not realized, it is not given even as a possibility which must simply be realized. The simplest and most exact formula would be this: *I have to make my life with things*. That is: a) life is *not* made; b) I *have* to make it; c) I cannot make it *alone*, but together with something that transcends me: things; d) before doing something I *already* have to possess that reality (the *a priori* quality of human life) in a certain sense; e) this reality is *project* or futurition; f) one must previously imagine or *prelive* it.

But this requires a multiplicity of elements to put together projects; and not only present elements, but absent or latent ones, especially future ones; consequently, I move within possibility as well as within "reality." Now we understand more accurately why perception is not enough, and why it is not a sufficient condition for human life—because perception apprehends only a present object, and does not permit us to know what to hold to. Real human perception exceeds the perceptive in many ways. And for the same reason description is not enough, for it gives us only notes or unconnected bits of information, insufficient to permit decision.

I need apprehension of my surroundings—and of myself—as reality—that is, in *their* connection, in their true organization—and this means including their possibilities, which never offer themselves to perception, but only to interpretation. In other words, *consistence* is necessary, in the two senses of this word: a) to "consist in" (being, essence, etc.); b) "to be consistent" (consistency, coherence, connection). The apprehension of reality is not mere intellection, for the latter draws to a particular point, and with it there cannot possibly be human life. Human life presupposes a *context* within which the notes as "notes of" a thing acquire *real* meaning. Intellection must be *com-prehension*, apprehension in connection. An obstinate apriorism founded on a previous idea of what reality is—identified with things—has caused people not to see the realities which do not adjust themselves to that pattern, or has made them try to reduce such realities to those of their ingredients which allow themselves to be included in it. This has been responsible for the fact that "enumerations" of realities are usually inadequate, that many realities, even the truest of them, have not succeeded in being recognized in philosophy or have been constantly supplanted. The Scholastic idea of the *ens rationis* was an effective instrument for this misguided operation, by means of which reality was denied, for example, to darkness—which represents no mean reality. It has not been noticed that there are realities which consist primarily in possibilities (or impossibilities). Hence, the analysis of the reality of the forest in Ortega's *Meditations on Quixote* (1914) will remain as a landmark in the history of philosophy, one which I have studied in great detail in my commentary on that book and also in the chapter entitled "Theory of Reality" in my *José Ortega y Gasset: Circumstance and Vocation.* Both a "patent world" and a "world beyond, made up of structures of impressions," exist; both compose the real world. Analogously, in addition to passive seeing, there is the active seeing which *interprets by seeing and sees by interpreting.* Thus we see that structure is a thing of the second degree (structure = elements + order). And Nature is the greatest structure of all, indeed the *only* material reality; in each object we find reflections and connections of the things around it ("reflection is the most apparent form of the virtual existence of one thing in another"), which culminate in the phenomenon of *meaning* as an ingredient of reality as such ("the 'meaning' of a thing is the highest form of its coexistence with other things; it is its dimension of depth").

I can only *live* by projecting a project or an aim upon the reality I encounter; thus, the facilities or difficulties which make up my circumstance become possibilities, among the repertory of which I have to choose. If I had only perception, I would have only things, and not possibilities; even though I possessed description or intelligence, I would have only unconnected elements, and would not be able to choose and decide. I need to know what to hold to in respect to the *total* situation, present and latent, real and unreal, to apprehend it in *its* connection. And this is *reason* or theory, not the old pre-descriptive, abstract reason, but that imposed by perception, description, and the need to choose. All the other factors—sense perception, intellection, and so on—are abstractions of reason, and therefore secondary and derived with respect to it.

Reason—I shall repeat my definition in *Reason and Life*—is the apprehension of reality in its connection. Random notes are not enough, nor those attached by addition, not even by Husserl's *Fundierung*. It is a question of the apprehension of reality in *its* connection, not in any connection that I might impose on it. In parallel fashion, all the traditional denominations and interpretations—"the real," "the world," "things," "the universe," "the sum of reality," "the omnitude of the entity," "consciousness"—are abstractions of the real unity in which they are constituted. The true connection of reality is the system of life itself. Reality in its concrete form is my life. In the phrase "I live" the *concretion* and *connection* of reality are given. *To live* is to apprehend reality in *its* true connection. *Life is the concrete form of reason.* And, on the other hand, in order to live I need to know what to hold to, to grasp reality in its connection, to reason, to think: life is *possible* only through reason. This is what has been called in Spanish, for half a century, *razón vital*: "vital reason."

Since philosophy's only method is that of Jericho, and consists in taking repeated circles around things, approaching them spirally from perspectives which bind them closer and closer, it turns out that in philosophy repetition is always different. Heraclitus said that we cannot bathe twice in the same river; the philosopher cannot say "the same" twice, if his thought has not stopped—and stopping is precisely what philosophy *cannot* do, if reason is vital, if it consists in the philosopher's own concrete biographical reality. Radical reality, *my* life, is not possible without apprehension of itself, without projection of itself, without that minimal "intrinsic theory" which is "life," a *certain* life; that is, *human* life. Life is not possible without reason, and reason's function is performed only by living.

Now we find ourselves in the following situation, which does not permit of escape: the only real life is individual, *mine* (the "mine" of each man); it is singular, temporal, circumstantial, and its expression is a *telling* of it; but I cannot understand, narrate, or tell *my* life except from the structure of life per se, which does not have reality. This structure is obtained by analysis of *my* life, and consists in the repertory of its necessary *requisites*, of its conditions *sine quibus non*. The universality of this "life" interpretation arises from this necessary quality: it contains the conditions without which *there is no life*, and which, in consequence, must necessarily be given in *each* life. Hence the notion "human life" can be changed to "human life in general." But we must make the point that that analysis of my life which leads to human life is not executed primarily by the individual man: my life and its contents are *already* interpreted by the social surroundings, and at a certain level. *Reality as I encounter it*—true reality—is already interpreted and responds to an idea of *human* life. Life is *intrinsically* historical and social, and "Adamism," so far from representing a higher degree of strictness, is an abstract error.

But in all this we have lost sight of *man*. Where is he? Does he have nothing to do in a theory of human life? To what point is he something different from life? We shall have to watch him appear, and with him we shall arrive at our most proper theme. If I am not mistaken, we will encounter him in a form somewhat different from the usual one, finding his *theoretical place*—always so problematical—in a theory which, quite a number of years ago, I christened with the name of *the empirical structure of human life*.

CHAPTER NINE

THE APPEARANCE OF MAN

While *human life* waited thousands of years to become a subject for philosophy—that is, while human life, being radical reality, has turned out to be strangely elusive for thought—*man* has vigorously affirmed his presence to the mind and has been the constant subject of all theories, the subject of all activity, and frequently an absorbing and obsessive problem. The reasons for this are many. First of all, because the helplessness of the child for a long period of time makes the presence of other men inescapably necessary during the first few years, and the ramifications of this situation make that presence permanent. Man cannot "forget" man, because man is the chief element in his circumstance. On the other hand, this importance of man is accentuated by the small degree of importance which "the human" has possessed until relatively recently. I mean that today we find men among things, among innumerable and enormous things made by them but much more impressive than they, and which have not been made by anyone in particular. These things appear as "results," as "precipitates" of actions that are human, to be sure, but have vague and uncertain attributions, and which are *pre-existent* to each individual man. Let us not think of a situation like our own; let us imagine, on the other hand, an almost empty world, uncertain and frequently hostile—in any case uncontrollable—surroundings, a world with very scanty resources, and in it, few in number but close together, occupying the foreground of the circumstance, a handful of men. From this situation has arisen that basic interpretation, modified a thousand times but never entirely dissipated, that we call "man."

From a different perspective, man has lived in company with animals. When we say this today we understand something entirely different from what was true for long ages. When we speak of men and animals we think of a contrast, an ontological abyss: on one side men, on the other animals. Under primitive conditions men were weak in comparison with the animal world—in numbers, in power, in resources—and animals were far from being a unified group. Were the sheep, the fish, the fly, the swallow, and the tiger in the same category? Man's relationship with each of what we would call species was entirely different. Strictly speaking, the animal world has been arranged by each human group—with enormous historico-social differences—into categories which have very little to do with the science we call zoology or with biological classification.

In any case, the presence of animals has been decisive for man throughout his long history—that is to say, decisive for man's way of understanding himself. With respect to animals he has felt like a particular "class," "the human genus" (or "human species"), according to Hellenic tradition. The ἀνθρωπίνη φύσις (*anthropíne phýsis*), *natura humana*, was to be the result of this point of view. Plato also speaks of the ἀνθρώπινον ζῷον (*anthrópinon zôon*), "the human animal." Though it is clear that ζῷον (*zôon*) means "living creature" in general, its more frequent meaning is that of "animal." But we must also observe that it is a relatively recent word, that before the middle of the fifth century B.C. a generic word for animal was not used, while ἄνθρωπος (*ánthropos*) is a much older word, indeed a Homeric one, and is used in contrast not to *zôon* but to θεός (*theós*), "god." On the one hand are the immortal gods; on the other mortal men, οἱ βροτοί (*hoi brotoí*); and, also mortal like them, the different living creatures which later would be called animals. But when there was an attempt—a late one, of course—to define man, the animal was resorted to as what logicians were later to call "the related genus": *ζῷον λόγον ἔχον, ζῷον πολιτικόν, zôon lógon ékhon, zôon politikón*, "the speaking (or rational) animal," "the social (or political) animal."

The result of this has been that man has felt like a class or special variety of animal—if you like, a very special one. In contrast to this there has also been a more or less vague consciousness of irreducibility, of what I have called the ontological abyss. Speculation about man and, moreover, man's way of feeling about himself and understanding himself have moved between these two poles. Man's superiority has perhaps always been obvious, but partial; and the various superiorities of animals—beginning with size and continuing through strength or longevity or fighting capabilities or faculties—were no less clearly recognized. Imagine what prehistoric man's confrontation with the great saurians or megatheria must have been like. Let us not overlook the significance of man's zoological "envy" with respect to other species, and the frequency of animal cults, whatever interpretation may be given to them.

Domestication of animals must have been a decisive step; it was undoubtedly the earliest form of man's mastery over some animal species and, in some sense, over the animal. I do not include hunting because man is also hunted, and because, if the hunt is no more than a hunt, it ends with the death of the game, and therefore excludes all living-with, all vital relationship with the hunted species.

We must also keep in mind that it must have been a very long time before the idea of "man in general" arose in the human mind. It is probable that the idea of "us" must have meant for many millennia something like "a group and its domestic animals" (tribe, clan, horde, with its pack animals and flocks) rather than "us men." Isolation has been the condition of human groups during most of history, and one would have to determine—if that were possible—in what measure and under what circumstances the encounter with an alien group was able to fit into a relatively homogenous "us." Nor should we lose sight of the fact that, if man's condition, his essence according to the Greeks, is speech—an animal with *lógos*—this condition is weakened and contradicted by the multiplicity of tongues. Man is a speaking animal, but the fact is that only within a group—originally a very restricted group—can men speak among themselves; that is, only within those limits are they "men." The concept of the "barbarian"—the tongue-tied man, one who cannot speak—represents the assumption, within a very advanced phase of humanity, of the radical strangeness of the person who in those times was outside this condition of functioning as a man.

Finally, let us not forget that a large part of humanity has believed—or still believes—in transmigration, metempsychosis, or successive incarnations. (Naturally, these terms mean different intellectual interpretations of an identical and vague belief founded on community with the animal, on ultimate identity with him.) And all animal fiction, the fable for example, besides its meaning of making human conduct intelligible by regarding it as "animal nature," as a fixed and predetermined pattern, signifies the animal's "elevation" to the level of the human, the ascent by one step toward a "convincing" hominization. The universality of these literary genres shows that it is a question of an essential dimension of the comprehension of man from the animal condition.

Conversely, in the Judeo-Christian religious tradition the independence and irreducibility of man are very strongly emphasized. From the "special" creation of man in Genesis, with a formula which goes beyond the mere *fiat*—*faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram*—to the concept of personal vocation, the idea of salvation, and above all the Incarnation, both Judaism and Christianity interpret man as something which cannot be understood in terms of animal nature. How then? This is the problem; for just when this tradition was on the point of going beyond the religious experience, when this view of man was about to be articulated in concepts and theory, Greek thought flooded the whole field of vision and there began to be talk about soul, ψυχή (*psykhé*), spirit, πνεῦμα (*pneûma*), and reason (*lógos*), which launched Western speculation in quite a different direction from the one it might have taken, and the former direction is now being laboriously discovered as a possibility.

The matter is all the more serious because for centuries Christian theology has been decisively influenced by neo-Platonism, with its disdain or hostility for the flesh and corporeality, source of all the idealist interpretations of the human. Mature philosophy from St. Thomas Aquinas onward is conditioned by Aristotle, whose turn of mind was biological, whose treatise *De Anima* is one of his writings on physics, and who resorted to the idea of *ousía* or "substance" to understand the reality of man. With all this, Western thought was fated to oscillate between the idealism that understands man as *res cogitans* or pure *I*, and a biologism that sees man as something which emerges evolutionally, without radical differences from animality. Can we agree on one of these two views of the problem? And if not, is it enough to swing between one and the other?

I believe that the question can be posed in quite a different way, one that can account for the two directions—for that is what we are dealing with, directions with innumerable variations—which have coexisted in the history of thought. If we place ourselves in the perspective of Descartes or of Husserl we cannot help adhering, at least up to a point, to their doctrine; concretely, to what each of them *sees*. Later we can, with justification, refuse to admit that which, as interpretation, they add to that original vision. But from another perspective, it seems no less obvious that man is an animal, not extraordinarily different from those we call "higher animals" and hard to distinguish from certain primates, to the point that when fossil remains are discovered it is sometimes doubtful whether they are those of hominoids or of men. And perhaps in many cases there is not much point in raising the question if it is *only* a question of those remains. Paleontology, moreover, seems to have sufficiently proved evolution, and it would be difficult to reject man's derivation on the basis of the zoological scale as a whole.

To be sure, Descartes or Husserl do not speak of man, but of "the I." When the zoologist or paleontologist—or the philosopher who takes a biological viewpoint—speaks of man, he refers primarily to man's organism and its relationship with other organisms. In extreme form, we might say, they refer to his "body"—that is why I mentioned the factor that limits the consideration of fossil remains, which are never remains of the *whole* man, or even of the whole animal. I mean that, strictly speaking, they are not talking about *the same thing*, and in principle they might all be right, though perhaps none of them are. Descartes starts off from the *ego*, that is, *ego cogito*, and ends with the concept of the *res cogitans*, separated from the *res extensa* and contrasted to it. Husserl, starting from the idea of intentionality, has to include the intentional object and say *ego cogito cogitatum*, but ends with consciousness or *Bewusstsein*, absolute or "relative to nothing," and subject to reduction or *epokhé*, so that the reference of the I to its objects is purely intentional. All this would be entirely alien to the other way of considering human reality, seen from the organism, by means of which everything, including *cogitatio*, would be derived as a biological demand.

Linguistic usage might help us out of these difficulties.

When we say "man" we do not think specifically of what he is as an "I"; that expression does not refer primarily and directly to *me*—nor to *you*—but to *him*. The third person is characterized by not being present, because it is not *here*—that is why the third-person pronoun has two or three genders, while those of the first and second person do not have them because they do not need them. "I" and "you" are present when we speak to each other, so there is no need to specify whether we are dealing with men or women. The third person does not function as a person except to the degree that it can become second or first person, and that is why it includes "things"—hence the third gender in the languages which have it—which can never speak and cannot be spoken to, at least unless they are fictitiously "personalized." On the other hand, one says "I am a man"; but when we do this we do not "start" from the man, but from the position of that "I." In principle further things could be said about it, so that "man" does not exhaust the reality of that "I"—that is, of *me*.

The consideration of man as animal or, if you prefer, as organism—including his psyche—is always "external"; conversely, the reference to "the I" confines us in "subjectivity" —from which it has been so difficult to emerge. Would it not be possible to transcend both these limitations?

When we speak of man we place ourselves in the point of view of those realities which I have called, according to Ortega's terminology, *radicated* realities. Man is a reality which I encounter among others, in the ambit or area of radical reality which is *my life*. In it are constituted all the real, presumed, transcendent, and even "impossible" realities. (In this latter case I encounter in my life both that radication and the impossibility of any other encounter with those realities.) Man's animality, his biological continuity with other species, his physical continuity with the rest of material reality—all this is quite forcibly borne in on me. Man's evolutionary derivation, even though it is a scientific interpretation and in consequence *not* reality, seems to be a true interpretation. Nothing prevents us from giving man a place within biology and even "in the cosmos," to use Max Scheler's expression.

But if I change the perspective and speak from the point of view of *my life*, none of this makes sense any longer. I mean that my life is not in the cosmos, but quite the opposite: the cosmos is something that I encounter *in my life*. It is a radicated reality and, more concretely, an interpretation; and the same could be said of the organism and biology as a whole. Man is in the cosmos, but my life is not reduced to that cosmos; rather, it takes in the cosmos and surrounds it with other realities and *with myself*.

Are we emerging from the difficulty or have we submerged ourselves in it still more deeply? Both: because we have touched bottom we can think about coming up again. In the radical reality which is my life I encounter *myself*, just as I encounter every radicated reality. I find man, and can say of myself "I am a man." If I analyze this, I could go on saying "I am an animal," "I am an organism," "I am a thing"—so long as I keep in mind that I am dealing with interpretations *which do not exhaust reality*, that consequently I cannot surreptitiously add "and no more." Then I discover that what I call "men" are radicated realities which are respective centers of other lives, and that in respect to them I am only an ingredient in their circumstances. And this is true for my (own) life, which appears to me in this way with regard to other lives. In other words, when I encounter myself from the perspective of my life, I encounter myself *as man*—"I am a man." In this concrete form, that radical reality which is *my life* presents itself.

Now there is no difficulty at all in considering man as an animal, even, if you like, as an animal psychically and physically indistinguishable in some of his forms from other forms of animal life. There is no difficulty, so long as we are aware that this animal has a "human" life; that what takes place in him is the localization—if I may use a simplifying word—of *my life*: the life of each man. According to this way of looking at things, man would be *the animal who has a human life.* Man's peculiarity must not be sought in his organic characteristics, in his biology, in his animality, not even in his psyche, but in his life in the sense of biographical life.

If we now return to the strictly philosophical point of view; if we go behind all the interpretations, and especially the scientific ones, to the perspective of radical reality, and therefore to the intrinsic theory one of whose forms is what we call metaphysics; if we try to see man *from life*, and concretely from my life, we find that life takes place *as the life of man*, in the precise form we call humanity. Man, then, is not a thing, nor an organism, nor an animal, but previous to all that he is something much more profound: he is a *structure* of *human life.*

CHAPTER TEN

EMPIRICAL STRUCTURE

We were asking whether or not man has anything to do in a theory of human life. We have found him, and in a perspective quite different from the traditional ones. But now we must take a further step; we must determine the "theoretical place" of radical reality. We have seen that man is, viewed from radical reality and insofar as he is radicated in it, a structure of human life. Now we must ask ourselves: which structure?

Human life has a structure which I discover by *analysis* of *my* life. The result of that analysis is a theory which we therefore call analytical; I stress the fact that it is not a reality —the reality is *my* life, *each* life—but a theory or interpretation. But it is arrived at from reality; and its contents are the *requisites*, the conditions without which my life is not possible, and which must therefore be found in each life. It is a necessary structure and *therefore* universal; it exists *a priori* with regard to each life, but is derived from the analysis of reality and is in no wise an aprioristic construction. I have written at length about this theory, especially in *Reason and Life* and *Idea of Metaphysics*.

The reader will probably think of a doctrine which has some resemblances to mine even in its title: Heidegger's *Daseinsanalytik*, or, more specifically, *existenziale Analytik des Daseins*. I shall briefly point out some resemblances and differences: a) both theories correspond to the same "stratum" or level; b) they use phenomenological description—without resorting necessarily to reduction or *epokhé*; c) *Daseinsanalytik* does not use *vital reason*, which is unknown to Heidegger and to any other philosophy except Ortega's; d) *Dasein*—existing—is not "human life" (I and my circumstance) but the mode of being (*Seinsweise*) of that being which we are; e) while *Daseinsanalytik* is "propedeutic" to metaphysics, while it will study "the sense of being in general" (*der Sinn des Seins überhaupt*,) the theory of human life, which is radical reality, is *already* metaphysics.

That necessary structure which the analytical theory discovers could therefore be called *analytical structure* of human life. Its maximum condensation would be Ortega's thesis of 1914: *I am I and my circumstance*. Its explication would demonstrate the metaphysical doctrine which I have explained in other books: the circumstance as stage setting or world (in my *Ortega* the reader may find a detailed treatment of the difference between circumstance and *Umwelt*); the "I" as a *who*, as project, pretension, or vital program; the circumstance as repertory of facilities or difficulties, which become possibilities (or impossibilities) when my projects are projected upon them; the nature, at once plural and limited, of that "keyboard" of possibilities; the need to *do* something with things in order to live, to decide or choose (pre-fer), possible by means of justification in virtue of a "why" or a "wherefore" which requires "giving a reason"—vital reason. All of this shows the impossibility of what Sartre has called "prelogical choice," since I cannot choose without "giving reason" (*lógon didónai*) for that which I choose; the incarnation or corporeality of that human life, and therefore its connection with the senses; its "worldhood"; its temporality; its characteristic of futurition or imaginative anticipation of the future; its conditioning through a system of basic received interpretations or beliefs upon which are inserted those other interpretations which I have to make and which are called ideas; its social quality; the intrinsically historical nature of that quality, etc.

These analytical structures permit us to apprehend the singular reality of *each* life; for example, to *narrate* it. The narration of the individual life is possible by means of universal structures, which in each case are gradually fleshed out with circumstantial concretion. They are—to use Ortega's expression—*leere Stellen*, "empty places," like an algebraic formula destined to be "filled in" or fulfilled by acquiring numerical values. The formula is not yet knowledge, nor is knowledge possible without the formula. In like manner, analytical theory is not yet *real* knowledge—it is only knowledge of an unreal structure—but concrete reality is graspable only by means of that theory. The decisive point is that those structures are *previous* to each individual life, but they are *given*; their character is not speculative; rather, they are given in the true, individual reality which is my life, from which they are obtained by analysis.

The question is whether this is enough. Can we pass directly from analytical structure to individual, circumstantial, and concrete reality? Is there not a link missing between them? And this would also mean a missing zone or stratum of reality and a level of theory. My suspicion that this is the case goes back to my first serious confrontations with the reality of human life. As early as my *Reason and Life* (1947) I stumbled on the problem but did not see it with complete clarity; in my study on *Generations. A Historical Method* (1949), when I encountered a numerical span—the approximately fifteen years of the generational period—within a theory, I expressly discovered the difficulty; a short time later I formulated the theme clearly in my essays "Human Life and its Empirical Structure" and "Psychiatry Seen from Philosophy" (reprinted in *Essays on Theory*), and since then it has constantly concerned me. In many directions, though always with some obliqueness, I have done my best to attempt to work out a theory without which the comprehension of human life—and therefore of reality—seemed impossible to me. Without directly posing the question for the individual life, I dedicated an entire book—*The Social Structure* (1955)—to the study of that same level, of what we might call the "homologous" reality, within the sphere of society, of collective life. Perhaps it is time to attack this theme directly.

On other occasions I have compared the dictionary entries of three very different realities: for example, "pentagon," "owl," and "Cervantes." Of the pentagon, an ideal object, the dictionary gives a *definition*; of the owl, a real object, a thing in the usual sense of the word, it gives a *description*; of Cervantes, a personal reality, it tells a *story*. The dictionary gives the "essence" of the pentagon: a polygon with five sides; it tells what the owl is, what it looks like, what it does, how it behaves—"the" owl, be it understood, "each" owl; but when it speaks of Cervantes it offers us a narration; it tells us where and when he was born, where he traveled to, where he lived, whom he married, what he wrote, where and when he died.

Now, what are the assumptions of that article in the dictionary? When we read the proper, the "personal" name of Cervantes, we think that he is a man, and this refers us to a particular reality; whatever is said of Cervantes *presupposes* the analytical theory of human life, which is functioning tacitly all the while in order to make him intelligible. This is true, but insufficient; it is truth, but not the whole truth. In addition to the analytical or general theory of human life, in order to make a concrete biography intelligible, a whole other series of assumptions is interposed; they are those which constitute what we call "man." The Spanish dictionary says, for example, that Cervantes was left "manco" at the battle of Lepanto; but what does this word mean? It means that he lost either the use of an arm or the arm itself. And then we say, "Ah! so Cervantes had arms." The analytical theory of human life certainly does not say anything about arms, which are not an ingredient of human life in general. The dictionary, when it says that he lost the use of an arm, assumes that he had arms; therefore the dictionary makes an assumption which is not analytical theory. It also says that he married Catalina de Palacios; hence, Cervantes was a male and could have a very precise relationship with a woman named Catalina; but do we find in analytical theory the least reference to "male," "woman," "sex," "marry," etc.? No. And when the dictionary adds that Cervantes, in his old age, wrote the *Persiles*, this also goes beyond the general theory of human life, in which nothing can be said of ages and growing old.

This is what has eluded the doctrine about human life; this is the area of reality which I call *empirical structure*. To it belong all those determinations which, without being ingredients of analytical theory, are not chance, coincidental, or factual events or contents of Cervantes' life, but empirical though structural elements, and therefore previous to each concrete biography and with which we can count, elements which function as an *assumption* of that biography.

Classical philosophy did not find this theme *completely* alien, as might be expected, but its references to it serve precisely to show the unbridgeable gulf between its presentation of the theme and the one I am making here. Aristotle had made the crux of his comprehension of reality the distinction between the being that was καθ' αὑτό, *kath' autó* (*per se*, "essential") and the being that was κατὰ συμβεβηκός, *katà symbebekós* (*per accidens*, "accidental.") This distinction forms part of the famous τετραχῶς (*tetrakhôs*, "in four ways") where the vague πολλαχῶς (*pollakhôs*, "in many ways"), according to which the being is expressed, are numerically specified. Thus Aristotle goes beyond the radical unity of Parmenides' "entity" and opens the way to his analogical conception, and with it to the comprehension of movement, change, and nature. It is essential to man, for example, to be *ζῷον*, *zôon* ("animal") and to have **λόγος**, *lógos* ("speech," "reason"); it is accidental to him to be Athenian, blond, or a musician. However, Aristotle perspicaciously discovers that there is something more; between the essential and the accidental there is what is *ἴδιον*, *ídion* (*proprium*, "one's own"). Man is a biped, has the quality of laughter, his hair can turn gray; these determinations are not essential, of course, but neither are they simply accidental; they do not constitute his essence, *τό τι ἦν εἶναι* (*tò ti ên eînai*), but despite this they coincide with the limits of the species "man." All men and only men have these "properties" (*Topics*, I, 4.) Porphyrius picks up this same idea (*Isagoge*, 5), and the medieval Scholastics receive it from both and incorporate it into their doctrines.

No sooner has this theory been formulated than we see how far it is from the one I am expounding here. The *ídion* refers to *things*; they are the "properties" of a substance, certain "notes" restricted to it. Here it is not a question of things but of human life, which, as we have seen at some length, is not a thing at all, but a dramatic reality which takes place and which, at the same time, is the area or ambit in which things are offered. On the other hand—and this is equally decisive—in contrast to the quality of a "note" characteristic of the *proprium*, the constitutive element of empirical structure is, naturally, that of being a *structure*. Finally, it is not a question of "species" nor of "individuals," but of circumstantial realities which exist *disjunctively*—human life is this life *or* that one *or* that other one.

Empirical structure is not, therefore, a *requisite*—or a combination of requisites—of human life, *a priori* in regard to each possible life. But it belongs *in fact* to the human lives in which I discover it *empirically*. Not only in fact, but furthermore in a *stable* manner—which does not, however, mean that it is permanent. Because this is so, a certain apriorism is also a property of empirical structure, not in respect to each one of the *possible* lives, but in respect to the many *real* lives that I encounter in my experience. Human life is *like that*, though in principle it might not be. And the expression "like that" does not have a mere factual character, but a structural and configurative one. And this means that *life*, in addition to having the analytical and universal structure constituted by its necessary requisites, *sine quibus non*, must be empirically structured, with one empirical structure or another. But this means that empirical structure, taken overall, is *one* ingredient or requisite of the analytical structure of human life.

Seen from this perspective, empirical structure appears as the field of *possible human variation in history*. Analytical and necessary structure is in fact articulated into stable and lasting, but in principle variable, forms in which it is realized. And this empirical structure in its turn acquires the ultimate circumstantial and individual reality, the absolutely concrete reality, of *each* life, which *happens* dramatically, in respect to which the possible and adequate form of "enunciation" is to *narrate it*.

All the abstract determinations of analytical structure, all the requisites of that reality which we call human life, acquire in each case a first concretion—still not individual, but empirical—and always in a structural form. Let us look at some examples, whose explication will be the content of this investigation.

Circumstantiality is essential to human life, which includes the *world* as such. Each of us has his unique and untransferable circumstance; but in fact we live in *this* world as it is, rather than in one of many possible worlds. (As I write these words two men have just set foot on the moon, which means that for the first time in history the primary meaning of the word "world" has changed, for until now it has been identified with Earth. For the first time, really and not imaginatively, what has always been the most radical "there," the absolute "there" of inaccessibility, has become a "here." This means a change in empirical structure, in a particular dimension, of an order of magnitude greater than any that have taken place until now.)

That human circumstantiality is *corporeal*, or, if you prefer, human life is incarnated; each of us has his own body, with which he makes his life. All of us have a "human" body, and that is our corporeal structure; in principle and *a priori*, biographical life carried out in other forms of corporeity is also conceivable—for example, in water, or in the form of a bird, or as an octopod.

The corporeal and "world-possessing" condition demands that the structure of this life depends on the senses; but the fact that human senses are the ones they are and not different ones—that human life is visual, auditive, tactile, etc., and that it is not sensitive to certain radiations, that it sees red but not infrared or ultraviolet, or Hertzian waves—all this is empirical and *could* be different. In fact, it is subject to change in some respects. Certain senses become blunted and tend to be lost, such as the sense of smell. On the other hand, technology creates an ultranatural sensitivity for what naturally is sensorially inoperative, and man's sensorial horizon has expanded fabulously within a few decades and promises to change to an incredible degree. This means, literally, that the sensorial structure of present-day human life is very different from that of the man of a century ago.

The finitude of life has a *temporal* dimension: life is limited, man's "days are numbered." Each man has a vital span which is unforeseeable and to a certain extent subject to chance: *mors certa, hora incerta*. The menace of death is ever-present, from our birth, but no one is so old that he may not live one more day—to live is *to be at death's door*. But in fact life has a "normal" span, which means that there is a certain quantitative life expectancy which we count on, and which determines the fact that, whatever the insecurities of life may be, we feel constantly at a certain level in life, and this level conditions the projection, the expectations, the rhythm of the different ages, the structure of generations, the march of history. *Structural* changes in longevity—which are occurring—introduce variations into the totality of human life.

The same could be said of life's other determinations: its credential structure occurs empirically with a type and content of beliefs. The same thing happens to projection, valuation, the patterns of preference, pleasures, etc. In general terms, the problem of "human nature" takes on a new significance when viewed in this way. Man is *not* nature, but he *has* nature; if you like, he has to come to terms with a nature which surrounds him and which, in that sense, is his. But none of its contents is in principle immutable, though it may be stable and lasting. There are no "historical constants" but acquired historical determinations, though their duration, at limit, may take in the whole of history from Adam to the Last Judgment.

And this also clears up a question which I took up in an article entitled "Other Worlds," thirteen years before man succeeded in "escaping" from our planet, after having felt "enclosed" in it. If man, when he arrives on another planet, finds no life or finds only "biological" life—plants, animals—he will undoubtedly feel disappointed; apparently, he desired or hoped to find men. But if he finds men he will also feel cheated, and will think that he hardly needed to travel so far to find them. What does he anticipate and hope for, then? For me there is no doubt: "Life"—biographical life, personal life, of course—but with a different empirical structure. That is, what we call "human life"—because we have no intuition of any other kind—but not "men."

And, as a result, this permits us to understand what *man* is: the total of the empirical structures in which human life presents itself to us. It is not, of course, radical reality—for that is *my* life—nor does it coincide with "life," but it is the *concrete form of circumstantiality*. *Anthropology* in the full and sufficient meaning of this term would be the science of this *empirical structure*, while the theory of human life as radical reality is *metaphysics*. This seems to me to be the true *theoretical place* of the problem of man, for it is indeed the place of his reality. This is the domain of our investigation: the empirical structure of human life. But we were attempting to take it as real and not fictitious, and therefore as what it is: *radicated reality*. And this means that we must see it take root in *radical* reality. This is why I have had to begin with the theory of human life in all strictness; that is, by making metaphysics. Now we can ask ourselves really seriously about the dimensions and aspects in which that reality takes place.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

FORMS OF INSTALLATION

Life is an operation performed in a forward direction. I am—as we have seen—*future-oriented*: oriented toward the future, projected toward it. Living is *doing* something with things; it is something that happens, a dynamic, dramatic reality. The verb "to be" is something of an obstacle for understanding human life. At most it is a secondary verb, useful for understanding certain derived and consecutive determinations of the primary reality which is "living." All this is true, but since until now Spaniards have not made a great deal of philosophy, and have not made most of it in Spanish, but in Latin, and since most of it by far has been "received" from a European tradition, they have generally not made use of a certain beautiful and irreplaceable verb for understanding human life. They have not done so because this verb, in most languages—and of course in the languages of the greatest philosophical tradition in the West: Greek, Latin, French, German, English—is infused and confused with the verb *ser*. I mean the verb *estar*.

Many years ago I pointed out that it is an error to consider that this verb refers to mere states or passing conditions and non-radical feelings, in contrast to the inherentness and permanency denoted by the verb *ser*. This is only *one* of the meanings of the verb *estar*. *Ser* can refer to any mode of being—to any form of unreality, for example, either ideal or fictitious—while *estar* refers necessarily to reality. Perhaps Ophelia is a pallid being (*es pálida*), I said, but the woman who is pale (*está pálida*) can only be real; and I recalled the fact that the verb *estar* means the inclusion—though it may be permanent, constitutive, essential, and intrinsic—in everything that is a place, an ambit, a "where"; it is what allows us to say with full meaning: "*Padre nuestro, que estás en los cielos*" ("Our Father, which art in heaven").

But it is not only this. The circumstantiality of human life refers us inexorably to *estar*, which is included in the Latin *stare* of circum*stance*. My life is the "ambit" or "where" in which *I am* (*estoy*). This is usually understood in the sense of things, and means that everything is weakened. I am not "among things" as one more thing; *I am living* (*estoy viviendo*). The absence of the verb *estar* in other languages has hindered the understanding of this situation in general. Let us take an example: if I say in French *je suis vivant*, there are two possible and probable translations, both inadequate: either "I am a living being" or "I am alive"; either a determination of the being, or a state. It is not primarily a question of this, but of the meaning of the dynamic and at the same time "stable" reality of the verb *estar* with the true gerundive, which must never be confused with the present participle: *I am living*.

That singular "permanence" implied in *estar* excludes all "instantaneousness" of living; in other words, any *actualistic* interpretation of it. If I simply say "I live," this does not adequately reflect the reality of human life, for until the human instant comes from the past and goes toward the future, it is a temporal surrounding, made of duration; once more, of *estar*. And if life is an operation which is made in a forward direction, this means that it has a "behindness," that this progressive movement is made *from* somewhere. This is what gives meaning to that "toward" in which life consists and which we call project. Without *estar*, the project would simply not have a controllable meaning, and in consequence the reality of human life would have no meaning.

Now, *estar*, when we go beyond the purely factual and accidental, has a *structure* which is not originally static—spatial, for example—but *biographical.* We are dealing with human life, and only as a determination of human life can we find geometrical or physical conditions. Therefore the concept of localization is not sufficient, nor is the merely biographical concept of situation. This concept refers to concrete life understood factually, above all to individual life, but also to collective life—social situation. When we become interested in the *biographical structure* of *estar*—that is, when we consider *estar* in a simultaneously biographical and structural way, we arrive at an indispensable concept for a theory of man as empirical structure of life, for an anthropology in the strict sense of the word: the concept of *installation.*

The situation is always concrete, and moreover individual: one situation among others, this and not another. A "unique" situation—I have said this many times—is a contradiction in terms. Further, the situation is not composed only of circumstantial elements; an essential ingredient in it is my pretension —or the collective "pretension," in the case of the social situation. And this means that I am only in a situation because I have the pretension or project of doing something, and, in fact, to "get out" of it in order to arrive at another situation. Installation, on the other hand, appears as defined by a certain stability. Though it may not be permanent, though one knows that it is not permanent, it is experienced as lasting. I am installed only to the degree in which I can count on continuing to be installed, at least "for now." The "now" which is not instantaneous and momentary, like that of strict temporality, is the one that permits me "to be" (*estar*) and, consequently, not simply to live, but "to be living." This is why an expression much used by contemporary philosophy (though I fear without sufficient clarity or strictness) makes sense: to *find oneself*. I "find myself" in the sense that when I discover myself I was already "there," and I find myself in a definite manner, that is, I was already doing something, and at the same time being someone.

I can only project—and this means project myself—from what I was *already* doing, from that "in which" I already was. We could say that no human project is "primary" or initial, or, in other words, that human life never starts off from zero. This is what I call *installation*. I cannot live in a forward direction except *out of* a previous manner of being—previous in respect to *each* project and each thing I do—in which I am "installed." Of course we are far from any static reality. I cannot simply be, I have to *do* something, even—and perhaps chiefly—to continue to be installed. In Spanish—a more interesting language in a philosophical sense than many people think—one does not say simply *rester* or *bleiben*, but *quedarse* (to remain); this reflexive form reveals the verb's active character. To continue to be installed I have to "quedar*me*," do something with myself, turn back to myself in order to reinstall myself. All that is human can be quiescent, but never static.

Of course, that installation is unitary. Just as life, no matter what its complexity, is always a unitary operation, so is the installation from which it is executed. It is the radical form in which "I find myself." An unfortunate psychologism which invaded philosophy during the nineteenth century, and which has not yet been completely overcome, led philosophers to confuse life with psychic life. The radical phenomenon of finding oneself was interpreted psychologically as finding oneself "well" or "ill," and identified more or less with coenesthesia, with the general way of "feeling oneself." This has enormous interest, but it is derived; the psychic side of vital *reality* is only the sensorial or sensible manner of "finding oneself."

Installation is unitary, but it is not simple; it is multidimensional, composed of a number of different levels and directions. That is why it is a *structure*. And that is why it can be analyzed. In large part, life consists in the analysis of that installation. But this word should not be taken in an excessively intellectual sense. It is not a question of a mere theoretical examination, but of a journey which also means taking possession of that installation's dimensions. It must be understood, however, that intelligence is not excluded from that vital process, because human life consists in understanding itself. This is what I call *intrinsic theory*, and in consequence interpretation is inseparable from the exercise of any vital function whatever—humanly vital functions, biographical ones, of course, but not somatic or biological ones, which have reality only when they are biographically assumed.

This taking possession or analysis of the dimensions of that structure which we call installation is precisely the concrete form of its actualization, or better still, its exercise. Installation is acting or being exercised to the degree in which it is present to me, which does not necessarily mean that I have consciousness of it apart from each of its ingredients. When I project and execute my projects—and in particular the unitary project which *I* am at each instant—I am "leaning" on that installation, I am putting into play the ingredients which compose its structure in the precise form in which they compose it. (Let us not forget that structure is not something which occurs or is added to the ingredients, but is, as in Ortega's formulation of 1914, structure = elements + order.)

If installation belonged to the analytical structure of human life, it would be—in principle at least—"exhaustible," because it would be abstract. Now one feature of the analytical structure is that human life possesses installation, and that is the only thing which the general theory of human life knows. Just *what* this installation may be is something that belongs to empirical structure, and therefore knowledge of it is accessible only to anthropology. But owing to its empirical quality it possesses a certain "infinity"—strictly speaking, a certain indefiniteness, which is the finite version of infinity—

and no analysis can exhaust it. We might say that it is "given" if this were not a confusing concept, because nothing human is a datum. Expressed more clearly, installation is "found," like something which "is there," and which goes beyond any conceptual analysis and even any enumeration. New elements, new dynamic tensions, can always be discovered in that installation, for it is not limited to "being" what it is, but to what it *is being*, is becoming.

Hence the analysis of the forms of installation always has a characteristic which we might call *exemplary*. (I think this is what Cervantes meant, fundamentally and without fully realizing why, when he called his tales *Exemplary Novels*). Each of the forms which we might isolate and analyze has an "emergent" quality in the sense that it is something which emerges from the unitary whole of installation, like an example, and always arises upon a context which supports it and is not at the moment being analyzed, one which goes beyond any present conceptuation. But if we look more closely, this means that the forms or dimensions of installation are not "sufficient" nor can they be isolated—rather, they are systematically linked within the living structure they compose. The systematic quality of human life also belongs to each of its real structures, and is lacking only in those which are abstract or the result of a mere interpretation imposed on life from an external and alien perspective. This is what occurs with many of the so-called "humanistic disciplines," or "sciences of man," when they are not rooted in *radical* reality, that is, when they do not spring from analysis of *biographical life*.

That general system of installation is, in different dimensions, spatial, physical, biological, psychological, social, historical, etc. But it would be a mistake to analyze it in that perspective, which is alien to it, which is obtained from the point of view of things. Installation is the installation of my life, and therefore the only proper and adequate perspective is the biographical one. From that perspective, what is unitary may appear multiple and diversified to the degree in which multiple "things" function in that form of installation. For example, linguistic installation: its contributing factors range from space and the physical medium in which sound is produced to the anatomical structures of the human body which make voice production and hearing possible, the psychic—or psycho-physical—structures which permit thought and speech, the phonetic and musical structures of the phenomenon of language, the historical, etymological, and semantic structures of each concrete language, the logical structures that regulate the meaning of what is said. No greater complexity can be imagined. Biographically, on the other hand, linguistic installation is simple and concrete: I am installed in a language and I live and interpret reality "from" it, setting in motion a multitude of resources which are not present to me, which have no "reality" for me, and which to that degree are irrelevant. I mean that if I project upon that installation the analysis of what we might call all of its "objective ingredients," I disturb and deform it, I falsify it, as if I were to use all of anatomy, physiology, and psychology to understand a vital task which consists of crossing the street. The things which "make it possible" do not compose the biographical reality of what I "do"; namely, cross the street to greet a person I have seen on the other side. This is why "knowing" too many things disturbs the knowledge of reality indescribably if such knowledge intervenes at the wrong time and place, thus hiding what one is trying to understand.

The forms of installation are sometimes so general that they become confused with the human condition: corporeality, the sensorial system, susceptibility to pain, the quality of worldhood with its basic structures: tridimensional space, gravity, etc. A few days ago I saw on a television screen Armstrong and Aldrin's first hesitating steps on the moon:

that hesitation was the attempt at installation in a world that was not theirs, not the world in which they had been installed before. In that scene I saw, with strange emotion, a form of worldhood without installation, the experience of living in "another" world, which as soon as it really began became "the world," "my world," became integrated with the world that was "world" before.

But there are other forms of installation which we can call "intrahuman," which modify and diversify empirical structure. Let us list some of these, simply as examples—without excluding the possibility of emphasizing others—not because they simply exist or "are there," but because, under certain circumstances, they can be *relevant*. Indeed, the forms we are now considering have become so, and others which we might omit have ceased to be so, to the point that they do not even seem "real" to us.

1) Sex—I mean the *sexuate condition*, the fact that human life occurs in the form of man or woman. I am installed in my sex from head to toe, from biology to religion, and project myself from it toward all reality, which acquires its meaning in function of my sex. 2) Age—an installation which is nonpermanent but variable and successive—from which I make my life at each stage. 3) *Race*—not in an exclusively ethnic sense but, if the expression serves, as "historicized biology"; a repertory of modes of living which furnish a first concretion to the expression "human life" and which, when there are not various races present, seems identified with life, to the point that the encounter with another race places the meaning of that race's *humanity*, and therefore the significance of the word "man," in question. 4) *Caste*, different from race even though its interpretive principle may be similar, because it is an essentially plural and common installation. That is, because it is essential to each caste to be *with others*, in interaction with them and constituting itself as such with respect to those others. 5) *Social class*, a greatly weakened form of

installation today, to the point that it is becoming something else, but which originally—in societies composed of estates—was a form of installation. Think of the radical difference of installation in life represented by the condition of being "free" rather than "slave." In the past this has or has not coincided with races and castes, but the principle is not in the least racial; rather, it is social. Or, in a less intense form, think of what it has meant for centuries to be "noble" or "plebeian," etc. (Marxism, which at bottom is profoundly reactionary and has a dimension of essential outdatedness, has tried to make the superficial installation represented by the social class into a condition of radical installation, through its mythification of the "proletarian"—and the proletarian's opposite number the "bourgeois"—not as easily breakable social situations but as irreducible and unchangeable forms of the human condition.) 6) *Language*, finally, the first "mental"—though it is not only mental—installation in reality, the first intellectual interpretation of it, which determines the structure of the world as a sum of realities in certain precise connections, and also confers a given tone upon it.

Let these examples suffice. *From* these different forms of life, from these biographical structures of installation, based on them, man advances in different directions, *does* what he has planned, deploys the dramatic dynamism which we call living. The mere "circumstantiality" of human life is not enough. It is not sufficient to say that man "is in the world": we must see *how* he is in it, how he has to be or may be in it. Now we can understand the most important point, the point that would not have been fully intelligible before: installation is the empirical form of radication in human life as radical reality.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE VECTORIAL STRUCTURE OF LIFE

We have seen that installation does not have a static character, for it is not a question of a localization of things in a space or place; rather, it is the way in which *I am living*—with equal emphasis on both elements of the verb. The forms of installation are, therefore, forms of happening; or, if you prefer, forms for happening, inseparable from happening, without which they would lack meaning and reality. This means that installation has a historical character, for it is itself affected by a "level" on which it finds itself in each case. On the other hand, the concepts used to think about it have to be adequate to flux, to that "arriving" quality we spent so much time on in a previous chapter; and since language is primarily designed to name static and fixed things, there is a constant need to resort to metaphors and figures of speech, which make us *look* in that direction where we can discover what we want to know. In this perspective, installation is the bed or channel through which life flows. And, to pursue the figure of speech, we would have to think of this channel not as that of an earthly river, made up of solid and in principle static materials, but as that of an ocean current, like the invisible and ever-changing current composed of tensions, of differences in pressure or temperature, which flows within the moving ocean: that dynamic and permanent reality, all movement and yet stable and possessed of a shape, which we call the Gulf Stream.

Life is made in a forward direction; the fact that it happens, its temporality, marks out that direction and that advance in which futurition consists. But it cannot be identified with mere temporal flow, nor is it simply a "process." The passage of time certainly carries me forward, but at each instant *I am* (*estoy*); this does not mean that I am at rest, but that *I am installed*, uninterruptedly. Precisely the anticipation of the future *in the present*, the retention of the past in it, are the conditions which permit me *to be installed*. I am neither exclusively present nor exclusively future: I am future-oriented, and this "presence" of the future and the past cause me to be installed in time, not simply to "pass through" it. Installation is, properly speaking, what makes it possible for me to *project myself* and not simply to be "launched." The figure of the arrow is a correct one, but it is not complete. Strictly speaking, the whole bow—with its backward tension, from which the arrow receives its impulse, and the target toward which it is aimed—is the adequate symbol of human life. But if we take this figure seriously we would have to expand it still more. That target, in order to be one, has to be *sought*, and consequently it is only one among several possible targets. To aim is to orient oneself toward a number of points, to project oneself toward them, and then to shoot toward one point which has meaning only in the context of the rest. The arrow is, strictly speaking, a bundle or sheaf each of whose arrows is oriented in a direction, one of which will be privileged. But this is not enough: life is not a mere succession of events, as I have said before, but a *to-be-living*. Therefore it is a process of continuous aiming and firing. Those arrows emerge one by one from a quiver which in principle seems inexhaustible, but which is not: it is not exhausted, it is not empty at any given moment, and therefore presents itself as possibility.

To use another figure, think of those skyrockets which are fired into the sky on summer nights and open in a cascade of shorter trajectories, soon extinguished, while a central rocket is fired in a swift flight and disappears in the darkness. The trajectories are varied and divergent, their reach and brilliance are not the same, but all together they make up the same single rocket, they spring from the same anticipatory and aspiring impulse. The whole luminous cascade is a single rocket, just as the inexhaustible complexity of life is nevertheless a unitary operation. In both cases there are successive new impulses which go on being renewed without a pause, without breaking the continuity of a movement which does not stop but takes place in stages.

To return once more to installation and its forms, we must point out that life is never "neutral," nor is it always "the same." In each instance—and at each moment—it is defined by a primordial mode of installation, which is "that dimension of ours to which we feel closest, from which we speak to ourselves and project ourselves"—as I wrote some time ago in my book *Our Andalusia.* But it should not be understood that this primordial mode can be isolated or function independently. It is a question of the *perspective* in which the different dimensions of installation are organized, one of which is the most immediate and primary, but which always functions in context and along with the others. Once more, life's simultaneously structural and shifting character becomes apparent: that perspective is the one which gives installation its real concreteness. But it constantly changes, it is in motion, it is a system of projections and tensions each with a different direction and intensity. It is what I call *the vectorial structure of life.*

A vector is defined by intensity and direction. A mathematical vector is a directed magnitude; in mechanics, a force is represented by a vector, and when several act together the resultant force is represented by another vector. The simultaneously dynamic, plural, and necessarily directed nature of every vital action justifies the use of this concept to understand its reality. The arrow, symbol of the vector, symbol of vital action, thus acquires a richer and more precise significance. And this gives its *biographical*, and therefore human, meaning to a concept which has permitted the intellection of biological life.

That life, in which enormous organic molecules participate, is an extraordinarily complex chemical equilibrium affected by constant reactions in which many elements intervene. That biochemical structure is in its turn an element in other, higher structures, both physiological and, in the last instance, philogenetic structures, which are also in dynamic equilibrium. Each variation results in alterations, to which new changes must respond in order to re-establish equilibrium. But this expression is not exact: equilibrium—that is, the former equilibrium—is not *re*-established; rather, a *new* and different equilibrium is reached, in which the organism can again be installed. Biological life consists in this succession.

Now biographical life, based on the material structures of biological life, which are merely ingredients in its higher reality, is that which *I do* with all the resources I have at my disposal, among them biological resources. It is irreducible to biological life. But it coincides with biological life in being a complex, balanced system, though it is not merely a system of elements. Man—not his body, not man considered as an organism—needs many things in order to live, and is connected with them through a system of projects, tensions, memories, anticipations, deprivations, which have intensity and orientation; that is, a vectorial character. Within each life, things are arranged in a rigorous and shifting perspective; they assume different functions or roles, they are arranged in a precise hierarchy whose principle is internal to that life and does not coincide with the hierarchy that external consideration would suppose. Those two concepts of "intensity" and "directedness" characteristic of the vector become in the biographical sphere "importance" and "significance," or, if you prefer, "meaning." Things "carry me along" according to their importance, and in a direction determined by the meaning they have for me, by their significance—this is why life is interpretation of itself and of its contents. Life takes place in equilibrium, or better still goes from one equilibrium to another. But the disappearance of one ingredient or the sudden appearance of another, or the displacement of the significance of one of them—variations which from the outside might seem trivial—can break that subtle equilibrium which permitted the flow of life, and this becomes disorganized and breaks up, to the point that it can be affected by a radical *disorientation.*

In parallel fashion, it has been customary to understand as "unbalanced" the man who has lost his biological or psychic equilibrium—"psycho-physical" would be a more satisfactory term. But the primary form of unbalance is, rather, the one which affects the *biographical* equilibrium. This may have psycho-physical *causes*, but is never reduced to them, and can easily have other reasons. Such reasons are directly biographical, and there has been a tendency not to take them into account, or to reduce them to mechanisms. Apart from biological and psychosomatic abnormality we must consider strictly biographical abnormality—and this, in its turn, may be either individual or collective—which does not necessarily imply the abnormality of the "resources" with which man makes his life, and which would have to be, if I am not mistaken, the principal concern of what today is called psychiatry, psychosomatic pathology, and psychoanalysis, and which some day will become "bio-atry," the pathological study of human life as such.

The fact that life is a directed movement has certainly not escaped the notice of philosophy; whether or not the interpretation has been sufficient is another question. Two concepts have tried to explain, and at the same time have obscured to a certain degree, this human condition: "tendencies" and "will." The former is a psychic mechanism, in the last instance incomprehensible, and leaves out everything which life possesses of the strictly personal. Will has usually been understood from the ideas of deliberation and decision in an intellectualistic perspective which fails to take into account the internal movement that leads us to realities—and unrealities. Will fixes us in something specific, concentrates us on it after a choice and many renunciations. As the Spanish proverb says, "If you want something, it costs you something." The choice thus becomes reduced, as Alexander Pfänder showed so admirably more than a century ago in his *Phenomenology of Will*, to what is possible—more concretely to that which, besides being possible, is within our grasp, at least in principle. In the end it is reduced to the fact that we are ready to do what is necessary in order to achieve it. If I am asked if I *want* to be rich, I shall have to answer that I do not, for if I did want to be rich I should be doing something quite different from writing this page; if I want to know Chinese, I will start studying it tonight.

Two centuries of rationalism have obscured the human reality of *desire*. Aristotle glimpsed the importance of *órexis* and saw clearly that the powers which he called acquired —the most characteristically human powers—do not come into being by themselves, merely because the conditions of their exercise are given, but that they need an *órexis* or *proaíresis*, a "desire" or "choice." This is why man, besides having *zoé*—life as actualization of his inherent powers, in short, biological life—has *bíos*, "biographical life" which he must choose, because "the lives of men differ greatly"; *πολὺ διαφέρουσιν οἱ τῶν ἀνθρώπων βίοι, polỳ diaphérousin hoi tôn anthrópon bíoi* (*Eudemian Ethics* I, 4, 1215–25). Spinoza also said that desire—*cupiditas*—is "the very essence of man" (*ipsa hominis essentia*), and that man knows this, has consciousness of it. But since Spinoza the desiderative dimension

—not merely the tendential or volitive dimension—of human life, though not of the psychophysical organism or the mind, has been lost to view.

Desire is much broader than will; one can desire everything: the possible and the impossible, the unreconcilable, the present, the future, and even the past; what one wants, what one does not want, and even what one cannot want. Desire is all-embracing and all-encompassing, perhaps "irresponsible"—even though one would have to ask how responsibility could be forced upon it—but it is the fount of vitality, the principle which moves us to everything, even to love, when desire is authentic. Thanks to desire man's life flows like a fountain, and is not a machine for choosing, judging, deciding. Men want many things that they do not desire, things which, once attained or realized, leave them empty, because that radical vectorial orientation in which the operation of living consists is lacking, that orientation which leads us to what we desire.

"Human life," I wrote in *Our Andalusia*, "is always organized from a specific assumption, from an expectation, and this means in a direction which gives it a 'plot.' The things of life arrive one after another, they come out to meet us, and are grasped and received by us within an extremely precise vital orientation. This is why things have a *slant*. Language frequently employs the expression: 'Things have taken this or that slant . . . ,' because only when they take such a slant —that is, when they initiate a new slant and change the old one—do we become aware of it; but, of course, before taking this particular slant they had a different one. This inclination or obliquity displayed by life comes precisely from our *inclinations*, which impose a particular slant on everything we find in it."

We must take care not to understand "inclinations" in the merely psychological sense; psychological inclinations exist because life as reality is structured into a number of vectorial orientations which aim in different directions, and with differing intensity. The idea of "slant"—never used by philosophy as far as I know, and more important than it seems—is the counterpart of those orientations. It is what permits life to have, in its dealings with things, a plot. "Slant" is the manner of being of things when they are realities lived from a vectorial structure. Further, it is the dynamic version of "aspect"; I mean, the way things have of "turning about" when the perspective in which they are found is not simply "perspective," an intentional or visual relationship, but an active and directed pressure, an executive behavior in regard to them. Things take a "slant"—always a dramatic one—when they are struck by the vectorial arrows of biographical projects.

The concept of *vectorial structure* is the reverse of that of *installation*. The one does not make sense without the other; they exist reciprocally. Only from an installation can the projective arrows of human life be shot; only by basing itself *a tergo* on life can the bow have the *necessary tension*, can it be bent. Conversely, only for that projection are we actively and not statically installed. Installation, as we have seen, also has a dramatic character.

Now we see concretely, and from the viewpoint of empirical structure, the "central" character of the I and the "circumstantial" condition of the reality which is not I. No reality encountered by me can be anything but circumstantial—insofar as it is reality to *me*, insofar as I discover it as real—for it appears to me as the goal of the arrow of a project. Hence the "radiant" and "irradiating" quality of human life, which will condition the nature of all the dimensions of empirical structure. Now we can take up the analysis of this quality, without forgetting that its plurality is always resolved in the result of that unitary operation which we call living.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

WORLDHOOD

The theme of the world appeared very early in this investigation ("The Two Worlds"). Now it must be presented in a different perspective. The world—circumstance, insofar as it is the boundary of my projects and interpretations—is an ingredient of human life. It belongs, therefore, to the general or analytical theory of life, to metaphysics as it inquires about radical reality. But from the level of empirical structure, of metaphysical anthropology—that is, from that radicated reality which we call man—we encounter the theme of the world in the form of one of its concrete structures: *worldhood.*

Human life is *essentially* that of a world—of one world or another—in the sense of being circumstantial. In principle, human life is conceivable in a disembodied form. (On condition that this does not mean a merely negative concept; I mean, we would need to think positively of another form of reality as "homologous" to corporeality.) This leads us to think that worldhood is a primary structure with respect to corporeality, one which would be "added" to it. But this, which is true within analytical theory, is not true if we place ourselves in the perspective of empirical structure: because I am corporeal I belong *to this world*; the *empirical* attributes of worldhood are conditioned by corporeality. In other words: if human life were not corporeal (or if in some way it should cease to be so), it would not by that token cease to be circumstantial or world-like; the "other world" is also a world. (Were we to imagine angelic life, for example, it would be neither corporeal nor "human," but it would be personal. It would also be "circumstantial," but certainly not "local," and therefore would have another structure of worldhood, an entirely different one. The "glorious body" which designates another mode of corporeality would correspond to the worldhood of the "other world.")

This means that, on the level of empirical structure, worldhood is inseparable from corporeality, and everything that can be said of the first includes the second. But as, of course, corporeality is unthinkable without worldhood, there exists between them a relationship of bilateral co-implication or complication, which systematically proceeds to link up with the other determinations of that structure. Worldhood has a certain "priority" at the level of analytical theory, while corporeality has it at the level of empirical structure, for I insert myself corporeally into *this* world. Because I am corporeal I am "here," I occupy a space, material things affect me, I have sensibility and sensorial perception, a very specific form of succession, duration, temporality, and so on. Attachment to a place, the possibility of *local* liberation from it (movement), spatial orientation, the existence of "directions," extension, all this proceeds from the corporeal form of being in the world. And these determinations must be taken into account in an empirical study of worldhood, leaving for later consideration those which belong to corporeality as such.

The world is neither a thing nor a sum or aggregate of things; it is the *ambit* or *where* "in" which things are and in which—in another sense of the verb "to be" (*estar*)—I am. This worldhood presents itself in structural forms: here, there, yonder; what is present and what is absent; the patent and the latent. When Parmenides said that the entity, *ὄν* (*ón*), is always "present" *παρόν* (*parón*), he was referring to that possibility or faculty which is the *noûs*. Indeed, everything is equally present to mental vision, for I am automatically present in or with everything that I think. But worldhood in its corporeal form excludes this immediate presence and replaces it with a perspective. In the world, because it is a world, things exist perspectively. I and the world are reciprocal. The being of circumstance consists in being around, *circum-stare*, and this means being *around me*, for I am the one who defines the *circum* or "aroundness." Everything which is around me functions in the sense of world, no matter what it may be, whatever its *mode of being* is. That is why it is an error to interpret the world as a type of reality, in the sense of what were called "regional ontologies" forty years ago: it is a function. This is why the body and the psyche are also circumstance or world: they are, literally, *outside me*. If the world is identified with "nature," two decisive observations have to be made: one, that everything I can call "my nature" (body and psyche, psychosomatic reality) is circumstance or "world," that with which I make my life; the other, that "nature" is (as I demonstrated at length in my *Reason and Life*) a historical *interpretation* which man achieved probably about the sixth century B.C., and not reality at all. This obliges us to distinguish simultaneously between "the idea of nature" and "my idea of nature." For example, the idea of it which I have as a man of the twentieth century is a particular interpretation of nature and therefore an interpretation of an interpretation, an interpretation squared or carried to the second power. The phenomenon of the world as such—that is, the worldlike structure of life—is much more original and radical than nature. (This, it might be said in passing, opens one path to the comprehension of "the supernatural," even the concept of the "supernatural world.") And it also clarifies, from another perspective, what we saw at the beginning of this study: that the distinction between *external* or physical world and *internal* or psychic world is secondary with regard to their characteristic as *worlds*, and that there is "world" in general —and not simply "medium" or "environment"—because there is interiority.

We must proceed descriptively, being careful to take heed of reality just as it appears. The assumption that the truly "real" is what science tells us is an old prejudice which forgets the interpretative character of all theory, and therefore its lack of radicality. Radicality, on the other hand, does not consist in simplification, which is as much of a "construction" as any other. The idea of the organism among naked physical things is simply an intellectual construction. That is why, when it is said that the world is the ambit in which things are, and not their mere totality, even though this is true it must be understood with all strictness, without insinuating the assumption that we are dealing with the "space" in which "physical" things exist, which are after all only molecules, atoms, and their particles. All this is not the world, but something which I find in the world and can know and analyze.

The characteristic of ambit consists in the fact that the world makes every *installation* possible. Worldhood is radical installation, that which belongs to human life in general, and which is articulated empirically in a series of different installations. And, in parallel fashion, all the vectorial trajectories of my life are marked out in the ambit of that worldhood, and are conditioned by it, just as geometrical figures are conditioned by the space in which they are located—for example, Euclidian or non-Euclidian space. Certainly, the world is full of "things," and most of these are "physical" things, reducible to atoms, protons, electrons, mesons, and so on, but they are not primary reality. Rather, they are discovered from my installations, along the course of my vectorial projections, covered by social interpretations previous to their "physical" condition, for even their "natural" character is a relatively recent interpretation, if one takes into account the duration of man. And when we say that these things are "reducible" to their physical elements, we mean that *they must be reduced*, that we reach those "realities" only through human operations founded on innumerable and always debatable assumptions.

For man, nothing is merely physical, or even biological, but also historical and social. Even those determinations which appear to be linked with man's very condition as a living being transcend physics, geography, or biology. If we imagine sex, the sexuate condition, reduced to its elemental "data," to "the given," what would it be? It has a projective character; type of clothing, education, projects—whether masculine or feminine—condition that installation and regulate its trajectory. We feel definitely uneasy in the presence of a person whose appearance or clothing makes us uncertain whether he is a man or a woman. If, in order to decide, we appealed to the biological part of that person, to his anatomical structure, the inadequacy of this would appear in the dissatisfaction it would produce in us, the sense of dubiety showed in the fact that we had to "resort to" biology. This proves that being a "man" or a "woman" is not only a biological matter, but a personal and social one, and that these identifications are not even "social constants," but mean different things in each society. We could say the same about age, which does not coincide, as can happen in the animal, with a biological cycle and a process of aging, but is primarily a level of biographical trajectory, an accumulation of experiences, a "situation from which" one lives, a social figure, a horizon. Language, social class, and so on have analogous determinations. And "place"? Is it topographical or geographical? No. Above all else it is historico-social: the "country," the "fatherland," and so on. I am not located primarily in the plateau of the Duero River, nor in the Iberian Peninsula, but in Spain; more concretely, in the Spain of 1969: that is my "place" in the world. And not even this is strictly true, if one understands by it that I am *only* in Spain and the

Spain of 1960, for I am in the Spain of yesterday, and especially in the Spain of tomorrow, and through Spain in the total historical world. Not only in what "is" but in what "was" and "will be" (or, which is still more interesting, in what will "not be"). Thus, even to this degree the world is not an aggregate of physical things.

The convergence of what we might call external world with internal world lies in the interpretations of things, or if you prefer, *interpreted things*; that is, lived things. That is where I properly speaking *am*, that is *my world*. But those interpretations, which in principle are not "mine," are not made by me—that is why they are "world"—are not static either. They have been made and are taking place and are changing. Therefore the world also has an emergent character from this perspective. This means that it is not a "whole" but rather a repertory which is never given, which is never reduced to a "datum." Unlike any abstract whole, which consists of given elements, in principle determinable and susceptible of being catalogued, the world appears as "open" and inexhaustible, opaque and never entirely manifest, composed of *latency* in all its forms—chiefly in the form of the future. If it is a repertory, it is above all else a repertory of *possibilities*.

This is the correlate of my way of *being* (*estar*) in it, which is never static, but is a "to-be-making" which is also a "to-be-making myself": a *to-be-living*. Even when it seems to me that I am not doing anything and am "at rest," what is happening is that I am *staying at rest*. Therefore, the *real* world, I mean the one which is constituted as such in my life, is *successive*, not in the sense that it "happens" or "takes place," but in the sense that it is composed of changing situations whose ingredients enter and exit. I give to these last expressions the meanings they have in the theater, when it is said that the actors—and in a certain sense the elements of their circumstance as well—come onstage or go offstage. The world is, rather than an aggregate of things, a *stage*, and I am either on or off the stage as a result of those entrances and exits. The figure of the theater—Calderón's *Great Theater of the World*—is much truer than Baroque poetry imagined, for it only made a start on understanding the content of that figure of speech.

The theater has very perspicaciously ordered the flow of action into acts, and especially into scenes. These stand for a sort of "eddy" in the action, like a glass into which its flow is decanted. And this corresponds to the element of "installation" which we have seen as essential to human life, and which never implies a pause in its movement, but does imply the "from" which makes that movement possible. To pass and to stay, to take place and to remain, are the intrinsic forms of life, and the world's resemblance to a stage responds to this: it is *where* everything that happens happens, the place where it takes on meaning and unity of significance. The visual quality of the theatrical performance corresponds to the essential intelligibility of human life, which, as we have seen, is not possible without interpretation of itself, without intrinsic theory. That intelligibility of the scene of life has always gone along with the oldest notions about the world: *mundus*, *kósmos* as order, decoration or ornamentation—as opposed to "chaos," uninhabitable confusion, "unworldly" reality. What happens is that the predominance of the idea of "thing" in the traditional interpretation of reality meant that the strict function of the world as a stage was obscured, and that it was regarded as an enormous thing or the sum of all things, thus despoiling it of its true character. (All "realistic" literature proceeds from this error, and makes the world into a vast repertory of "data" or given things, which "are there" and can be listed, catalogued, and described. The realists—I said many years ago—are those who betray reality . . . with things.)

Now, from the point of view of empirical structure, the world is *this particular world* and not another (which in principle would be possible). That is why the word "world" has among its meanings one which identifies it with Earth. This does not mean that the rest of the universe is not also world, but that Earth is the stage setting for living, from which man can project himself in all directions. Vitally, and despite Copernicus, man has always been geocentric, because the world in general exists perspectively and Earth is the center of that perspective. For the first time in the history of humanity this is beginning to be not absolutely true; that is, an almost imperceptible but decisive change has occurred in worldhood as a structure of life. Since a few days ago, at least one human life has had as a stage a place different from Earth. That old title of Paul Morand's, *Rien que la Terre* (Nothing but the Earth), has lost its meaning. A few days ago an American priest suggested, in a letter to *Time* magazine, this modification of the Lord's Prayer: "Thy will be done on Earth and on the Moon as it is in heaven." That is, the meaning of that expression, equivalent to "in this world and the next," has changed. Until now man has been the serf of the terrestrial glebe; in principle—though only in principle—he no longer is so, and this is enough to change the structure of his worldhood. It is foreseeable that some day that servitude will be utterly abolished, and then worldhood will be radically different.

And not only in an outward sense: man has in fact possessed a restricted world, though not so restricted as the habitat of an animal species. His condition as a terrestrial animal, provided with lungs, a vertical posture, a certain median size, with certain possibilities of nourishment, temperature, and so on, all this has defined the immediate meaning of his world. But man is not an animal, in the sense that he is not a "given" reality, with a fixed being that we call nature. Technology, the possibility by means of which man transcends the limits of "his" nature, what makes him be, if you like, an open nature or one in expansion, stretches and transforms his world.

It gives him the possibility of being an aquatic, an aerial, or a subterranean being, of any biographical "size," capable of operating from the inside of the atom to the planets to which he sends man-made machines capable of asking them questions; machines which analyze and photograph them over a distance of hundreds of millions of miles; machines which utilize energies many millions of times superior to those of his own organism.

But this means that we must understand actively the expression "to be located in the world." We have seen that, for man, "to be located" is "to be living"; to be in the world means to be *making* the world, to be "worldifying." Man is certainly not a creator, and therefore he "finds himself" in the world, but he is a demiurge. He makes the world—"his" world—with that which is given to him but which until then is only circumstance. "The reabsorption of the circumstance is the concrete destiny of man," wrote Ortega in *Meditations on Quixote*, and I have analyzed this decisive text minutely. Now we understand clearly its not strictly metaphysical meaning, but its meaning at the level of anthropology rooted in metaphysics, in the perspective of empirical structure. Human history is, in one of its dimensions, the history of that reabsorption, the projection upon the naked circumstance of the concrete projects which are going to make it, in each case, world. And that is why a singular "history of the world," as history of the different ways in which the world has been world, is possible; a history of worldhood or of the worldlike structure of life.

Now we shall have to ask ourselves about the concrete form in which this worldhood occurs. For this purpose all the dimensions of that empirical structure we are pursuing will have to "come onstage."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

SENSIBILITY AS TRANSPARENCY

When we speak of "being in the world," the difficulty is not the world only, nor even that I am in it, but also the meaning of that "being." In Spanish we constantly use the verb *estar* to denote "localization" of things and geometrical objects in space; we say that Paris is in France, the table is in the dining room, the book is on the shelf, the arris is between two faces of a polyhedron. We also say that Madrid and Toledo are near each other, that the moon is 384,000 kilometers from the earth, that the treetop is up above and the roots are down below. But it is doubtful whether these subjects are anything but grammatical subjects. If we ask what the book, or Toledo, or the arris "do" when they are where they are, we should have to answer that they do not do anything. It could not even be said in a physical sense, strictly speaking, that the book is weighing on the board which supports it: attraction is being exercised in every sense, and not by the book as such but by each of its leaves, indeed by each of the particles which compose those leaves; and that attraction is not the attraction of the book as a unit but of each of the particles on all the others, in function of their distances. When we say that the lamp is on the table or that the moon is very far away, what we really mean is that if *I* occupied the place of the lamp or the moon, I would be on the table or very far away from where I am now. When I "am" (*estoy*), I am doing something; but since I am always doing that, I tend to say that I am not doing anything when I am simply *being located*.

I employed an expression before which we use inertially about things, and even ideal objects, but whose meaning is manageable only when it is applied to men: *to be found.* We say that the Guadiana River is found between the Tagus and the Guadalquivir, or that an island is found in the midst of the sea, but in reality they are not *found*; on the other hand, I do find myself, and that is precisely what I "do" when I am doing nothing but being located. I find myself "in" something, and this means "with" something. Once more we see the value of the Spanish verb *estar* and the confusion introduced into philosophy by its absence in most other languages, and its identification with *ser*. The reduction of *estar* to *ser*—for example in the Heideggerian concept of *Mitsein* —besides assimilating it to something which has very little to do with it, has blocked the understanding of "living" as "to be living" (*estar viviendo*).

The worst of it is that, as I am corporeal and my body is *also* a thing, I confuse the meaning "I am seated" with the meaning of the concomitant—but entirely different—fact that "my body is located on a chair." I understand "I am in Castile" in the same sense as "the tile is on the roof" or "the foci are in the ellipse," without noticing that the meaning of the latter expressions is derived from the meaning of the first, and that no greater error is possible than to understand the former from the latter. (Not to mention "the fish is in the water" or "the swallow is in its nest," because, for the moment, *we do not know* what these expressions mean. We can only try to understand them from the use of the verb *estar* when I speak of myself, analogically—or, better, homologically—through a series of very problematical additions and subtractions.)

Add to this something which is still more important: our reality is corporeal. That is, corporeality is a structure or installation which I cannot do without, and this means that, in addition to the possible confusion I have just pointed out, *my* being located, the location which gives its original meaning to the verb *estar*, is "also" corporeal. I mean that I do not recognize any manner of being located which is not corporeal, which is not conditioned by corporeality, which does not occur in the context of corporeality or "take form" within it. Only by an extremely painful and perilous mental effort could I think of other forms of being located, which would certainly have to be derived from the only one that is vouchsafed to me. In other words, on the level of empirical structure, "to be" (*estar*) means "to be corporeally located." Now we must ask ourselves the concrete meaning of this.

The real manner of being located "in" and "with" reality, of "being in the world," is what we call *sensibility*. Thanks to it I find myself and find the things that are with me. That sensibility is primarily *transparency*: I am in and with other things "through" my body, in and with it to the degree that my body is also a thing. Insofar as it is a thing, the body is "opaque"; insofar as it is a sensorial body, it is a "transparent" medium which inserts me into the world.

But we must not be hasty, we must not rush toward knowledge, not even in that relatively elementary form which is perception. Nor should we go no further than "sensations," for they are, as psychology recognized a long time ago, an abstract element which can only be isolated mentally, or at most in laboratories. We are dealing with something primary in respect to all knowledge, precisely with that which will make it possible and moreover, makes it necessary: being *with* reality. I believe that no one has perceived this more clearly than Gratry in *De la Connaissance de l'Ame* (*On Knowledge of the Soul*, 1857), when he presented his theory of *sens* or sense (see my book *The Philosophy of Father Gratry*, IV, 2, *Obras*, IV). Not even Maine de Biran, from whom some of Gratry's ideas came, managed to avoid as Gratry did the dichotomy between sensualism and idealism, which has hindered the comprehension of this problem.

Gratry distinguishes between "the senses" and "sense," which he sometimes calls sensibility, and which is "an underpinning of lights, of desire, and of instinct," the germ or root of intelligence and will, *previous to both*. Sense is instinctive, obscure, passive; it comes from outside, from the other, from "outdoors," as Aristotle said. *Because* he has sense, man can *then* know and love; before intelligence and will there is a first *contact* with things, and this is sense. And so, for Gratry, sense is the primary organ of *reality*. The soul senses everything there is, and sense is diversified according to the modes of reality which affect it; this is why he distinguishes external sense from intimate sense and divine sense. These latter lead to contact with things, with one's fellowman (and with me myself) or with God, and this makes ulterior knowledge of God possible.

Naturally, Gratry did not arrive at the notion of "human life," and his interpretations make use of deficient concepts, though they are unusually innovative for his time; but I believe that no one else had so direct an intuition of the fundamental meaning of sensibility. The external world—Gratry held—does not need demonstration: bodies exist because I see them and touch them. This proof is valid, he thought, for everyone who is not a sophist or a victim of sophistry. Sense places us in immediate and obvious contact with reality, in a primary dimension, anterior to knowledge and, in consequence, to all possible demonstration. Analogously, the sense of the fellow-creature, the *sens d'autrui*, is based on the *sens intime*. I immediately sense the fellow-creature as a *thou*, not as a *body*, just as I sense myself (find myself). And because sense is the root of knowledge and will, it implicitly possesses an intellectual dimension and a moral dimension. This doctrine culminates in that of divine sense, in virtue of which

God is a point of support, foundation, root, something that is in us but not in ourselves alone, from which any attempt to know God can start off.

That general transparency which permits us to insert ourselves in the world and to be located in it, the result of the intersection of the world's structure with that of the human body, has many dimensions. Sensibility is made up of "senses," and these discover and show us aspects of the world; or they encounter points in which the world's reality is not made clear. In other words, they reveal its partial opacity, in the form of resistance. The senses execute an *analysis of the world*, which is "out there" unitarily as a correlate of sensibility in general, understood as transparency.

There are few aspects in which what is meant by empirical structure appears so clearly. The system of human sensibility is given, it is a fact, it might be different, and it conditions nothing less than the structure of the world. Its actualization, in turn, depends on the reality which—also in fact—that physical world possesses. If there were not wave movements of a certain wave length there would be no vision; but if there were no organs of sight, there would be no light. This is why I have spoken of the "intersection" of the world's structure with that of the human body. If both are, even though stable, changing, their intersection also changes, and therefore it would be possible to speak of a history of sensibility. Even supposing that the sense "organs" or the world as "cosmos" might not change—or *so long as* they did not change—there could certainly be changes of perspective and function of each of the dimensions, which alter the true reality of that transparency which is our real form of being located in the world. Man brings new physical energies to light—or makes them accessible and manageable. Through other techniques he makes his "natural" sensorial capacities more powerful—so long as we do not understand this to mean, as would be reasonable, that technics belongs to his "nature"—or creates other new ones, with which he expands and dilates his sensibility and makes it adopt forms that did not exist before. In short, he modifies his sensorial structure.

The vital interpretation of sensibility has been too greatly influenced by the diversification of the sensorial organs, of what have been called "organs of the senses," often identifying them with the senses themselves. Psychology has made it clear that in real use sensations converge into a complex perception, making use of various senses. However, we must give primary importance to the *biographical* perspective, according to which certain acts are simple, whatever their psychological complexity, which in the last instance is interpretative. If I drink a glass of wine, sensations other than those specifically of taste intervene in the sensorial reality of this act: tactile sensations (temperature, consistency of the liquid, its uniformity—compare the sensations of drinking a freshly squeezed glass of orange juice and a foamy glass of milk—its density), olfactory sensations (aroma), visual sensations. It is not unimportant, even for the flavor, whether we see the wine as red or white. Even the more complex and general sensations which proceed from its alcoholic content and which are not reduced to "taste" are part of the sensorial reality. But all this is primarily simple; I mean that, biographically, what I *do* is to drink a glass of wine, and all the rest—the multiple sensations—are "activities" in the Orteguian sense of the word, things that "happen to me" or take place in me. The same could be said of walking or seeing a person or listening to music or smoking, not to mention aesthetic experiences or, still more, erotic experiences.

That is why we must understand very clearly the term "transparency," which I have used to describe sensibility. It is not only the transparency of the body, through which, by means of sensibility, I "gain access" to the world and the world is made present to me; it is also the transparency of the world itself, its faculty of letting itself be penetrated by my projects, as if their arrows were rays of light. Sensibility makes the world "transitable"; it has a depth into which one can enter; it can offer paths which may be opened and followed inside it. The "plot" in which human life consists, and which is creatively unfolded in the world, takes place in sensorial form and allows the exercise of sensibility in different directions, at differing pressure, with greater or less resistance, with pleasure, indifference, or pain.

Sensorial plurality introduces mobility and "plot" into the world itself, not only into life as such. Things are rendered present by means of a sense, but they are also accessible through another sense or senses. What I see from a distance can be touched at closer range; sound tells me what I can see or touch; smell promises the pleasure of taste, or warns of the immediacy of something repellent; what is given to me in the dark proximity of touch can be "recognized" by the distant light of vision. Even though neither I nor the thing move at all, the diversification of sensibility makes *each* perspective multiple, and means that in that sense it is constantly taking place. Human perception is never simple, nor passive, nor instantaneous, because in each case it is surrounded by the halo of the other possible modes of perception, either anticipated or remembered or simply convergent.

This becomes especially clear if we think about the cases in which sensorial dealings with things are "incomplete," in which each means of access to them is violently or artificially isolated from the others. It is what we might call perception "by exclusion." For example, we see a person talk through a pane of glass which prevents us from hearing his voice, or we talk on the telephone and can only hear, or the light goes out during a conversation and the persons who are talking are left in the dark. Human actions, for the moment, lose "naturalness" because a mutilation has taken place in the system of sensorial perspectives. Habit, and certain social resources, restore naturalness in certain situations—for example, when we talk on the telephone—but old people often do not achieve it, and rarely feel "comfortable" when they talk on the telephone with someone they can neither see nor touch. The proof of this is that they usually do not speak normally but in a forced and conventional tone, and do not even fully understand what is being said to them.

Compare this situation with situations in which I am *in fact* confined to one means of sensation, but the others are not excluded; they are simply absent, not "given." If I am walking along the street and smell roasted coffee, if I hear a distant piano being played in a house, the only sensation I have is of smell or hearing; but both "announce," respectively, the iron sphere slowly turning over the fire, the sugar-covered coffee beans that are being roasted, the dark transparency of the liquid in the cup or spoon, the stimulating taste; or the room with the piano, the keyboard, the girl sitting in front of it, the pressure of her fingers on the keys. None of this is present, but it is inchoately announced and accompanies that first sensorial impression; it is virtually given, it is not excluded, it is not "banned." The analysis of the world executed from the different dimensions of sensibility is not actually given, but one "counts" on it, and it furnishes normality to sensorial perspective.

The technical or artificial forms of sensibility, which until fairly recently were no more than a marginal exception, have come to occupy a constantly increasing place in real life in the twentieth century. Motion pictures, the telephone, dictaphones, tape recorders, records, television, radio, the visual or aural indicators which communicate or explain innumerable magnitudes or relationships—the control panel of a factory or an airplane, even an automobile dashboard, the "keys" or buttons which activate so many gadgets, the indirect "tactile" perception by which a driver automatically guides himself, feeling the dimensions of his automobile as if it were in some sense his "body"; the disorientation with regard to materials whose origin is unknown and perhaps even unsuspected, and which do not permit the imaginative "prolongation" of sensorial perception, such as the prolongation which led from the woolen suit to the sheep, the silk dress to the cocoons and worms, the wooden table to the tree, wine to grapes and vines, the roast to the cow, the feather to the bird—all this radically alters the forms of sensibility and, therefore, the real manner of being located in the world. If the empirical structure of human life has varied in some respect, it has been in this way of altering and expanding that transparency of the world which we call sensibility.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE SENSORIAL STRUCTURE OF THE WORLD

The senses assuredly have a hierarchy. No one gives the same importance, for example, to sight and smell; they are not conceded the same "value" nor is their loss equally feared. But the question might be raised of the principle or perspective of that sensorial hierarchy. The point under discussion is not whether it exists, but rather the opposite: whether there is not more than one such hierarchy. In certain life forms, smell has probably been the chief organ of survival and in consequence the most important sense of all. In a primitive world, a world almost devoid of men, without technology, full of hostile and much more powerful animal species, it is likely that smell was the decisive trait for the vital and pragmatic ordering of realities. Today we would tend to disqualify that form of life as "animal" (or almost animal), but we would have to recognize that, at one moment in history, this was *human* life and, incidentally, the condition of all the rest of its later forms.

If we go on from this historical consideration to the evolutive consideration within each individual life, we find that taste occupies first place in the initial phase of everyone's biography. The first human interpretation is that established by the baby when he *sucks* things—it is, though this may be repugnant to a rationalist mind, the embryonic form of "reason." The baby divides reality into two great categories: what can be sucked and what cannot (because it is too far away, too big, too hot, because it hurts, because it is harsh, because it tastes bad). If we think about the "civilized" baby, under the immediate and constant care of his parents or society, which impose upon him a complex and elaborate system of interpretations and liberate him—if it really is a liberation—from the imperious need of having to work them out for himself, this may seem secondary; but it is not secondary as soon as we go down the scale to relatively primitive forms of life even at the present day, not to mention the uncountable millenia of prehistory. Let us not forget that the "savant"—the most prestigious word, intellectually and humanly, until a few centuries ago—was the man who understood savors, who knew what the taste of things was like and what that meant.

If we restrict ourselves to the empirical structure of *present-day adult life*, smell and taste are secondary and subordinate; they always function marginally, almost unnoticed, or with limited and local scope. I mean that man is scarcely aware of their function in the constitution of what he calls "the world" as such. The *world* of the man of our culture is a world neither of smell nor taste, though some things or situations in that world may utilize them.

The senses which make up worldhood as we primarily understand it are three: touch, sight, and hearing. Three inseparable, but not indistinguishable, dimensions are based on them and are established through them, and these can be analyzed with relative autonomy: "reality," "worldhood," and "significance."

The "realness" of things is revealed to us through touch. As soon as the distinction between "appearance" and "reality," between "seeming" and "being," is introduced into the mind—and into vital experience—touch appears as the decisive instance: what can be touched is real, as opposed to any illusory or spectral form of presence. Everything which in fact cannot be touched is imagined, in the measure in which it is real, as susceptible of being touched, as "tangible." It is, therefore, the organ of possession, ranging from appropriation by the hands to sexual "possession" or that other form of possession which is eating, and which implies, beyond mere tasting, the tactile taking over of the food which is grasped, broken in pieces, chewed, swallowed, and assimilated. Think of what it has meant for man to reach the moon—an example which inevitably appears in these pages frequently, for it represents a decisive change in the human condition. Since the origin of our species the moon has been a permanent visual object for man; it is something that *all* men have seen—which can be said of very few realities, and of course cannot be said of the Earth as such. It is a common element in every individual circumstance, with no exceptions except for those who have been blind from birth (and I shall have something to say about them later). In July, 1969, the moon entered the tactile world, ceased to be "intangible," and was touched; it received its supreme confirmation as a reality.

I have said "confirmation," for it was already real, and certainly so in the concrete sense of belonging to the "world," by virtue of its *visual* presence. Sight, in fact, is not simply a sense of "things"—though it is that too—but a sense of *worldhood* or world as such.* The senses show us things or elements proceeding from things: corporeality, bulk or surface, smoothness or roughness, temperature, consistency, wetness or dryness, resistance, the "voice" that they emit or their touch or contact, their taste, the odor they "give off" or "exhale," and the multiple combinations of all those ingredients. Sight, in addition to this type of function, that of making things and *aspects* patent, offers us a great many elements simultaneously, and not as a sum or aggregate, but as *context.* The ingredients of what we see appear linked by a system of mutual relationships within a visual *field* which is previous to each of them. Each thing appears with a halo or border of *unobserved* visual realities; the "unfocusedness" of the periphery does not have a merely optical meaning, but a vital one. Sight transcends objects to go to their context or visual field. Its structure is that of the "in" and the "with," that of the "ambit." Seen things are *in* the visual field, some *with* others, in context. This is precisely the original structure of the world as a reality different from things and previous to them.

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* Many of the ideas which follow were formulated many years ago by me in an essay written in New Haven in 1956 and originally published in *La Nación*, "La interpretación visual del mundo" ["The Visual Interpretation of the World"]. Reprinted in my book *El oficio del pensamiento* and later in my *Obras* [*Works*] VI. English translation in *Philosophy As Dramatic Theory*, trans. James D. Parsons (University Park: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1971).

And not only this: visibility does not imply an ambit merely, but also an *organization* of its ingredients. *Perspective* is the structure itself of real vision, and the very word "perspective" comes from the sphere of visuality. The simultaneous hearing of several sounds leads to confusion, and requires an effort to introduce order into that multiplicity, while the visual field is organized perspectively: it is the characteristic of worldhood. When we speak of the "spectral" quality of vision, of its "unreality" compared to touching or tasting, or when we reduce what is seen to a mere "object," we are forgetting: first, that the reality of objects of tactile perception arises in part from their association with the visual, that the discovery of things in a field or world, in an organized perspective, confers a reality upon them which touch later confirms or possesses. Second, we forget that vision is not exclusively visual: it has a muscular component—adjustment, movement of eyes and head, regulation of light, attention, and so on. All this enters into actual vision, not into its psychological abstraction, and underlies the visual metaphors of knowledge.

The worldly structures of *here*, *there*, and *yonder* have a primarily visual significance. Vision makes *present* things which are absent for the other senses; that is, it makes them *far away* in a positive sense: that which is not here, but there.

Hence sight enormously expands the repertory of what is perceived, and with it man's projective capacity. Similarly, it reveals the modes of negation as something positive. The other senses give something positive or they are not operating: I hear, touch, taste, or smell *something*, or I am not exercising those functions. By contrast, the visible is always associated with the invisible, which is not "what one does not see" but "what cannot be seen." The organization of the visual field, defined by perspective and the structure of things, establishes a complex, coherent, and variable articulation among its elements, according to their visibility or invisibility. Some things *hide* others. The occult or hidden, the latent, which is a vital and not a perceptive category, has a primarily visual significance. Or, if you prefer, vision is the interpretative "model" of that vital category. As for the radical form of invisibility—lack of light, shadow, darkness—it is a vitally positive reality, something with which I find myself and with which I have to deal: as we saw before, the image of nothingness, probably its psychological origin. Darkness is the visual presence of invisibility itself: when we open our eyes on darkness, it is not that we do not see, we see *that we are not seeing*.

Nor should we forget that dimension of the world which, because it is the very condition of human life, transcends all the senses and penetrates them all, and even goes beyond empirical structure: *time*. Vision contributes a decisive element: its articulation. Day and night—primarily visual realities—offer the first life experience of temporal rhythm, of the duration and measurability of time, which leads to the idea that "our days are numbered," and through it to the ideas of the temporal finitude of life, of memory, anticipation, and projection.

In an old essay of mine, "The Visual Interpretation of the World," I posed an objection: "And the blind man? Can it be said that the blind man is not in a world, or at least that he is in a *different world* from sighted persons? Is the structure of the blind man's worldhood different? Does it not suffice to say that he perceives the world—the same world—in another way, perhaps an impoverished and precarious way, but still the same world? I would answer this objection by accepting its content and yet denying that it is an objection against what I have just been saying. The blind man lives in the same world as the sighted; he has the same structure of worldhood. How is this possible, if it is true that the sense of the world as such —our world, of course—is sight? Simply because, in *vital* terms —not sensorial or physiological or psychic ones—the blind man has a *visual world*. The blind man is located in a sighted society; the world is not only, or primarily, a repertory of physical things perceived sensorially, but of human realities interpreted by society; it is a historical and social reality. The interpretations which are injected into the blind man by his human surroundings—even though he be blind from birth— are visual. The structures—even the physical structures—of his world are made in function—in *view*, we might say—of visuality. Language, figures of speech, metaphors, even many logical connections, are related to visuality. The blind man lacks, of course, the sensorial intuition of all this, he does not see it, but he operates with all those visual structures. Literally, the blind man lives in a visual world, which he sees with the eyes of others; that is, with what his life possesses of collective life. Society is the blind man's guide.

"Imagine the difference between a blind man—a blind individual—and what a blind species would be like. That is, what man would be if he were not sighted, if his empirical structure did not include vision. It is obvious that this individual of a blind species would be much more different from the blind individual of our species than he is from normal men equipped with vision. And this can help us to understand the articulation of somatic elements—perceptive elements, for example—with social ones—ideas, beliefs, usages, language, values, logical relationships, and so on—in the constitution of an empirical structure."

As for hearing, it is the "environmental" sense par excellence. Noises surround us, are perceived simultaneously or successively, mingle or blend, come from different directions and from variable distances, but not from precise "points." The non-rectilinear production of sound waves means that there is no system of occultation and patency, and gives an "all-enveloping" character to what we hear. The *vitally* relevant dimension of hearing is the human *voice.* All other sounds are on a different plane, and are biographically secondary. In this sense we might say that hearing is the sense corresponding to another form of worldhood: *living-with.* Voices "arrive" from every direction, from near or far, isolated or in company, confused or clear, individualized or dissolved in the "mass," without need for contact, in light or in darkness. And what they offer of the "other," of man, is not directly his body, though his voice is something which emanates from his corporeality and is influenced by it—even affected by his sex and age. That personal reality which is "given off" by the body and travels toward others, that sort of emissary of the person represented by the voice, is probably the first thing that made man think of what is called, using too vague a term, "the soul."

But the human voice is not only sound, nor even "personal sound": it is speech, *φωνὴ σημαντική* (*phonè semantiké*), "meaningful voice," as Aristotle put it. The voice "says" something to someone about things. It is the element of "meaning," of significance, and therefore of interpretations. This is the primary function of the auditive sense. It will be argued that in principle nothing prevents meaningful communication from taking place in a visual or tactile way. The human species could be deaf and mute, and yet there would be common living and meaning. In principle, on the level of analytical structure, yes; but not on that of empirical structure, of anthropology: hearing is the empirical mode of human "living-with." That is why it is *language*—let us not forget that all those constructions which are metaphorically called "languages" or "metalanguages" are derived from real language and are intelligible only from it, that every other "language" is stipulated or constituted *by speaking*. All thought, including solitary thought, is founded on language and, consequently, on hearing. What sight is for the structure of worldhood, hearing is for the structure of significance, and therefore for the intrinsic meaning of human life. Human life, as all-inclusive "living-with," takes place auditively. And the same things that I said before about the blind man would have to be said about the deaf man or the deaf-mute, who live socially in an auditive world.

Fides ex auditu, "faith comes through hearing." What is the meaning of this? Would it make sense to say that knowledge comes from hearing? In our world of readers, one is inclined to think of sight, of written texts. Where does the difference lie? Hearing is the primary organ of persuasion—the etymological relationships between πείθειν (*peíthein*), "to persuade," and πίστις (*pístis*), "faith," are well known. But the reason for this is that the voice is intrinsically personal, to the point that, when it accompanies the "circumstantial" word *I*, it gives that word the value of a proper name. The person as such is displayed in the voice and consequently to the ear, in that other dimension which is not the face. The voice *says* what the face *means*, the face which is seen but can also be touched. It is then that the voice's reality is proved or confirmed, when it is not limited to "being" in the sense of consisting, but when it *is located* in the real world. These are the three radical dimensions in which the worldlike structure of our life is sensorially constituted.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

CORPOREAL INSTALLATION

I went into considerable detail about the corporeality of human life some years ago.* In the present investigation the idea has appeared several times owing to the systematism of philosophy, which proceeds in its turn from the systematism of the radical reality which is my life. We have seen that two fundamental structures, worldhood and corporeality, are inseparable, linked by bilaterally interacting relationships; that the first is endowed with a certain "priority" on the level of analytical theory, while the second has priority at the level of empirical structure. Both are radical forms of *installation*, and must be considered in this perspective.

The body is, certainly, part of the world; as a "thing" it is separable, in the sense of the Aristotelian *khoristón*, basis of *ousía* or "substance." It is also separable from the point of view of Husserl's theory of the wholes and the parts; a *Stück* or "fragment," not a *Moment*. But that separability and independence cease as soon as we see the body as what it is: not a thing, but something that *happens*; not as a physical body, but as a live body—better still a living one—that is, in process of living. If I "isolate" a human body from the rest of the world, if I leave it reduced to itself, it dies for lack of nourishment. If that isolation is strict it dies even sooner for lack of breath. The true reality of the living body does not end at its skin, but takes in the "world around" or *Umwelt*, the biological correlate of the biographical circumstance.* The astronauts who have so recently gone to the moon have had to take with them their own atmosphere, their own air pressure, their own food; a part of their *Umwelt*, inserted into their new biographical lunar "world."

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* "La estructura corpórea de la vida humana" ["The Corporeal Structure of Human Life"], in *Revista de Occidente,* no. 2 (1963). Reprinted in *Nuevos ensayos de filosofía* [*New Essays in Philosophy*], 2nd ed. (Madrid: Revista de Occidente, 1968). Included in *Philosophy As Dramatic Theory.*

The world is not a thing, nor is the body, especially when we take the proper and sufficient perspective about it: *my* body. Installation in a world coincides with the human condition itself, along with circumstantiality, but its concrete form is corporeal: I am corporeally installed in the world, whose qualities are correlative to my corporeality. But above all, I am installed in my body. Perhaps this expression best clarifies the difficulties which assail philosophy when it tries to pin down whether I simply "have" a body or "am" a body. Of course—and Gabriel Marcel has seen this very clearly—"being embodied" goes far beyond merely "having," beyond ownership or possession of the body, for I am not I without my body, and my having it is not secondary or consecutive. But if we say "I am my body" this goes against all the evidence that I *find myself* with my body, that I have not chosen it, that it may or may not please me, that it presents problems for me, that it is part of my circumstance, to which I am in no wise reduced.

The parallelism between worldhood and corporeality is strict. Those who find it repugnant to say "I have a body" and prefer to say "I am my body" would never think of saying "I am my world," yet they experience no difficulty in saying "I have a world" or "I am in the world." If we return to Ortega's original formulation, "I am I and my circumstance," we see that "I" appears twice and has a different meaning each time. The first "I," the one which designates or points out *my* total reality, is corporeal and worldlike, and it could be said that it is both body and world in the sense that it includes them. The second "I," the moment of "I-ness," the *who* diametrically opposed to the circumstance, is not and cannot be corporeal, is not nor cannot be "worldly" because it is not a *thing* at all.

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* See the differences in my book *Ortega. Circunstancia y vocación* (Madrid: Revista de Occidente, 1960). English translation, *José Ortega y Gasset: Circumstance and Vocation*, trans. Frances M. López-Morillas (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1970).

Keep in mind that "installation" is the biographical structure of being located, the empirical form of radication in human life as radical reality. The concrete way of being located in the world is, precisely, being in it *corporeally*; this does not mean that my body—the thing called body—is located in the world among the other things in that world, but that *I* am in the world in a corporeal manner, projectively installed in my body, through which my concrete worldhood takes place.

All the attributes we have discovered in installation fit corporeality as a structure of human life. Stability—though not necessarily permanence—and the quality of "finding oneself" in the body from which one projects, never beginning with nothing: all my projects start off from my bodily installation. As we saw before, the verb "to be" (*ser*), with its predominant meaning of consisting, often masks the forms of living. Using the other verb, *estar*, we might say that I am (*soy*) not corporeal in the merely consistent sense, but that I am (*estoy*) corporeal in the sense of installation. Still better, taking advantage of the essential affinity of the verb *estar* with the adverb, *I am* (*estoy*) *corporeally*: both the verb and the adverb are strictly *circumstantial*. The circumstantiality inherent in the verb *estar* is strengthened by the connection with a circumstantial adverb.

The concept of installation allows us to understand some traits common to the world and to the body, for example, comfort or discomfort. When it is too hot or too cold, when humidity or air pressure are inadequate, when it rains hard or a violent wind is blowing, when the ground I walk on is stony or slippery, I am uncomfortable. This is the opposite of the comfort I feel in the cool shade of the trees, in warm water, when I walk in the hills among aromatic plants, when I am in a well-heated room. Similarly, I feel comfortable in a young and healthy, clean and well-muscled body, and uncomfortable in an old, sickly, paralytic, damaged, feverish, or dirty body. Both these comforts and discomforts correspond, are identified with each other, sometimes balance each other off. The healthy, vigorous body of the sportsman, "in fighting trim," re-establishes a "comfort" in cold snow, in freezing water, on the craggy peak, under the burning sun, because the total system of the body-world installation is favorable. On the other hand, certain somatic "indispositions" annul all the possible comfort of worldly installation, wipe it out and suspend it. To seek a very simple example, seasickness, which is simply a crisis of bodily installation, is a situation in which one cannot "be installed" at all.

The meaning of "repose" also becomes clear—a word I prefer to the more usual "rest" because in Spanish this word (*descanso*) involves a privative meaning derived from *cansar*, to tire, and this leads us to think that the primary phenomenon is tiredness, that repose consists in *des-cansar*, in re-establishing the situation altered by tiredness. To repose is properly speaking "to remain" (a meaning clearly visible in the English word "rest"); but then we must ask: remain where? To repose or rest is to draw back from our general installation in the world to the immediate or corporeal installation. It is to "draw away" from the world and reduce oneself to corporeality. The quality of transparency which the sensorial system gives to the body means that we normally pass through it to things, to the world. Living means busying ourselves with things, perceiving them, doing something with them. When we rest, we leave transparency in suspense, insofar as possible, in order to concentrate on our somatic installation; we try momentarily to make the world contract to the limits of our body.

Sleep represents a further step. The incredible difficulty of understanding this trivial and everyday phenomenon is well known; physiologically and psychologically, its mechanisms are both complex and elusive, and its interpretation is problematical. Here I am interested in the *biographical* meaning of sleep. Repose is an ambiguous and transitory situation. Installation—and, as a result, projection—continues during repose, but, in a very strict sense, it continues in a "reduced," almost a phenomenological form. It is the reduction or *epokhé* of the world insofar as it is ultrasomatic, the reduction of the world to body. I cannot repose for long, because I "get tired" of it, and either return to my state of alertness, to direct insertion into worldly installation, or I go to sleep. Sleep is the "disconnection" (*Ausschaltung*) of installation, even somatic installation; it is the elimination of the "in." The sleeping man is not anywhere; that is why waking always includes the embryonic question "Where am I?"—or, if you prefer, literally "Where do I find myself?"—which is sometimes very specific, as for example when a person is traveling and has slept in a different city every day. When he wakes up there is a moment when he does not know where he is, and it takes an effort to "reinstall" himself. To go to sleep one usually needs a state of "comfort," consisting in what we might call a balance between body and world, in which, because I do not feel their boundaries, I feel neither one nor the other. The colloquial Spanish expression *dormir a pierna suelta*, literally "to sleep with one's legs loose," has a very clear meaning; if my body is to sleep "loose," I pay no attention to it, I detach myself from the body's installation. When this happens "from the outside"—because of extreme fatigue, physiological causes, hypnosis, or, more crudely, through administration of a drug—I do not go to sleep, but "become asleep." This disconnection comes over me through external causes.

In any case, that suspension of bodily installation leaves life—biographical life, of course—in suspense. The degree to which the suspension is not total is that very degree to which a fragment of installation persists, which shows through in the active expression "to be sleeping," used by language to distinguish, though not very sharply, from "to be asleep." To be sleeping is a limit form, with a minimum of installation, of the act of living.

Dreaming, finally, means reducing installation to that portion of the psychosomatic reality in which the psychic predominates over the perceptive system, that is, over the mechanism of transitive transparency. *Self-absorption* is the primary installation in the "internal world," with biographical "oblivion"—or, if you prefer, disregard of perspective—of the external world and the body simultaneously. Transitions from one state to another can be explained very easily, in their biographical significance, as shifts from one perspective to another through the modulations of the dual world-body installation.

Man, installed in his body, out of which he lives and approaches things, "returns" to his own body which, ambiguously, also turns out to be just another thing. To begin with, given man's somatic structure, not all parts of the body are equally given, present, or accessible. Man cannot see his back, he cannot touch some points on the surface of his skin, at least if he is too fat—this is a case in which man feels extrinsic, in which he encounters his obesity as something external and alien to his reality, as occurs to a certain degree with the pregnant woman. In any case, the body has an inside—"innards"—which make their presence felt in a number of ways (heartbeat, intestinal movements, breathing, the pulse which comes close to the surface in various places, tremors or convulsions, internal sensations, pains), but which are always latent and, in a measure, problematical. Anatomy and physiology have gradually explored this reality of the internal body and have attained a scientific knowledge which today is superimposed on the knowledge we possess vitally, but for centuries or millennia man has clung to a repertory of fabulous or mythological interpretations of the inside of his body and its functions. Magic, war, sacrifices, cannibalism, interpretation based on animals' bodies, all this has left a residue in humanity of a number of ways of understanding the body. These are essential ingredients of man's reality, his mode of installation, a residue with a social and historical aspect. Think of the distinction that has been made between "noble" and "vile" parts of the body, of the establishment of a hierarchy of organs and functions, of the covering or adornment of the body by means of clothing, of the way in which the body itself—that is, the naked body—has become exceptional.

And while on the one hand the isolated body is an abstraction, since it needs a space to be located in, air to breathe, food, on the other hand those portions of the body which are eliminated or removed automatically cease to be body: excrement, secretions, the hair or nails which I cut, and so on. Even circumcision or the amputation of a limb or the removal of an internal organ makes that which was, in the strictest sense, "my body," into a "thing." And, of course, this applies to all the cells which are acquired or lost in the metabolic process or in any physiological processes whatever, although the cells are not part of my body as such but a scientific interpretation —and as such problematical—which never functions close to my somatic life. There are also essential ingredients of corporeality on this same interpretative level, in the period in which we live and not in others: other organisms, "microbes" understood as little creatures which "inhabit" our bodies, microbial "flora" which introduce a different image, more recently "viruses," which infer a different sort of experience of animal and corporeal life, and even of biological life.

The human body, because it is a living body, has that structure which we have called *vectorial.* In the first place, the body "happens" as a whole, it is like a biological projectile which moves forward from birth to death, throughout its life. That is, it moves in one direction and in conformity with a specific and historically foreseen trajectory. It is not merely a question of the "mean duration" of life; in man it is, rather, *life expectancy*, a quite different concept. The statistical length of men's lives is one thing, and what they can normally (barring "accident") expect is another. This expectancy is what defines the trajectory and determines its tension.

But in addition, each vital action has orientation and intensity; this is already prefigured in the somatic structure. Man stands upright, has a frontal plane, he walks forward, he has an up and a down, a front and back, a right and left; things are near or far in relation to him. If the human body were radial like the starfish, or were like the jellyfish or the amoeba, or spindle-shaped, or snakelike, its actions would have a different meaning, and a different structure of worldhood would pertain to them. There is a center—I—which is slightly off-center, since I am oriented "forward" and the "backward" has been left behind. The system of "spatial evaluations" (or orientation), so curious in human history, depends on corporeal structure; the "high" compared to the "low"; what is "ahead" compared to that which is "behind" or "left behind"; the "right" compared to the "left," and even "dexter" compared to "sinister." Imagine the extent to which the corporeal structures that affect physical love and the act of nursing a baby intervene in evaluation and in personal relationships: those structures give such acts a biographical significance which might well be very different.

As for size, its human meaning is influenced, but not univocally determined, by the somatic element. It makes no sense to predicate any size for *me*, for the "I" which I am, the *who* that I am. My body as a thing has size, of course, well defined at each moment but changing in the course of my development and more or less fixed in my adult state. There is yet another point of view in which size exists, but in a subtler way: the size of *human life* insofar as it is "incarnated" or corporeal. This size is not metric or geometric, but operative. Life has size because it can operate in a certain order of magnitudes; it is what we mean when we say that something is "on a human scale." But it is precisely here that we see that man is radically different from the animal and from any merely "natural" entity. His operative size is not *given*, but varies greatly according to historico-social conditions. I have always been moved by the spectacle of men who, by means of enormous and complicated scaffoldings and a few devices, constructed immense buildings, many times, thousands of times, greater than their bodies. I am not referring to our present epoch, when we have superior techniques and can use energies which multiply our bodily energies by billions; when man operates in orders of magnitude which are not directly human, and indeed never have been, in the ocean, in outer space, on other stars, inside cells, the molecule or the atom. Technology gradually adapts reality to a human scale. Between man and those extreme magnitudes, either large or small, apparatus or instruments, that is, *organs* (*órganon*= "instrument") intervene, and these are not biological but biographical. However, those apparatuses are also corporeal, and must be adjusted to the somatic structure of the man who uses them. Their levers, buttons, disks, lenses, must be adapted to the hands, fingers, and eyes of man. Technology permits a physical liberation from biological servitude to biographical freedom, but it has to start off from that initial structure, which imposes limits on it, though they may not be permanent and can sometimes be transferred to another "frontier." The "vital size" of man is not given once and for all, but "from time to time," within each situation, and these stages are those in which empirical structure is fixed transitorily, between variations.

If we go on from size to what we might call the qualitative aspect, that is, the concrete forms of corporeality, we find that man does not seem particularly "well endowed." Man's biological condition has been affected by a series of limitations: he cannot fly, or stay underwater, or swim naturally, nor does he have a protective covering or great speed or agility, nor is he powerfully armed. He has neither wings nor beak nor claws nor hide nor wool nor swift fins nor horns nor tusks. The interesting part of this is that although man has never limited himself to what he "has" or "is"—to his "nature" —he nevertheless feels his natural attributes as "limitations," and in a certain sense as deficiencies or even "deprivations": he thinks about what he "lacks." But this means that he does not see himself naturally, but from the point of view of unreality, imagination, and desire, from possibilities and not from perceived reality. Man has always regarded some animals with a strange biological "envy," as if he were "dispossessed" or stripped of their properties or faculties, as if these should "belong to him" in some way.

Biographically, this means that those limitations are a positive factor: the challenge of reality to man's aspirations. Man, because he is a variable system of aspirations, feels mutilated in one form and measure or another. And this is the place where technology enters into human life. Today man flies higher than any bird; he goes underwater where no fish can go; he has more strength, more weapons, better defenses than any animal. Not only does he go beyond "each" of them, but beyond any of them. If we can speak of human nature, we would have to say that it has expanded, vectorially, with enormous intensity and in all directions; that it is a nature in expansion; and that installed in it man projects himself toward limitless unreal horizons.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE SEXUATE CONDITION

When a new human being is born the father, the neighbor woman, the midwife, or the obstetrician looks at it and says, "It's a boy," or, "It's a girl." But *before* this the mother, the aunts, or the grandmothers had been preparing the baby's clothes, blue or pink according to whether a boy or girl was expected or wanted: blue for boys, pink for girls. The person who examines the newborn proclaims that it is a boy or a girl after looking at its body, specifically its genital organs; but a *social* determination is awaiting that newborn baby. It will be dressed in blue or pink, it will be "interpreted," developed, educated, according to that condition which seemed merely corporeal and biological. And this is, if I am not mistaken, the key to the whole problem.

The obvious bodily significance of sex, the existence of what we call a "sexual apparatus," the presence of sex in the animal and even the vegetable world, its association with the mechanics of reproduction—all this has polarized in an enormously important, but special, direction that dimension which we call, not without ambiguity, sex. There is another dimension, revealed in that tiny social detail which we might call its personal and projective interpretation. Remember the definition of man which has emerged from this investigation: "Man is the animal who has a human life." This is the moment to make that definition operative in order to understand one decisive dimension of his structure.

For a good many years now I have been using a linguistic distinction of the Spanish language which I find exceedingly useful: the two adjectives *sexual* and *sexuado* ("sexuate"). Sexual activity is a small province of our life, a very important but limited one, which does not begin with our birth and usually ends before our death; it is founded on the sexuate condition of human life in general, which affects all of life, at all times and in all its dimensions.

As soon as we think about it for a moment we realize that what we call "man" does not exist. Human life appears in two profoundly different forms, to begin with in quite different somatic and psychophysical realities: men and women. But we must note with equal emphasis that these structures do not belong to the notion of "human life" as a reality studied by analytical theory. They do not constitute a "requisite" or a condition *sine qua non* for all possible "human life"—that is, all life which is life in the sense of our own, the life that takes place in men. Therefore, the "sex" determination does not appear on the plane of analytical theory. Heidegger has been reproached because the concept of *Dasein* is asexual, but this objection is meaningless. *Dasein*—"the mode of being of that entity which we are"—does not mean the same as what I am calling human life." Heidegger moves on the analytical and not the empirical plane—what he does is to make an *existenziale Analytik des Daseins*—and on that plane the dimension of sex is not operative. It appears only in empirical reality, but of course it is not "accidental" or merely "factual," but "structural." Human life is in fact, in a stable and permanent way, a sexuate reality. This condition is a very important determination of empirical structure, definitely on a primary plane of importance: one of its radical forms of *installation.*

Now, from this point of view the sexuate condition turns out to be difficult to understand. If we say that man is installed in his corporeality, in his age, or in his race, this is perfectly clear: they are his modes of being installed, from which he projects biographically. But *who* is the person who is installed in a sexuate condition? It is not enough simply to say "man," for there are in fact two "classes" of men or persons: males—carelessly called "men" in many languages—*hombres*, *hommes*, *uomini*—and women. And now the problem is what those "classes" mean, and what principle distinguishes them. It would be possible to think that sex was a specific difference; there would be two species of the genus *Homo*: *Homo vir* and *Homo mulier*. But this would lead us to a monstrous conclusion: biology traditionally defines the species by the fact that reproduction takes place in it, and the human species would then reproduce between two species, so that man would be essentially a hybrid. Nor is it possible to think of the sexuate difference as merely accidental, affecting individuals extrinsically. Can we say that there are men and women just as there are blondes and brunettes, tall and short, phlegmatic and sanguine persons? Should we attempt to exhaust the interpretive possibilities of traditional philosophy, we could try one last recourse: the concept of *proprium* (*ídion*)—the concept nearest to the idea of empirical structure. But then we would see more clearly than ever the inadequacy of this concept when we apply it not to "things," their species and genders, but to human life. We should have to ask: What is *proper* to man, to be a man or a woman? The Scholastics used *risibilitas*, the capacity to laugh, as a favorite example of *proprium*; it is proper to man, they thought, because *each* man—and in principle only man—can laugh. But, so far as the sexuate condition is concerned, what is proper to each man? If we return to the idea of installation, in what sex is man installed? The answer will be: in one or the other, each in his own sex. This is indeed the question, if we are to take it seriously and not pass over in a trivial way what I have just said.

The decisive word in the formula I have written above is a conjunction over which we tend to pass very hastily: *or*. Man is installed in one sex *or* the other, in that precise form; namely, as *disjunction*. This idea was forced upon me a long time ago, in my *Reason and Life*, when I tried to understand the relationship between "human life" and "my life." We are not dealing with the contraction of a species into individuals, with a "principle of individuation"; nor, on the other hand, with the abstraction of a species starting from empirical individuals. In traditional theory, the species as such is indifferent to that individuation; or, from a nominalist position, the abstraction of the species is extrinsic to the unique reality of single individuals. But this does not apply to human life: I cannot even think of it except as concrete and circumstantial, in disjunction, as this life *or* this other life; that is, the life of *each one*. It is not a mere individuation, but rather that human life exists *disjunctively*, in a circumstantial disjunction which belongs intrinsically to the "consistency" of that life. Hence human lives are "unique," irreplaceable, cannot be substituted for, are intrinsically singular; in short, *irreducible*, as we have seen in detail above.

Especially on the level with which we are dealing here, that of empirical structure, we find another and still stricter kind of disjunction, as we shall see at once. Man is realized disjunctively: male *or* female. There is no question of a *division*, but of a *disjunction*. I can divide white and black balls into two different piles; this division *separates* the balls and makes them independent of each other; white balls on one side, black ones on the other, and *no more*: in the white balls there is no blackness or suggestion of blackness, in the black ones there is no element of whiteness. Now, disjunction neither divides nor separates, but the opposite: it *links*. The disjunction itself is present in the *terms* of the disjunction, that is, in each of them. I mean that disjunction *constitutes* the disjunctive terms.

But I was saying that sexuate disjunction is still stricter than that of the "each one" of life. The reason is that while life is plural and indefinite ("life" is this life *or* this life or *this* life . . .), disjunction is *dual* and reciprocal: man is male *or* female. This means that if "man" is not male she is a woman, if not a woman, a male, while if life is not this life, we cannot be sure which life it is.

The disjunction between man *or* woman affects both man *and* woman, establishing a relationship of *polarity* between them. Each sex co-implicates the other, which is reflected in the biographical fact that each "complicates" the other. We shall say, then, that the sexuate condition is not a "quality" or "attribute" possessed by each man, nor does it consist in the *terms* of the disjunction, but in the disjunction itself, seen alternately from each of its terms. The sexuate condition is not even visible in an isolated life. We see it in each one of us as it is referred to the opposite sex, which means that we see it "from" each one of us rather than "in" ourselves. I cannot understand the reality "woman" without co-implicating the reality "man," *and vice versa*, which means that there is no "second sex," and that this interpretation differs enormously from some recent theories.

Now let us return to the concept of installation, the only one which permits us to understand the sexuate condition biographically, without any "thingification." I *am located* in my sex, that is, in my condition as a male. I am installed in that condition; it is my manner of "being living," the concrete mode of my worldhood, of my corporeality, of all the other installations. I live vectorially from that installation, projecting myself in different directions, basing myself upon it *a tergo*—with a "firmness" which depends in large measure on the firmness of that installation. And primarily I project myself *from* my sex *toward* the other. The sexuate condition, far from being a division or separation into two halves, which would split off half of humanity from the other half, *relates* each half to the other, makes life consist in the fact that each fraction of humanity has to "work things out" with the other. (I say fraction because sexuality "breaks" human totality into two parts which require each other, each of which presents its line of fracture or, which is the same thing, its intrinsic insufficiency.)

The sexuate condition introduces something resembling a "magnetic field" into living-with. (It is no coincidence that, ever since the discovery of magnetic phenomena, the metaphor of magnetism has often been used to suggest the attraction or fascination of sex.) Plural human life is no longer inert "coexistence" but dynamic *living-with*, possessing an active configuration. It is intrinsically, by its very condition, a project, an undertaking, owing to the fact that each sex is oriented toward the other.

Man and woman, each *installed* in their respective sex—literally respective, for each is of that sex in respect to the other, each consists in "looking at" (Latin *respicere*) the other—live all of reality from that sex. This installation is *previous* to *all* sexual behavior. It is the form of sensibility or "transparency" which affects that form of reality which is sexuate disjunction or tension, the underlying assumption of all sexual activity, just as *sens* or "sensibility" in general is the underlying assumption of all knowledge. It is the ambit within which sexual or asexual behavior arises, but never "asexuate" behavior, for there is no such thing. The sexuate condition, because it is an installation, pervades, permeates, and encompasses all of life, which is lived without exception from the disjunction into man and woman. All realities, even those most remote from sexuality—eating, comprehension of a mathematical theorem, contemplation of a landscape, a religious action, the experience of danger—are lived out of installation in sex, and therefore within a context and from a perspective which cannot be reduced to the other. If a professor of mathematics explains Pythagoras' theorem—and nothing could possibly be more "asexual"—the experiential reality is different according to whether he is teaching boys or girls or a mixed class. The theorem and its intellection have a sexuate significance, as they form part of the sexes' respective installation, no matter how asexual the content or object of these experiences may be.

Almost all philosophical and even psychological interpretation of man, until about a century ago, had almost entirely omitted this fundamental fact of the sexuate condition, probably for lack of concepts sufficiently broad to see what its place in reality is, and therefore its place in theory. While sexuality is an obvious phenomenon in the area of anatomy and physiology—that is, biologically, to the degree that man is an animal or reducible to the animal—it has been elusive from the biographical standpoint. A few more perceptive details appeared only in the theoreticians of love, for there the sexuate condition of that animal who has *human* life inescapably shows through. At the end of the nineteenth century, chiefly because of Freud, sex acquired citizenship rights in man's understanding. But the naturalism of the philosophy which had served as a basis for the Freudian interpretation of man and the theory of psychoanalysis obscured the extraordinary discovery, indubitably a stroke of genius, which placed sex in the center of anthropology. The concomitant error was what we might call the "sexual" (and not "sexuate") interpretation of sex, that of taking the part for the whole, of reducing to data the dramatic and "arriving" reality of the person. Even man's specific sexual determinations are not intelligible except from that previous encompassing sexuate condition. When Voltaire said jokingly that "to drink when he is not thirsty and to make love at all seasons" is what distinguishes man from the animals, he was saying something more profound than he thought: the permanence of the sexual function in man—as opposed to the transitory nature of animal sexuality, of the "rutting season"—is founded on that sexuate condition within which sexual behavior *can*—and normally does *not*—arise. When "infantile sexuality" is mentioned we feel a reaction of repugnance, and if it is taken too seriously it seems rather comic. But none of this would occur if we were to speak of the child's *sexuate* condition, for it is obvious from the first months of its life, practically from birth, and all of an infant's life is determined by it. The baby boy and baby girl, even to the very considerable degree that they are still asexual, are already unequivocally sexuate.

Someone may raise the objection to this doctrine of sexuate disjunction that "intersexual states" exist. Even apart from these states, it is apparent that no one is wholly and exclusively male or female, that components of each sex are observable in the other, at least during certain phases of a person's vital trajectory. I believe that this is precisely what confirms the interpretation of sex as installation in reality. Because it is an installation, it is not only a biological fact but a psychic and social one, and has a biographical meaning. The merely biological factor represents simply the resources or conditioning factors of sexuate life. Its abnormalities *can* affect the sexuate condition, the installation as male or female, but this depends on their concrete content, their date, and how they are experienced or interpreted by the person in question. In short, it depends on their biographical significance. Conversely, even without biological abnormality, biographical installation can be "abnormal." This would be only a particular case of "biographical abnormality" in general, which is not necessarily mental or psychic or psychosomatic.

"Man" and "woman" are two reciprocal structures; because they are installations, they have a vectorial character with intensity and direction, essential factors in biographical sexuality. The structure we call "man" as a male is not exhausted in "being" positively and exclusively something, but in *going on being* male in relation to femininity, and vice versa, of course. They are, therefore, mutual structures, inextricable associations of installation and the vectorial quality, for in this case installation in sex consists in the act of projecting oneself toward the other. To be male means simply being referred to woman, and to be a woman means being referred to the male. What somatic determinations suggest is really projected to the whole of life; it is the concrete manner in which the corporeal structure of life happens.

But let us go back to our starting point: blue or pink garments are prepared for the newborn baby. This means that its sexuate condition, starting with the genital data discovered by inspection at the moment of birth, is going to be interpreted and projected socially. Since man is not Adam (or Eve), but the inheritor of a tradition, composed of historical and social substance, so is his body, and of course his sexuality. Any regression to mere biology among naked physical things is just that, a regression from reality to a hypothetical intellectual construction.

Because it is historico-social, the body has meant—has *been* —many different things, and will continue to be other new things. No one needs to be very perspicacious to realize that we are living through a crisis of unusual depth. That is why a "spirituality" of the body is possible, and why a history of the body or of corporeality could be written. Not to mention the sexuate condition. It is revealing that the child perceives, distinguishes, and recognizes men and women very quickly—as he distinguishes children from grownups, from adults in general—and reacts to them in two very different ways. How does that distinction arise? It arises less in biological differences which are not usually particularly visible, than in interpretative and social ways, in those ways which, after all, have a biographical significance. For example, the distinction lies less in forms than in the voice; it is especially noticeable in clothing—trousers and skirts in one phase of Western culture, a phase which has been very long but which is now past—in the arrangement of the hair, in the beard or its absence, or in clean-shavenness and makeup—"homologues" in a certain sense of the "natural" structure—and so on. This is the alphabet which the child uses for guidance—and in a sense, so does the adult. Somewhere I have remarked that there is a delicate system of compensations which re-establish the situation we might call natural. The painted face of the woman corresponds to the disappearance of the beard; the diminishing use of makeup on certain levels of society and age in recent decades could be explained by the stylized reappearance of the beard in the most recent generations; garments which, instead of being exclusive, are shared by the two sexes, are stylized to such a degree that in the end they become factors of differentiation: trousers. Still more subtle are the differential usages which become common, which at first are interpreted by society as confusing ("masculinization" of the woman): riding horseback, engaging in sports, driving a car, smoking. Soon these activities set apart stylized forms of activity which become accentuating traits of femininity—for example the horsewoman in a riding habit, the figure of the girl with a tennis racket in her hand in almost all the post-World War I comedies, the cigarette as an "accent" of femininity throughout almost all the history of the motion pictures, the most representative art of our time.

Out of the sexuate condition, lived as male or female, human life seeks, finds, realizes its different images throughout history and throughout man's biographical ages.*

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* Some of these ideas have been formulated in my essay, mentioned above, "La estructura corpórea de la vida humana" ["The Corporeal Structure of Human Life," included in *Philosophy As Dramatic Theory*]; they are inserted here, at a different level, in the general theory of empirical structure.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE

A very high proportion of the magazine covers which fill newsstands everywhere in the world display a face: a pretty girl, an actor, a sports figure, a politician, a criminal, an intellectual. Our identity documents carry a picture, and that picture presents a countenance. When the newspapers announce an appointment or give a news story, the face of the person in question appears in their pages. The portrait made by the painter is probably only the face, and in any case the rest of the figure can be interchangeable. Moreover, clothing covers and conceals almost all of the body, leaving chiefly the face visible. When it is occasionally concealed—with the flap of a cape, the mantle of the seventeenth-century Spanish "hidden" woman, a veil or a mask—one has the impression that the face is indeed "hidden"; that is, negated, and that it is soon going to be "uncovered"; unlike the body, for which it is exceptional to be undressed.

All this is rather surprising, for the face is only one part of the human body, a small fraction of it. And let us not think of the head as the seat of the brain and consequently of the chief organs, for what appears is not the head but only its forepart, the countenance, and all the rest is either not shown or is overlooked, and functions merely as a frame.

We discover the strange reality of the countenance when we speak of the person. I have emphasized something which is commonly forgotten: that the meaning of the Greek word *prósopon* is also, and very importantly, the "façade," the forepart. Now the face interests us for itself—or better still, the combination person-face seen from the latter. The face is a privileged part of the body, not only in the sense of being important—perhaps the most important part—but in the sense of functioning as a *representative* of the whole body. Therefore, to identify the body, to consider it as a particular body, we need only the face, and the portrait of the face "stands for" the corporeality of which it is only a fragment. We might say that the body contracts or becomes concentrated into a face, which functions as a unique abbreviation of the personal reality as a whole.

In fact, most personal relationships are facial ones. When faces are present, facing each other, we are "together." We look into each other's eyes, our mouths are seen and heard by organs which form part of the face, and messages of communication come from them. To the degree that this is relevant for man in our time, even smell affects our facial region; finally, the kiss—the contact of face with face—is the most personal form of bodily contact. Better still, it is primarily personal and secondarily somatic, and its varieties have strict personal significance, entirely out of proportion to their physical differences. Observe that, while it is accepted that the face is not an erogenous zone, or is one only minimally and exceptionally, beauty and attraction are concentrated there, especially in woman. This explains the constant and almost obsessive use of beautiful feminine faces in magazines, in advertisements, in anything designed to attract attention. The reason for this is that the face, though minimally *sexual*, is maximally *sexuate*; it is precisely that portion of human reality in which the male or female becomes present. Hence, the face is only slightly or not at all erogenous, but it is something much more important: it is extremely erotic, in the sense of human love, of which we shall have to speak at length in its proper place.

Man and woman recognize each other primarily by their faces; it is in the face that the polarity in which the sexuate condition consists is presented and visibly resides. Hence the feeling of uneasiness, already described, when we have to "resort to" the genital organs in order to decide whether someone is a man or a woman. This uneasiness indicates that, whatever the result of that examination, if the face is not unequivocally masculine or feminine, the sexuate condition of the person is left in suspension, and the personal reality, instead of presenting itself as naturally embodied in the somatic reality, is detached from it and introduces an element of confusion and disorientation. On the other hand, the masculine and feminine faces, when they display their condition fully, instantaneously and automatically establish the relationships of polarity which regulate human living-with, precisely to the degree in which this phenomenon is integrally and permanently sexuate, but only partially and occasionally sexual. We might say that the face "alludes" to the rest of the body as a repertory of possibilities which in principle do not take place, while the sexuate person is, of course, present.

The frontal quality of the face is essential: it is looking, listening, talking; it is a reality which exists in a forward direction, and is intrinsically *vectorial.* No other part of the body has to the same degree this projective, programmatic, and "arriving" quality. The Spanish word *rostro* comes from *rostrum*, which is the beak of birds and secondarily the muzzle of animals, and by extension the bowsprit or prow of a ship. The word *os*, which is primarily "mouth"—and what comes out of it, the voice and speech—is extended to all of the face and also means the prow of a ship. Lastly, "face," *facies*, and especially *vultus*, mean the aspect, what is shown or appears. Cicero observes that *vultus* can exist only in man; that is, that the face is a characteristically human reality, and is the image or portrait—the mirror, we say in Spanish—of the soul: *imago animi vultus est.*

I do not know whether zoologists have attempted a facial interpretation of animal species. A hierarchy might be established according to the resemblance of the animal face to the human one; that is, in accordance with the existence in it of similar traits. And this obliges us to ask rather seriously just what a face is.

To begin with, it is the *localization* of the person; if we ask, in the measure that this has meaning, where the person is, we would have to say "here," pointing to his face. Not his head; the fact that his brain is inside his skull and that this has a decisive relationship with personal life is of a completely different order. It may have biological, anatomical, physiological, or psychological meaning, but not directly biographical meaning. That fact that the brain is inside the skull is neither immediate nor obvious; that the brain has certain functions is a matter of theory. The brain may very well contain the resources for man's psychophysical life, but resources or machinery are one thing, and life itself as human life another. On the other hand, I *find* the other person in the face, and any other part of the body depends phenomenologically on it; I mean that it belongs to that man or woman who becomes present in his face. This is why, when we speak of localization, we must not understand merely a point in space, but a presence: the person is present in his face, is living in it. Hence the old saying that "the face is the mirror of the soul," when "soul" means "person." I prefer to say that *the face is the person himself, seen*; that is, present.

Let us think about the face of a sleeping person; if his sleep is profound, the spectacle is somewhat frightening. We have the "data," but potentially, without actually being realized; the person is latent. In an extreme case, the person who is anaesthetized or who has fainted seems "hidden" or "concealed" in a face whose function as presence has been interrupted. "Coming to" means that the face recovers its ordinary function; that is, the person again becomes present in his face. In the face of a corpse that absence is fundamental, for it is accompanied by the consciousness of irreversibility: a dead man's face is one which cannot become a real face again. Imagine what it means to look at the face of a sleeping person and to suspect that he is dead. We had thought that the person was latent, momentarily hidden, and that he was going to *become present*; now we suspect that he may have *gone away* definitely and irrevocably, that he will never be there again.

The person is present in the face in another sense: that of being *intelligible*. This does not mean that we find "a" person in the face; we see a *particular* person there, with his relevant personal traits. Hence the transformation of the face—through age, illness, an injury—has a different meaning from that of changes in the body. When the face changes, we feel that the person *is altered*—becomes another person. A serious deformation of the face makes us "*lose*" the person; we cannot find him, we have to look for him and perhaps reconstruct him. The degeneration of muscles or internal organs, the mutilation of a limb, have a completely different meaning. I said many years ago, in *Image of India*, that the eye is *the first intelligible factor*; it is probably the only reality which we understand in a direct and immediate manner, because it is the place where the personality is concentrated and takes refuge. The eye functions in a context, precisely that of the face as a whole, which can "serve for" the eye when the face is altered or missing, leaving it reduced to that peculiar form of presence represented by privation.

The person is *happening* in the face, which is far from being inert and static, a simple portion of organic matter with a certain form and color. The tension of the muscles, the texture of the skin, that simultaneously continuous and ever-renewed action which is the act of looking—all this means that the face is constantly doing something, and that it is making itself by so doing. The face is a dramatic structure, which "comes out" toward me, which advances forward, and that means toward the future: it is the somatic organ of futurition. That is why the face is never "given"; at most, it is in the process of being given. This is why it is interesting, with an interest that is not merely plastic—and hence contemplative—but literally dramatic. We ought to say that we do not "see" the human face, but that we are "spectators" at it.

But at the same time the person is located in the face—it not only "happens," or performs acts, or moves, but it also stays. The face is its dwelling place, its *chez-soi*, where it can stay, where we can find it. The permanence of the face, throughout its movements and expressions—which poses a delicate phenomenological problem—is the way in which we discover the reality of the person who is *in process of living.*

Naturally, the face is the center of organization for all of corporeality. When we see someone at a certain distance, and therefore full length, we do not see a body which at one end is surmounted by a face; rather, we see *someone*, present in his face, *to whom* that body as a whole belongs. This is quite different from our perception of the animal who is seen as a whole—an organism—and one of whose elements, probably not the most important one, is the head, in which we can sometimes in privileged cases recognize something resembling a face, something homologous to the human face, as gills are homologous to lungs; from the lower animals, who certainly have nothing that could be called a face, to the apes, who so disturbingly do have one, passing through the fish, the reptile, or the bird and the higher mammals, there is a *facial scale* which deserves careful study. Let me remind you that pets "acquire," if the expression serves, a quasi-face, influenced by man, aroused and brought into being by their contact with man, which corresponds to their relative hominization. Probably there is nothing more resembling a face than the features of a hunting dog—biographically more meaningful than those of the ape, morphologically much more closely resembling those of humans. This is so because between man and dog a form of friendship is possible—personal on the man's side, induced on the dog's—along with cooperation in a single biographical endeavor.

The face is programmatic; in it we see what the person is going to be, going to do; and this in two very different, but connected, senses: the immediate intention, the vital project. We recognize a face, to begin with, as benevolent, indifferent, disdainful, haughty, suppliant, loving, peevish, angry, and so on. Beyond this changing expression, temporary in principle but fleetingly in existence, we see the general aim or vital project of the person in question; we understand *who* he wants to be. If we call this first factor, using the usual term, an expression, we could call the second *significance*; just as we speak of an expressive face, we could speak of a significant face. Expression primarily affects the "state of mind," the psychic life; significance allows us to see its biographical foundation, personal life.

Were we to seek a comparison among animals, we would discover something quite surprising: within certain limits, animals have facial expression; we can distinguish between a frightened animal and a furious one. The animal "face," apart from its psychic state, does not have significance; its equivalent would not be individual but would be the "face" of the species: the nobility of the lion, the slyness of the fox, the disdain of the cat, the passive indifference of the sheep, the friendliness of the dog, the blunt rocklike quality of the rhinoceros. But these characteristics, which are specific and not individual, are structural. The impersonal condition—infrapersonal, rather—of animals is revealed in the absence of significance in their "faces." This condition would be, in its turn, a result of the absence of futurition and vital project. The only analogue to futurition in this case would lie in the species as such: to be a dog, cat, lion or rhinoceros means something, in this sense a vital project: precisely what we call "nature." The fable, as I observed long ago in my book *Image of Human Life*, has been employed by every culture to make understandable, in animal guise, the different projective forms of human life.

This is why the study of physiognomy is—or ought to be—one of the great humane disciplines, along with experience of life. Rationalism—which has consisted in simplifying, schematizing, and diminishing reason—has left little room for either of these disciplines in modern Western culture, or has reduced them to abstract, and therefore unreliable, knowledge. As soon as the face is dissolved into "features" or "traits" and an attempt is made to give a meaning to each of its forms, the face is deprived of what it really is: the somatic version of a vital project and a biography realized to a certain level. Just as we "see" the approximate age of a person in his countenance—in his countenance and not in physical deterioration, because age is a fact before this sets in—we also see the person to whom that face belongs. The possibility of concealing age—and, consequently, of our being deceived—proves only one thing: that the person is visible, and that is why it is necessary to resort to concealment when an attempt is made to hide that person. All real knowledge is liable to error, and knowledge of the physiognomy is no exception; but it can probably be included among the surest and most certain kinds of knowledge, if we pay attention to what we see and if we have a satisfactory model for interpretation, which is required precisely because we are dealing with a biographical kind of knowledge. I mean that we feel disoriented when we confront a man of a different race because we do not know the facial "alphabet" proper to him, just as we cannot read a text when we do not know the alphabet in which it is written. The traits or "characteristics" are perfectly visible, but we do not know their *eîdos*, and it is precisely the significance of that *eîdos* which escapes us.

The truest knowledge we can achieve of a person is that offered us by contemplation of his face; and the deeper and more complex that contemplation is, the more real it becomes. From the fleeting view of a photograph which captures an instant of the face to the leisurely witnessing, during innumerable hours of life, of a face regarded for years with loving attention, there is a multitude of intermediate stages. But the decisive point is that in the face, abbreviated and summed up in the eyes, we grasp the person, discover and find that person for the first time. It is the place where we witness his trajectory, where we see the beginnings of other trajectories which were not followed but which are a virtual part of his total biography, where we can often read that vital inventory which the person makes from time to time.

But all this is relatively abstract. We saw before that there are not "men," that there are only men and women. Not only is the masculine face different from the feminine one, but they are "faces" in different senses—as in general the two modes of corporeality differ; and the human facial relationship differs profoundly according to whether it occurs between the two sexes or within one of them—and in this case, with which of the sexes it occurs. Beginning with the face—the only way in which the problem can be posed in a strictly human and personal way—we must ask ourselves with some precision about the two radical forms in which human life takes place: man and woman.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE VIRILE FIGURE OF HUMAN LIFE

Some languages have a word which signifies the human person without distinction, another to signify the male, and still another to designate the woman: *ἄνθρωπος, ἀνήρ, γυνή* (*ánthropos*, *anér*, and *gyné*) in Greek; *homo*, *vir*, and *mulier* in Latin; *Mensch*, *Mann*, and *Frau* in German; and in Spanish, certainly, *hombre*, *varón*, and *mujer*. But the fact is that the word *varón* is not used very much; it is hardly colloquial and, far from being the normal way of referring to the masculine human person, it specifically accentuates the masculine quality. The word "hombre" means both the person in general and the masculine person, as also happens in French—*homme*, *femme*—in English—"man," "woman"—and in many other languages. This identification of man with the male, obviously taking too much for granted, can have different shadings, and it would be interesting to pursue its semantic evolution in the different languages. It might be a manifestation of the basic social belief that "man" is primarily male and that woman is, at most, a secondary and appended "variant"; but it may be something else: the very clear consciousness of the special feminine condition, which must be recognized with a special word, while male traits are simply incorporated into those of the species.

There is one significant fact, and it is that man and woman—but especially man—have usually felt that the condition of being one or the other was *valuable*, despite the fact that a person can only be one or the other, and that both forms are spread into millions of specimens and do not have an exceptional or privileged character, not even that of scarcity or infrequency. This might lead us to think that they are not simply "facts"; or, which is the same thing, that being a man or a woman is not a mere "datum" but something which is in some sense problematical and uncertain, which for that very reason can attain some type of perfection.

We probably think of immediate sexual capacity, of the plenitude of the biological sexual condition. It is true that this is an important factor: the men or women capable of engendering or conceiving, of having children, feel themselves to be more fully installed in their respective sex than those who are not yet sure of that capacity. But it is not only this. The decisive factor is that the masculine or feminine condition is felt as something which is not simply given, but which must be made, and in a number of ways; that, as Ortega would say, it *admits of degrees*: one can be more or less a man, more or less a woman. Beyond their bodies, their organs, and their biological functions, both human conditions have a biographical character. To be a man or to be a woman represents two modes or forms of *life*—in the sense of *diagogé*—and that is why the difference between men and women in a community means, along with sexual diversity, the existence of two types of life, two social functions.

This means that—even though the nucleus of the sexuate condition is polarity or reciprocal reference—there is a principle of separation; there are "men's affairs" and "women's affairs," biographical patterns composed of the repertory of one set of things or the other. Now, since with extremely few exceptions the world has been understood and interpreted as the world of men, within which women possessed or made their private world, "men's affairs" have been identified with "human affairs," and the general lines along which *humanity* has been understood have been those which define *virility*.

But the immediate consequence of this is that virility is neither a biological nor simply a "natural" quality, but a historico-social one. That is, not only does the significance of the general term "man" vary from one society to another, but also the significance of the words "man" and "woman." Not only is their polarity an ingredient of empirical structure, but each of the two concrete terms of that polarity is also one of its ingredients. We might say that the contents of virility and femininity vary throughout history, but that their reciprocally opposite function is a stabilizing element, a factor of unification for each of the two series of contents. All the forms of being a man or a woman, no matter how great their variety, are grouped together by the fact that in each case a man is a man *in contrast* to being a woman, and that therefore a schematic function derives from that multiplicity. This is what we can understand as the "virile figure" (or feminine figure) within which human life takes place. Once we have studied the polarity in which the sexuate condition consists, the disjunction which affects empirical structure, we must consider each of the two poles, the two terms of disjunction, the channels through which human life specifically flows and happens.

Human life is radical, constituent insecurity. It consists in having to do something, in a frequently hostile, always problematical, and largely latent circumstance, and in not knowing what to hold to. This is man's condition: his insecurity, his neediness, his ignorance, his indecision, his helplessness. But the form of polarity in which human life occurs introduces a contrary determination into the human condition. *With respect to woman*, the man is defined by the attributes opposite to those I have just listed: security, knowledge, decision, resources. Through his reference to woman, that is, through his sexuate condition, a vital project is imposed on the male which contradicts what he is by himself, what "man," in fact, is. This is the primary and most clear-cut basis of man's utopian and unreal character.

It may be said that this is an interpretative and not a "natural" character; but throughout this study I have specifically insisted on the fact that human life is interpretation of itself or intrinsic theory. What interests us now is that that interpretation is complex, is constituted on different levels, and if it were to be considered on only one level or in the same perspective, it would be contradictory. Life is not contradictory, though, if we regard it in its own structure, from the point of view of concrete thought or, better still, of vital reason. Man's weakness, insecurity, and disorientation are contrasted to the strength, sureness, and decision of the male *qua* male. Hence the traits which have traditionally been attributed to the male, and which constitute the virile pretension in the dual meaning of this expression: what the male pretends or appears to be, and the generic vital project or program which includes the individual project of each man.

The male possesses the characteristic quality of *andreía*, valor or "strength." If he does not have it he feels a "lack," feels inferior to his condition, and therefore in each case at a particular "level." The male condition—and, in a different order, the feminine condition—introduces the concept of *hierarchy* into human life, a category without which its reality cannot be understood, and which is irreducible to the merely natural. This strength is not confined to mere physical strength, nor to sexual potency, for human "power" consists in many other things: cunning, intelligence, prestige, experience, authority, aplomb, capacity for expression, aptitude for revealing—or feigning—those faculties, by word and facial expression. As we can see, the ingredients of strength are of multiple origin: biological, psychological, social, religious, and so on.

Let us have the courage to look things in the face and call them by name. Man is ignorant, he does not know what to hold to, he is weak, he is threatened, subject to constant insecurity, destined to failure, condemned to death. And yet, man's pretension—the male's—consists in the exact opposite: knowledge, strength, power, security. Strictly speaking, is this not a deception? Yes and no. To the degree that the male considers his pretension good, that he feigns *being* what he claims to be, his reality is a fiction, an imposture, a falsehood; the person becomes a mask. But insofar as the pretension is simply that, a project, an effort, an attempt, there is no deception. On the contrary, pre-tension is a forward tension, in which the "arriving" person is advancing toward the future, *is becoming*. The true formula is: *making an effort*. The male *is* not strong, wise, powerful, secure; he is something more seriously and more humanly interesting and delicate: *he has to be so*. It does not even matter too much whether he *can* be so or not, for he *needs* to be so, and possibility or impossibility are unimportant in the face of human need. (It is also obvious that I cannot be happy, but this is unimportant compared to the irrefutable fact that I *need to be happy*.)

I have said that security—with all it carries within it and implies—is the way in which the male defines himself in diametrical comparison with the woman, as one of the two disjunctive terms of the sexuate condition. The reader will probably think of "protection" of the woman by the man; but it is no coincidence that I have not employed this word until now. I believe that protection is much more an ingredient of the feminine condition, exercised with respect to her children —and secondarily also, with respect to the male. Man is not primarily a protector; he is, rather *vis-à-vis* the woman, aggressive, predatory, challenging, possessive. He does not protect her: he offers her strength, so that she can "resort" to his protection. I would say that the one who "speaks" of protection is the woman; the man simply suggests it, offers that structure which makes it possible.

Only this consideration eliminates the image of "paternalism" from the relationship between man and woman—an image which is inadequate and unsuitable from every point of view. A man does not feel paternal about a woman unless there is some "filial" quality in her—and to that degree she ceases to function specifically as a woman. The man who needs to regard woman as a "minor," an inferior, is precisely the man who does not feel sure of his masculine condition; he is the man who prefers that his wife be unable to earn her living, or that she be frightened of everything, or be unable to spell. The male who is secretly dissatisfied with himself, who does not fulfill the pretension which has fallen to him along with his sexuate condition, is soothed and lulled by woman's dependence and inferiority.

Polarity requires a certain community of level; a pronounced difference in level endangers it, and this is why, in social forms defined by the subjection of women, by a situation of subordination or slavery, or of extreme dependence, the relationship between the sexes—and consequently the male condition—deteriorates. To the degree in which these situations have existed historically or still exist, there is a whole system of "compensations" which occasionally re-establish the relationship of polarity. In polygamy, which annuls the *dual* polar structure within the family—and indirectly within society— the institution of the "favorite" restores it in exceptional cases.

There is another way in which the male who feels inadequate to that pretension of strength in which he consists can react: by eluding woman. It is the typical form of those societies in which intersexual living-together is reduced to a minimum, and rests on the biological structures of the sexual relationship or the family's social relationship. Then men have a tendency to live apart, to have "men only" amusements, competitions, social gatherings, limiting their encounters with women to the sexual or institutional spheres, with minimal intervention of the personal and, properly speaking, human factor.

The security which the male's strength offers or tries to offer varies a great deal, and depends on social conditions. What originally might have been physical robustness or certain skills in the use of arms—or mastery of magic—has become, in other societies, economic competence, capable of assuring subsistence on a given level. This is why, at least in modern societies, the man who is not able to support his family economically feels especially restless and dissatisfied. It is why we feel instinctive repugnance for the man who marries a woman who does not attract him, purely for economic reasons, and we feel more contempt for him than for a woman who marries for the same motives. It is also the reason why prostitution has existed from time immemorial and—no matter how many reservations there have been about it—has been tolerated; but it has been female prostititution, and we have had to arrive at certain very strange and particularly frightening types of society before male prostitution has arisen. (Let us not forget that irregular, abnormal, or vicious modes of conduct also have a pattern which confers relative "normality" on them within the general scheme of relationships between the sexes.)

To speak of "equality" between men and women is one of the most dangerously stupid errors into which one could possibly fall. What there can be, and should be, between the sexes is ***balance***, a dynamic balance made up of inequality and tension, which keeps man and woman *on the same level*, precisely to make possible the strength and fullness of their encounter, their confrontation, their active polarity. The "overlordship" which defines the male's original project is compensated for by his *enthusiasm* for woman. This means that everything man does to learn, achieve, dominate, gain wealth or security, he does primarily *for* the woman, in reference to her, in order to proffer her that human figure in which the male consists. We would have to ask ourselves rather seriously how many things would be important to men if they lived by themselves. We might try to imagine human history if it were unisexual, that is, asexuate. It would be interesting to compare different societies, countries, and periods, to see the disturbances introduced into historical life by the greater or lesser presence of women; or to look for the "homologues" of that presence in the forms of historical life in which it has been very limited.

The correlate of that overlordship ruled by enthusiasm has been "surrender"—a word which is now used very little but which has not been replaced by another, a situation which begins to seem alarming. The social form resulting from this state of affairs was *gallantry*, which regulated human living-together in Western countries for a number of centuries. Many years ago, in *The Social Structure*, I tried to explain the reasons which have made it either very difficult or impossible, but I remarked at that time that it must be replaced by something which fulfills the same function in a different form: I fear that it has not been found yet.

That pretension of masculine strength has usually been summed up and concentrated in the idea of *valor*. The fact that in many languages the generic word "valor" (to be worth, to be "valuable") is confused with the word "valiance," with the "valiant" being, gives us food for thought. I believe that this confusion has some foundation, that the man who is not valiant lacks value, that to be valuable man must be in some degree valiant. The serious problem is that the warlike and military tradition of Western societies—and of many which are not Western—has led to a rather narrow interpretation of valiance identified with aggressiveness and a certain tendency toward boasting; hence, the *miles gloriosus* and the braggart have been permanent temptations as caricatures of the valiant man. Moreover, the insistence on this type of valor has made us feel that valor is not a feminine quality, that women "can" be cowards and that it is even charming or attractive that they be so. Nothing could be further from the truth. We shall see to what degree valor is one condition of woman, only it is another sort of valor.

Let us return to the face. What does the male face express—still more, what does it mean? What is our expectation when we look at a masculine face, what produces disappointment or assent, what criterion do we use to decide instantly whether it is "successful" or "unsuccessful," just as beauty, whether we admit it or not, is the "meaning" of a woman's face? (Though later I will try to explain a little about what beauty is.) I would say, rehabilitating a word whose tradition in Spanish is very old: *gravedad*, gravity. This does not exclude, of course, joviality and cheerfulness; but underneath them, specifically giving them their full value, is the gravity, the seriousness, of the masculine face. Gravity is the "weight," the recognition, the acceptance of life's burden. By his condition man assumes that weight, bears it, endures it, perhaps covers it with superficial lightness, joviality, high spirits or humor. He knows that, at bottom, the reality of life is a burden. That is why he needs strength, that is why he must build an island of security which paradoxically is carried on his shoulders. That island is what we call civilization, science, culture, the State.

With his grave face man looks at woman, looks at the beautiful face of the woman for whose sake it has been worthwhile to endure the burden of life. Without paternalism, without trying to protect her, he offers her his strength— that strength which he has built, for man is an architect—and woman, of her own will, steps into the shelter of that protection. She leans on masculine gravity, and thus she can carry out her problematical destiny as a weightless creature. The polarity of the sexuate condition rests on this: man does not want to protect woman, envelop her, shelter her—this, rather, is what woman does with her children and even with her husband. What he really wants is to hold her in mid-air, to bear her aloft.

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE FIGURE OF WOMAN

The Biblical narrative of the creation of Eve, as it is told in Genesis, is revealing: while God creates Adam by breathing life and personality into the dust of which he has molded Adam's body, to create woman he takes one of the sleeping Adam's ribs, and with that already living and human reality, flesh of Adam's flesh and bone of his bone, makes Eve. Woman is even farther from Nature; she implies a higher initial degree of perfection, she is made from man's flesh, and perhaps from his dreams. It will be said that she is "derived," that she begins to exist after man, that she is a "second sex." Is this true? If we wish to stay within the Biblical narrative, let us not forget the point of departure: the words of the Creator, "It is not good that the man should be alone." It is the proclamation of man's solitude and its unsuitability. If we want to speak of woman's "insufficiency," should we not recall this very plain expression of the insufficiency of man alone?

On the other hand, woman possesses the irreducibility she has as a person. Woman's somatic reality could be derived from Adam's rib, as the psychosomatic reality of children is derived from the germ cells, and therefore the organs, of their parents; but the "I" which each of them represents is, as we said before, absolutely irreducible, to the point that that form of innovation is what the word "creation" means.

All the attributes of human life are found in man and woman, in two different, diametrically opposed, versions. We have tried to describe exactly in what the virile figure of life consists; the pretension in which the fact of being a male—not simply "man"—lies. In other words, what the program or vital project is which happens to man through his disjunction with regard to woman, because he lives face-to-face with woman and is drawn toward her. Now we shall have to turn our attention to the other mode in which human life takes place.

Let us return once more to the face in which the person is presented and made visible, in which the original project is manifested. I have said that beauty is the "meaning" of woman's face. Does this mean that all women are beautiful? Of course not. It means something more important: that they must be beautiful. If they are not, it is not that they do not have beauty, but that beauty is lacking, that they are deprived of it and that they have to try to be beautiful. The woman who does not try to be beautiful does not function as a woman; she has withdrawn from her condition, has given up, has abdicated, has betrayed it—according to circumstances. In the best of cases, we will say that she has sacrificed it. (And then we would have to ask an important question: can that sacrifice be meritorious? Still more: is it licit? Is it possible to sacrifice something that is not a *thing*, but the most fundamental pretension? Would it not be a subtle form of human sacrifice?)

By this time the reader will have observed that when we speak of beauty we do not mean exclusively physical beauty—among other reasons, because the beauty which is called physical is not exclusively so—but personal feminine beauty. Man can also have beauty: perfection of form, harmony of movements, tone of voice, posture, all this has an aesthetic dimension, but of a quality different from feminine beauty; and moreover, in man it is secondary, and only appears as such by an effort of abstraction.

The feminine form of beauty is what we call *grace*. The archangel Gabriel's greeting to Mary contains its fullest expression: *Χαῖρε, κεχαριτομένη*, *Khaîre, kekharitoméne*, "Hail, full of grace." But we should not burden this word with all the theology of Grace; *kekharitoméne* is literally "gracious," "graceful." That is why woman is—I mean, once again, that she must be—pleasing, agreeable, and that grace is gratis, a gratuitous gift, an unstable and uncertain, almost a miraculous grace. We must not pass over the impression of "unreality" produced in man by the spectacle of feminine beauty; something surprising, astonishing, which it seems is about to vanish into thin air. And that grace is something winged, light, in contrast to the gravity of the male; gracility means slenderness, slimness, grace, and lightness all in one.

The impression woman gives of fugacity, that improbable, fugitive, fleeting quality, as if she were about to take wing, is the sensorial version of her biographical condition. "The nature of the wing is to raise heavy things on high," said Plato; that is, to raise what is grave, specifically, the gravity of the male. This is why woman's mission is to draw upward—herself and the man attracted to her, captivated by her. It is why woman is not entirely *present*: she scarcely touches the ground, her step is light, she frequently seems startled because she is going to flee—but not because she is a coward, not at all. She dares go very far, and to lead man with her, attracted by his pursuit of her. This is why she is "interesting"; she invites him to overtake her and hold her, to see what her inner being is like. For her reality, instead of showing itself openly, is hidden, concealed, denied, in the form of a superlative degree of interiorness: *intimacy*. Woman's "modesty" is what transpires from her intimacy, it is what reveals and announces her interest.

It will be argued that innumerable women are very unlike what I have just described: they possess neither beauty, nor grace, nor lightness, nor interest. It could also be said that millions of men do not possess gravity and strength, valor and security. But this is not an objection—the opposite, rather. In an old Sacha Guitry film, *Les Perles de la Couronne*, a stout business man is waiting impatiently on board the *Normandie* for a girl who has promised to go away with him and has not appeared. The cleaning woman, who is scrubbing the floor, realizes the situation and murmurs: "Oh, les femmes!" The man is irritated, and answers: "Qu'en savez-vous?" "Je l'ai été," the old scrubwoman replies resignedly. Many women "have been" women, though they are women no longer; others have not been women yet; some have not wanted to, or have not dared. Ortega was absolutely right when he upheld the view that wife, mother, daughter, and sister are precipitates of the "woman" whom a woman becomes only occasionally, at the times when she attains the fullness of her reality. As for the rest, it is a result of the fact that human life is not a thing at all, but a dramatic reality which is being made and taking place, which consists in dynamism and uncertainty. Those women with none of the attributes of femininity possess them in some corner of their reality, in a faded and deteriorated form, abandoned and covered with dust, perhaps sold or betrayed, and they know that they could be women in some measure, perhaps if someone expected it of them, if someone treated them from out of that diametrical disjunction of which we have spoken so many times in these pages. Sometimes a woman displays grateful surprise when she is unexpectedly treated like one; it seems to recall a forgotten condition, and the latent woman wakens and becomes visible, and for a moment rises triumphant over that which has weighed her down.

The forms of the feminine body are soft, round, tender; they can be energetic, intense, nervous, so long as they do not include harshness or dryness. Woman is stimulating because her function is to set man in motion, to call him; that is why she can be pro-vocative (a word which would be inapplicable to the masculine kind of attractiveness.) The fact that initiative in love is the province of the male is a social phenomenon and not a natural one—for nothing human is merely natural and not social—but it responds to the respective structure of men and women. When we speak of men's "activity" and women's "passivity," we forget that "moving" is a particularly intense form of activity. For Aristotle, God is "the first unmoving mover," who moves without being moved, and he explains: "like the object of love and desire." The *theós* is the plenary mode of activity, of *enérgeia* with no admixture of passivity whatever.

But there is another very different dimension of the feminine vital project: her stable or stabilizing dimension. The fugitive, evasive, elusive woman, who seems to be always in motion, who draws and incites man and takes him far away and higher up, *stays* somewhere in the end and puts down roots. While man tends to press on, woman, once a certain moment has arrived, prefers to make camp. It is the enveloping, protecting, sheltering condition of woman, symbolized in the hospitable tenderness of her soft and boneless-seeming bodily forms, in her traditional clothing—skirt, veil, shawl—in the tent and in the house.

Is this a desertion, a betrayal of her graceful and fugitive vocation, that of skimming the earth? It can be just the opposite, the fulfillment of the total feminine vocation: that of inwardness, interiorness, intimacy. Woman is the inventor of the interior, of the *chez-soi*, of the hearth where her inner condition is reflected. Woman's "staying" is primarily a "staying home," and that means staying within herself, *absorption with herself*. The great praises of women have been metaphors of enclosure: in the Song of Songs, *hortus conclusus, fons signatus* "a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed." Woman "calls" man, even provokes him, but she draws back and hides herself, encloses herself, and man must knock at her door in the hope that woman will open and let him in, permit him to enter her intimacy.

And from this derives woman's special, unexpected strength, her security, so unlike man's. There is nothing needier or more uncertain than a woman alone—so much so, that her temptation is *to flee from herself*, from her condition as a woman. But when she is fulfilling—in any social or personal form whatever—her contrasting function as a woman, when she is installed in her sexuate feminine condition, she has the security that comes from acceptance of reality. The form which "gravity" acquires in woman is, rather, *tranquillity*; and the strength of this quality clothes woman's image with an exquisite, delicate form of life which is not highly regarded nowadays but which, in the last instance, is the fate of every man and woman: resignation. The structure of human life has one whole side on which, no matter what our projects and hopes, we inexorably emerge into the need for resignation: limitations, illness, old age, separation, death. Woman, by staying within herself, by electing—and that is why she is "elegant"—by waiting, by renouncing, begins, perhaps in her prime, to sketch out the gesture of resignation.

Now we can see very clearly that man and woman are two reciprocal structures. We have been unable to define one without constant reference to the other. The programmatic quality of human life is realized through that polarity; each is the program of the other.

If we imagine the sexuate condition in the situation of man and woman, face to face, looking into each other's eyes, we see that they are not simply together, but that they are "happening" reciprocally, each present in the face and life of the other. Woman leans on man and at the same time envelops him; man sustains her and lets himself be sheltered. Man is an insistent invader, and woman is hospitable. Man is *present*, looking out of his eyes, calling, exercising pressure; the masculine face shows a tension of effort in its structural lines; the male is always doing something, thinking at least. The soft lines of a woman's face indicate a sort of closedness; a woman is always a bit "behind" her face; it is what we most properly call a pretty face, not the face which pleases us by its forms and which we can see as a whole, but the one we have to keep on looking at interminably. The specific beauty of the feminine face is the beauty which spreads and expands, elastically, toward the future; we feel that we must go on looking at that face all our lives, that our "I" is now *the I which must penetrate inside it*, indefinitely.

It does not matter that this promise is not always—not even frequently—fulfilled; it is the promise which defines the situation of *sexuate living-together*. Let us not think, not even with regard to man and woman, of love in the most specific sense of the word. Naturally, love is the culmination of that condition, its most intense and perfect form, but that condition is broader and more all-embracing. Or, if we prefer, we could speak of "the amorous condition" of human life as that determination of life which originates in the sexuate condition, the simultaneous culmination of installation and the vectorial factor, a determination which makes possible, under certain circumstances, love in the strict sense.

That living-together, unlike all inert coexistence, is *plot-like*: sexual attraction is only one specific form of the mutual interest felt by man and woman, which permits each of them to project toward the other. While men by themselves usually need an external "undertaking" in order to do something together—and women are apt to lack the sense of this—man and woman find that their reciprocal communication is undertaking enough. When they are present to each other as man and woman—and their relationship need not be amorous—participation in each other's lives acquires a sense of project, in quite a different form from that represented by any friendship or degree of intimacy between persons of the same sex. It is something which goes beyond company in the sense of being together; it is interpenetration, the fact that each is the channel for the project of the other. Perhaps the only situation analogous to this between persons of the same sex is the teacher-pupil relationship. But remember two things: one, that Plato himself observed the necessarily erotic quality of pedagogy; the other, that in this case the discipline being taught furnishes the "plot." It is the discovery of a new reality which constitutes the common task; in the intersexual relationship, what is discovered is the dual personal reality.

If we consider the situation in our present-day world of the traits which I have pointed out as essential to man, to woman, and to their mutual presence, we cannot escape a feeling of uneasiness. The most visible and obvious characteristics of our societies present too many differences from what I have just written: leveling off, lessening of polarity, frequent absence of gravity in the man and desire for grace in the woman, uncertainty of the inciting-incitement relationship, and so on. The characterization of the two sexes which I have just made is no longer the reigning one; at least, it is not fully reigning. If one or two traits happened not to agree with the current image, it would not matter: but so many?

It might well be thought either that the sexuate condition is in a serious state of crisis or that my theory is not true. There is a third possibility: since human life is systematic, as soon as a modification is produced this modification carries others with it—and this explains the presence of *too many* divergent traits. On the other hand, in our world the least authentic traits are those which rise to the surface of society—that is, to public notice. Truth—*alétheia*—is not usually what is most obvious, because ours is a period of deliberate concealment. What is undeniable is that some men and women do not *want* things to be as I have described them. Fortunately, this desire is not sufficiently strong to change reality, though it is strong enough to make reality more problematical, more difficult to achieve.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

VITAL REASON: MASCULINE AND FEMININE

Doubt has very often been cast on woman's rationality. Though few, or none, would dare to do so today, we must not ignore this historical fact: the older I become the more interested I am in things which, though not real, are possible; and conversely, in those which, even though impossible, are necessary. It has been possible to believe that woman is not rational; to this day there are many people who believe something different but not entirely unconnected: that she is not reasonable. Man constantly finds that woman is "illogical." On the other hand, woman does not seem particularly interested in "being right"—at least in the sense of the Spanish expression, *tener razón*, "having reason"—a sense which, let us not forget, is predominantly masculine, coined in "man's world." It seems, therefore, that woman's relationships with reason are problematical, to say the least.

This is all the more surprising inasmuch as reason has been considered first as the essential attribute of man, his specific difference added to animality to constitute humanity: rational animal. Secondly, and this is still more important, it has been considered as universal, unique in all of humanity and even beyond humanity, that in which God and man can coincide. Remember that all of Kantianism is founded on the idea of "the rational being in general" (*vernünftiges Wesen überhaupt*). Not far from this idea is Husserl's, in which "pure logic" (*reine Logik*) has nothing whatever to do with man and saves us from all relativism, even from the so-called "anthropologism" understood as a relativism of the species. Logical principles, for example, are not valid only for man—for the human species—but also for any mind for which they have the same meaning. And now is it going to turn out that reason is restricted to half the human species, to only one of the two terms of sexuate disjunction? Or that at least reason is expressed in two different ways, that it is affected by that disjunction? And if this is true, can it be reconciled with the universality of reason and its capacity to know reality?

We have seen before that the sexuate condition affects all of life, from its physical to its mental aspects; that man and woman are "installed" in their sex and project themselves from it toward reality—toward all reality. If this is true, it is hard to see why rationality must be an exception. But we may well ask whether this relativizes it, reduces it not to the species but to each fraction of the species; in other words, whether reason understood in this way continues to be reason, whether it can justly be given this name.

I would like to approach this problem by making a double detour. On the one hand, by taking up the third kind of reason, which is neither that of man or woman: that of the child; on the other, by examining with some care what is understood by reason. Perhaps it will turn out that the difficulties arise from taking, in place of reason, a particular form of it, one which is usually equated with reason pure and simple.

It is said that man is rational from his birth—some would say from his conception, which is perhaps going too far. Since, obviously, for many months and years he is not rational in the strict sense of this word, it is added that he does not have the *use* of reason. That is, he has reason but does not use it. Better, he cannot use it, for we would never say that an adult with all his capacities who does not wish to use his reason does not have the use of it—and there are so many who do not use it.

Now, what does it mean to have reason and not be able to use it? In what does this "having it" consist? Animals resemble children in not being able to use reason, but we do not say that they have it; on the contrary, we say that they are irrational. Certainly we can resort to the child's cerebral structures, show their likenesses to and differences from adult structures on the one hand and those of the animal on the other. But leaving aside the fundamental fact that cerebral structures can condition the functioning of reason, biographically they have nothing to do with it. In the last instance it would turn out that either the child does *not* use reason, and then we cannot see in what sense he has it, or that he does use it—and then there is, at most, a difference only of degree between the child's reason and the adult's.

I would say that the only manageable sense of the expression "not to have the use of reason" is this: *to need reason and not to possess it.* The animal does not have it, but he does not need it; the child has to reason, but he cannot. It is the *privative* form of reason, the first form in which the neediness and insufficiency of man are revealed. This is why the child is not independent, cannot live by himself for a long time. He needs the reason of others in order to live—as, in pathological cases, happens to the imbecile or insane adult, who has lost the reason he once had or has not acquired the reason he has needed since his infancy. The abnormality of the imbecile or the madman consists in the fact that this privative state of reason does not correspond to the rest of his biological resources and his social situation.

On the other hand, reason is—according to the old definition in *Reason and Life*—"the apprehension of reality in its connection." But reality is "that which I find, as I find it." This means in turn that reality is inseparable from me, that I am an ingredient of reality, that it is a delusion to surreptitiously omit the "I" when speaking of reality. And if this is true, all reality is connected with the life in which it is constituted. In other words, reality is always organized in the perspective of life, of each life. This is what Ortega's term "vital reason" means. Reason is life itself in its function of apprehending reality; life is *instrumentum reddendi rationem*, it is life which confers reason on reality, which permits us to apprehend it in *its* connection.

And then we reach an inevitable conclusion: if human life takes place in two irreducible and inseparable forms, diametrically opposed and defined by sexuate disjunction, the life of the man and that of the woman, reason, vital reason, *the reason which is life*, must be affected by that very disjunction. Reality is constituted in a different form for man and woman, and concrete reason, that which does not impose an abstract organization on abstract "realities," has to function in two strictly different forms, masculine and feminine.

Husserl held that supreme logical principles do not refer to *thinking* as a psychic activity, but to what is *thought*; that is, to objects. The principle of contradiction does not mean that I cannot think that A is B and not-B at the same time, but that A cannot *be* B and not-B. Perhaps I could think it, and then we would say that my mind is "abnormal," and we would define normality by the principle of contradiction and the principle of contradiction by normality. We are dealing here with the behavior of objects, that is, of reality, and reason recognizes reality validly, without any sort of relativism. What happens is that *reality is relative*—a thesis upheld by Ortega ever since *The Theme of Our Time*—but knowledge and truth are not. Abstraction consists precisely in the elimination of the concrete perspective, the perspective in which reality is constituted as such. This is the case of what Husserl calls "pure logic"; but then it is not a question of knowledge of realities in their strict sense, but of that particular form of reality which we call "ideal objects." Both men and women, when referring to these (and so long as they do not go outside the sphere of such objects) entirely agree, for they are not talking about realities actually constituted in their lives, but of abstract and unreal objects. However, as soon as they enter the sphere of concreteness, the reality with which they have to cope—and which is strictly real—is *radicated* in their respective lives, appears in them conditioned by the biographical structure of those lives, inseparable from their point of view or perspective, from the real context in which each of those perspectives is linked with the rest. And reason, which is the apprehension of those realities *in their connection*, functions in two different but inseparable ways, for the peculiarity of the masculine and feminine factors is their reciprocal reference.

What we call "things" are primarily interpretations of reality; most of them are social, and therefore historical. "Things" depend, of course, on the human perceptive apparatus which makes us consider a stone, a tree, or an animal, or each grain of sand as *a thing* and not as each of its cells or molecules; but we do not consider a star as a thing except in a very special perspective, the astronomical perspective. Most of the interpretative system is "old," it comes from the past, we have already encountered it—this is why it seems reality itself, though all those interpretations have been arrived at historically. Man and woman, though they participate in the same society, have in part repertories of interpretations restricted to one sex or the other. Imagine what it means for a woman, as ingredient of a reality, to be "one's own" or "someone else's," "licit" or "off limits." How can the reality of the world be the same when the accessibility of its elements is so different? For many centuries, throughout its history, the world has been made up of "men's affairs," "women's affairs," and the affairs common to both sexes. And all these have affected the two sexes in different ways, to the degree in which they assume different roles in their lives. All this has become weaker in recent times, but in general outline it continues to be true. How can these things have meant the same for men and women: war, hunting, politics, dressmaking, lactation, sexual life? The same objects have—or have had—a different reality: weapons, a distaff, needles, perfume, cigarettes. Is a mouse the same for a man as for a woman?

The connections of reality are different, as are relationships of ownership, accessibility, possibility, resistance, exclusion; values—what is suitable or becoming, what is *decet*—that is, the decent or indecent; the quality of promise or threat; the condition of pursuer or pursued, of hunter or hunted. All this is articulated according to the sexuate duality. Strictly speaking, the feminine *circumstance* is different from the masculine circumstance, from that of the man who may be in the same "abstract" world. If reason is to be true reason, if it is to be the instrument for controlling, understanding, and ruling reality, it *must* be different, for in fact it is confronted by different realities.

On the other hand, reason consists in the fact that things operate within biographical life, assume functions or "roles" within it and so become intelligible. Life "gives reason" to them precisely in their true movement, that is, by the movement of *living*. But the verb "to live" does not mean exactly the same thing for a man as for a woman. Their way of projecting is different, the horizon of their contents is of a different size and constitution. While man moves in the dimension of long-range projects, and in principle has the initiative, woman has traditionally had a smaller world, in which projection is much closer, and has usually had to wait for masculine initiative; that is, she has had to "lodge" her projects within the broader ones of the man.

Human *doing*—in Ortega's sense, as opposed to more or less inert and mechanical *activity*—is determined by a *why* and a *wherefore*: they are the things which simultaneously give reality and intelligibility to what man does. Now the motives and aims of woman, so far as her projects are concerned, are different from those of the male, even when male and female activities substantially coincide, and this is the origin of the impression of "irrationality" or "illogicality" which the woman produces in the man. He does not understand what she is doing because he usually does not see *why* and *wherefore* she is doing it, for if he were to do "the same" he would do it for different reasons and with other aims in mind.

Someone will ask why the man does not produce an impression of irrationality or illogicality in the woman, for the difference is mutual, that is, masculine motives are also "different" with respect to woman. Since the interpretations have usually been worked out—or at least named—by men, both men and women have usually understood that reason is masculine reason, which is the form of reason that has been talked about, the kind that has been the object of theory. Moreover, woman has had to anticipate and understand the world of man, for she lives "inside" it, and this has obliged her to foresee man's conduct and comprehend how his reason functions. Hence the special impression of penetration and sharpness produced by woman, even when she is not highly educated. "When man is on the way, woman is already back again," says the Spanish proverb, and it is true: woman has had to imagine man, to place herself in his viewpoint, to divine the structure of his reason, in order to lodge herself in his world and work out her own place in it. This is why woman "manages" man so easily, even the man who is intellectually her superior.

For men and women, things are arranged in different perspectives of interest, valuation, or importance, constituting different configurations of reality, different real worlds. Projects establish this articulation, based on the system of beliefs. These, which are the unexpressed basis of rational operations, their great *assumptions*, also differ. Reason is exercised in the places where it is needed, when action cannot flow spontaneously because there is not an effective belief to regulate conduct or because the conduct that was being employed has failed. Man and woman are not sure of the same things, and therefore they are unsure—and in need of reason—about very different things. And all this is set in motion by the general human pretension: to be happy. Once more, the difference is essential: not only do man and woman need different things to be happy, but they are happy in different senses. A man and a woman do not understand exactly the same thing by "happiness"—and the same would be true if we compared two different peoples or two widely separated epochs.

When man thinks that woman "doesn't know what she wants," and finds her "illogical," probably what is happening is that he does not know what she wants and the woman knows it all too well (and probably hides it). Too well, I have said, for woman's habitual *internal* sureness gives her great security. Accustomed to associating herself with man's strength, to living in his shadow, to counting on him for the more general and abstract things, woman carves out her own internal world, one which is more limited and refined. She usually moves intelligently and confidently in that world; this is why she is overconfident, is convinced that "she knows what she is doing," does not bother to contrast her viewpoint with that of others, and this leads her into error.

The case of the intellectual woman is revealing. She has access to "men's" culture, partakes of theoretical thought, uses the type of reason with which the sciences or politics have been created. At the same time, she continues to be a woman and to operate according to the traditional principles of her sex and the structures of her feminine projects. She is divided, with two frequently contradictory demands, and hence her probable instability and insecurity. Many years will have to pass—or there will have to be a tremendous outburst of feminine genius—before woman will be capable of making "culture" in the objective sense of this term, by putting into play the forms and "categories" of feminine reason. Then we could expect a decisive illumination of many problems which until now have stubbornly resisted solution, and which would perhaps yield to that other form of reason. But if this is to be possible, women will have to avoid two dangerous shoals: imitating man, and rejecting him through resentment—the two things which the "feminists" have habitually done. Women would have to abandon themselves creatively to their own inspiration, and allow their peculiar form of rationality to flow.

Not many men have even a middlingly adequate idea of what a woman is. To form such an idea a man must have a complex interest, and almost all the interests men feel in women are far too simple. Men do many things with women, but rarely think about them. Nor would this be sufficient: if man makes women the "object" of his thought, he will never learn a word about her. Only in the measure in which woman is *lived* as a specific woman can reason work upon her, can she be intelligible. That is why, in the last instance, the man who "deals" with a woman knows more about her than the man who "studies" her, though innumerable essential details still escape him. Were I to be asked for an expression in a nutshell, I would say that it is not a question of thinking about women, but of thinking *with* them. And since thinking means to do what is necessary to know what to hold to, this means, in the most literal sense of the word, *living-together*. Only when man and woman, each installed in his own sex, project toward each other, and together toward their dual personal vocation, can they become mutually transparent. And only this dual life can set in motion the wholeness of vital reason.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

THE AMOROUS CONDITION

Almost all the dimensions of the theory of human life that I am formulating converge in one which, for that very reason, is of supreme importance: its amorous condition. We must try to *derive* this condition from that same radical reality which is life, as one of life's empirical structures.

An immediate consequence of the *circumstantiality* of human life is its *neediness*. Note that it is not simply a question of my finding myself in a circumstance or world, but that—to use Ortega's original formula—*I am I and my circumstance.* My reality is circumstantial, it is constituted by the circumstance, and therefore I obviously *need* it in order to be and to live. But do not understand "need" as synonymous with "lack." I also need what I have, precisely when it presents itself to me in a biographical and circumstantial form; I need it at every moment. That is why man's neediness is permanent and intrinsic and is in no wise reduced to the interminable catalogue of his deprivations. It also includes his possessions, for human possession is not a simple "having," but a "state of having," of a programmatic kind, which is diversified in rigorously differently forms, according to the quality of what is possessed. When the animal has what he needs, he needs nothing, that is, he ceases to need. Man needs constantly, and needs in a particular manner that which he has, that which is at each instant "necessary" for him. The Spanish language reflects this very subtly in the word "menester" (from the Latin *ministerium*), which as a noun means the equivalent of job, task, or thing-to-be-done; it is the active interpretation of need. Those things which I need, even though I possess them, *are necessary* ("menester") *to me.* They constitute my ministry, my job or occupation, for they are not "I," but I make my life *with them.*

Each of my needs, biographically and not merely biologically, is personal because I am a person. Compare a personal need with the "same" organic need. For example, my organism needs a certain amount of salt and sugar. If I put the salt in a cup of coffee and the sugar on a couple of fried eggs, there is no problem—that is, no problem for my organism—but there is certainly one for me, because I, as it happens, need salt on the eggs and sugar in the coffee. I need a space which is not the space occupied by my body, and a perceptive horizon beyond the one demanded by my organism, and a "plot" for my biographical time which is not derived from my biological functions. For example, I need something to do so that I will not become bored. One proof of the personal quality of human needs is that most of them are historico-social, and among such needs are almost all the nutritional ones. I need a certain kind of food, and prepared in such-and-such a way, because I belong to a particular social unit. Think of the three great cultures of wheat, rice, and corn, and the difficulties which have had to be overcome in India in order to satisfy nutritional needs with wheat when rice is not available. Naturally the difficulties did not arise from the Indians' organism, but from Indian *persons.*

But needs are personal in another, deeper sense when they are related to other persons rather than to things. The mode in which I need *someone* is different from the way in which I need *something.* This "something" may be *given* to me, or if you prefer, may simply *be there.* By contrast, "someone" can only be in a state of "giving himself" and, owing to the "arriving" quality of the person, is not simply "there" but *is arriving.* The strictly personal need—the need that one person has for another person—is something that *happens*, it is a *dramatic* reality, because the content of the need is not given either. I mean that, when we are dealing with need of a person, the question "what for?" cannot be answered instantaneously and permanently, but in an intrinsically biographical or "plotlike" way. If I am asked why I need air, I can answer that I need it to breathe; similarly, I need food to nourish myself, light to see, a dwelling place to shelter myself from the weather. To the question "Why do I need a person?" I can answer only with a story, with a significant portion of my biography, or with all of it. And when I need someone for something that is instantaneous or passively constant, without a "plot," this means that I do not need him personally but that I need what the person possesses or brings with him of a "thing"—that which can never *be*; I need his body, his physical strength, his skills, his social prestige, his properties, his support.

It is at this moment that the dimension of human life which is the sexuate condition intervenes. The disjunction and polarity, the mutual structure, the projection of one sex toward the other which creates a magnetic field between the two and means that there is no mere coexistence between the sexes, but active and dynamic living-together—all these determinations affect strictly personal need. Man and woman, installed in their respective sexuate condition, need other persons from that condition, according to the sex to which they belong. There are two radically different forms of needing: within one's own sex and in the direction of the other. But this reminds us of the supremely important fact that all human behavior—biographical behavior—and all personal relationships are sexuate (though not sexual), and that this factor qualifies the manner of needing.

We saw earlier that the sexuate condition causes man and woman to project themselves from the outset, and permanently, toward the other sex; that this implies that, previous to any specific and individual need, man needs woman and woman needs man—in order to be man and woman, respectively; that, in consequence, what we might call heterosexuate need (the need of the *other* sex as such) has absolute primacy over any personal need within the same sex. Therefore—and we must extract the ultimate consequences from this fact—what we call personal need is primarily *heterosexuate* need whether or not it is sexual, and we must begin with it if we are to understand and derive any other personal kind of meaning from it. Therefore, far from taking as basic the abstract and undifferentiated need of one person for another, reality forces us to take the opposite path and to start off from the radical, inherent, and structural need of one sex for the other, in which human life *consists*.

This condition is the underlying assumption of the one which interests us here: the *amorous* condition. I believe that the fact that love has been understood primarily as a "feeling," secondarily as an "affection" or "tendency," has clouded our understanding of it to an indescribable degree. Naturally there are amorous "feelings." They are those which *go along* with love, the concomitant phenomena with which love is brought into being and out of which it is in part nourished, but love is not a feeling. The psychological interpretation of love reduces it to the sphere of psychic life. There is no doubt that that life is affected by love and that there could be a psychology of love, but love is a reality of biographical life.

Nor can love be reduced to an act or a series of acts, which is what the use of the verb "to love" suggests. Love is primarily an *installation*, in which a person is located and from which he carries out acts—among them, specific acts of love. In other words, when a person is installed in love, many things are done out of it, and one of them is to love. The Spanish language—and other languages as well, though not all of them—expresses this admirably with the words *enamorarse* ("to fall in love"), *enamorado* ("in love"), and *enamora-*

miento ("the action or state of being in love"), in all of which the preposition *en* ("in") indicating installation appears revealingly. Although grammatically the verb *enamorar* appears to be primary, and *enamorarse* only its reflexive usage, in reality it is the reverse: *enamorarse* is the strong and original meaning and *enamorar* is only what is done so that someone may *enamorarse*. On the other hand, the word *enamoramiento* means two things: a) the process by which someone falls in love; b) the state or condition of the one who *is* in love. The psychological interest of the former means that particular attention has been paid to it, but undoubtedly the second meaning is more important. It is the end of the process of *enamoramiento*, that state where one arrives and where one remains and stays permanently: precisely what I call *installation.*

Hence, if we wish to use the verb "to love," rather than "I love" we should say, using the present participle, "I am loving." It is not simply an act that I can carry out—if this were true, it would be in principle a single and isolated act, which no one would confuse with love—but I "find myself" in love, I discover myself as such, I can doubt whether I am in love or not, while it would make no sense to doubt a psychic reality or even an act. We might go so far as to say that perhaps I am sure that "I love," but not sure whether I am "in love." Amorous installation, like all installation, affects my personal and biographical *reality*; but let us not forget that installation is unique, which means that *my* unitary installation is on occasion amorous (or can become so).

Personal sexuate need, which is intrinsic to human life, is the ambit which makes the amorous condition possible and the one in which it is constituted. Hence, every relationship between man and woman, when it occurs or takes place within this ambit, is qualified in some form by that condition. We might say that a person moves in the "element" of love, which is affected by that possibility, an *inchoately* amorous one.

Man and woman rarely fall in love, normally do not fall in love, but their reciprocal encounter takes place in the ambit of that possibility, unlike personal encounter within the same sex, which lacks polarity and mutual projection and which for that very reason is not intrinsically "plotlike" and in need of a concrete and particular plot in order to come into existence and be consolidated. I mean that the dual man-woman condition is sufficient reason for "being-with," if that condition is realized in a sufficiently adequate way, while something more is necessary for "living-with" to be justified within the same sex. For that reason any encounter between man and woman is accompanied by a consciousness of satisfaction and plenitude or, conversely, of frustration and disillusionment. Only the dulling effect of habit can lead to a state of "neutrality" and indifference which, if we look carefully at things, is strictly speaking abnormal.

In a room full of people, on a busy street, in a public vehicle, one's glance slides in a passive and indifferent way over persons of the same sex, unless there is some special reason which introduces what I have called a "plot" relationship: the policeman looking for a criminal, the fugitive who fears to be discovered by a policeman or an enemy, the man who has an appointment with someone, the photographer, the observer in search of picturesque types, the foreigner for whom everything is new and who wants to orient himself. Conversely, unless the crowd makes it impossible, one's glance "takes an interest" in persons of the opposite sex; it is among them (*inter esse*), examines them, explores and evaluates, takes a position, starts in one direction or the other among the various directions that are possible. And this is why every heterosexuate encounter has an element, however slight, of expectation (and the consequent risk of disillusionment), of promise and fulfillment or unfulfillment, which is not permanently and automatically given within each of the sexes but requires in this case some concrete and specific motive, independent of the mere sexuate condition. And heterosexuate encounters are reduced precisely to this when, for one reason or another —age, great social or racial differences, the element of professional ethics, and so on—the sexuate condition becomes nebulous: those situations in which a man "scarcely notices" that he is confronting a woman, and vice versa.

I have mentioned age. The reader will be thinking, no doubt, that "love"—in the broadest sense of this expression—exists from infancy, before the man-woman polarity fully exists, before any possible presence of intersexual love. Of course there are forms of love which are not intersexual, forms which also pertain to man's amorous condition. But I believe that it is a fundamental error to start off from this generic and undifferentiated love, which can be applied to relationships between parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends—even to music, science, or love of country—and then to try to find their specific differences from love in the strict sense, the love I have called intersexuate or heterosexuate, love between man and woman *as man and woman*. That this latter kind of love is a subdivision of the more general kind is just what would have to be proved. I believe, rather, that all "loves" are biographical forms derived from love in the strict sense, human realities whose ultimate root lies in the possibility of love in the strict meaning of the term.

In the first place, the human person is inchoate during his childhood; he does not have full actuality. In the presence of the child we do not yet know "who" he is going to be. To a certain degree the adult, who "comes" from the child, is irreducible to that child, and that is why we look upon the child as a question mark. Parents do not know "who" their children are going to be, and it is not without anxiety that they watch them grow up. Equally obvious is the peculiar lack of solidarity which the young adult feels for the child he has been, his lack of readiness to admit that "he" is that child of whom people speak and whom he perhaps remembers. When does the promised and latent person in the child mature and become fully present? Undoubtedly at the age of puberty; that is, at the age when his sexuate condition is fully possessed, when he has the psychological and biological resources which really bring that adult into being. It is then that he becomes *who* he is, when he accepts or repudiates his childhood, when he revalidates or denies his childish "loves," when his first personal installation in life takes place. The full reality of the person coincides with the insertion on his horizon of the intersexuate amorous condition, in the light of which all the other "affective" realities are ordered and acquire meaning. It means the transition to another order of magnitude or, if you prefer, to another quality. In terms of genders, it is now that the person "goes over to another gender," not the discovery of a particular species within an already known gender. This would be the natural basis of the words of Genesis, II, 24, quoted by Christ (Matthew 19, 5): "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." And that cause is precisely the creation of man as male and female, the original sexuate condition: *ἄρσεν καὶ θῆλυ ἐποίησεν αὐτούς* (*ársen kaì thêly epoíesen autoús*), which in the Biblical narrative is the root of the first human relationship and, therefore, of the first love.

Unless I am mistaken, we must start off from this condition in order to understand all the forms of what is called "love" in any sense. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that any kind of love is a modification—still less, a degeneration—of heterosexuate love, but that, in the true reality of human life as it exists, within the ambit of empirical structure, all love is rooted in that sexuate condition which is the possibility of love between man and woman. Love cannot be excluded in other forms of personal "life" where the sexuate condition does not exist. In human life as it is lived, love occurs in the ambit defined by that structure, and consequently is related in one form or another to its fullest and strictest possibility. Any form of love becomes lodged in a perspective organized around sexuate love. It is no coincidence that, in so many languages, the word "love" has one very broad and vague meaning and another stronger and more specific meaning, precisely that of love between man and woman. Without this kind of love, all human "loves" would be something else, would have a different meaning. And it would not be difficult to pursue the anomalies in these "loves"—from friendship to intellectual passion or patriotism—when for any reason the root of love in the strict sense is affected.

The amorous condition is derived, then, from the essential structure of human life *and* from its empirical structure. Circumstantiality makes inevitable the needing and needy quality of man and the permanent nature of his needs, which cannot be reduced to deprivations or lacks, but affect the whole system of his possessions. To be himself man needs what *he* is not, but his circumstance is. That need, because man is a dramatic reality and "happens," is active, ministerial, therefore necessary. And because he is a person, it is always in some sense personal, even when what is needed is a thing.

Nevertheless, up to this point nothing could in any sense be called love. The possibility of love arises when the need is dual or bilaterally personal, when one person needs another as a person. Then need is not only active—a doing—but dramatic and plotlike. Not only owing to the character of the person—that of never being given, but "arriving"—but also because the sexuate condition of human life establishes a diametrical, reciprocal, and projective disjunction from one sex to the other, thus creating a magnetic field of living-together. Only on this assumption does the amorous condition become intelligible. It is irreducible to merely psychic life and is not exhausted in acts, but consists in a radical installation, or, to put it more exactly, in an essential quality which "happens" to the unitary human installation. The linguistic form in which this is expressed is the "in" of the words "to fall in love" or "to be in love," which indicate something more fundamental than the *acts* expressed by the verb "to love": the person's installation in his specific amorous condition with respect to the other person. And this is possible only when each attains the fullness of his reality.

This is what we might call the "ontological place" of love in the strict sense, interpreted biographically and within the framework of empirical structure. All the possible forms of love—historical, social, and personal—will have to be rooted in it, as well as all those forms of "love" in the broad sense of the word, which would have to be derived homologically, that is, by additions and subtractions, by structural modifications, from that radical and original nucleus.

But with all this we have done no more than to determine the place of love within empirical structure or, expressed in other words, the point of radication of the amorous condition as an ingredient of that structure. We still have not said what love consists of, how it is different from other human determinations with which it might be confused, which perhaps are concomitant, from which it is nourished, into which it can degenerate. We have not yet asked about love's function in human life, about its "story line," its relationship with the other elements of empirical structure, and most importantly with corporeality. The amorous condition is only the nucleus where love is possible, where it can germinate, take form, and happen. Now we will have to turn our attention to this new reality.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

LOVE AND BEING IN LOVE

The amorous condition is an *installation* of human life, more specifically a determination of human installation which is always unitary, as is the operation in which life consists. But now we shall have to resort to the other complementary concept: that of the *vector*. Human life implies a vectorial structure, and therefore its contents have intensity and guidedness, or, expressed in more immediately biographical terms, importance and significance or meaning. Things, as we saw before, "carry" me along according to their importance, and lead me in a certain direction because of their significance in my life. Personal need is *vectorial*: I need a person with a certain intensity and with a very precise "inclination" or orientation. Personal encounter, symbolized by the arrows, can happen in many different forms. Out of the installation in which I am located, I project myself biographically in a bundle of arrows which are mutually irreducible.

St. Augustine (*Confessions*, XIII, 9) says very perceptively: *Pondus meum amor meus: eo feror, quocumque feror* ("My love is my weight; thereby am I borne whithersoever I am borne"). The image of a weight comes in St. Augustine from his idea of the natural "place" of each thing and the ideal of "repose": *requies nostra locus noster* ("our rest is our place"). This leads him to think of the weight of the body, but he immediately goes beyond this inertial interpretation: *corpus pondere suo nititur ad locum suum; pondus non ad ima tantum est, sed ad locum suum* ("the body by its own weight strives toward its own place; but weight makes not downward only, but to its own place"). St. Augustine's intuition is not very far from the idea of the vector: love is the weight which *bears* us to one place or another, in one direction or another.

Being in love consists in this: that the person with whom I am in love becomes my project. It is not simply that certain acts of mine are connected with her, not even when those acts are "amorous." I can "love" a person with whom I am not "in love"; that person will be the object of my acts, the cause and recipient of certain feelings. We might say that that person occupies a relevant place in my circumstance, maybe an unrenounceable portion of it. But it is another matter if I look at *myself*, that is, at the vital project in which I consist, and find myself inexorably involved in that other person. It is not simply that I project myself *toward* her, but that I project myself *with* her, that when I project myself I find myself with her as inseparable from me. Without her, properly speaking, *I am not I*. Which means, literally, that I am *someone else* than the person I was before—before I fell in love. Being in love consists, therefore, of a change in *my* reality, what we might call an ontological alteration.

All the forms of being in love, even in its most trivial sense, include a concentration of the attention on the beloved person. The man who is in love, or, to express it better, the man who is falling in love, thinks only of the beloved. Everything reminds him of her, he relates her to everything, he becomes obsessed with her; hence the restrictive quality, the mental "narrowing," which the process of falling in love brings in its train—and which Ortega analyzed very penetratingly. But *psychological obsession* is one thing and the *real transformation of the person* quite another. This is why error is possible with respect to being in love. The man who thinks day and night about a woman, stumbles over her in every corner of his mind, associates her with all the objects of his imagination, turns to her with all his senses, thinks that he is in love with her. Perhaps; but maybe not. The symptoms are very similar, the reality differs profoundly. When the period of being in love is over, or better, for clarity's sake, the period of "falling in love," in the one case that obsession fades, that narrowness broadens out, the man thinks about many other things, returns to normality. In the other case, *he finds himself in love*, the psychic process by which he has arrived at that radical installation is over and done. Now he is *someone else*; now he is never alone; now he projects himself mysteriously with that other inseparable person, in presence and in absence, with some kinds of feelings and with others. He makes her the object of very different acts and has the leisure to attend to all the innumerable contents of the circumstance. This installation which consists in *being in love* is relatively independent of all *psychic* life, and, conversely, affects strictly biographical and personal life. The words of Segismundo in *Life is a Dream*, when he believes that he has "awakened" and returned to his prison after the adventures which he thinks were imaginary, reflect this situation very accurately:

> *. . . I loved*
> *But one—a woman; that was true, I'm sure;*
> *All else is gone, but that will still endure.*

Segismundo, after the tumult of all the psychic experiences he has undergone in the court of Poland, once all his previous circumstance is lost, including Rosaura of whose reality he has no certainty, *is in love*. The only thing that has not ended, the only thing that has remained, is love; not even the beloved woman has remained, nor even the belief that she existed; Segismundo is going to find himself back in the old circumstance of his captivity; only, he is *someone else*: the man who is in love with Rosaura.

Now we can answer the question that was formulated when we studied the amorous condition: what do I need a person *for*? I was saying that, unlike what happens to me with respect to needs for things, the only way in which this question can be answered is with a story, with a part—or the whole—of my biography. We saw that man needs woman *in order to be a man*, and vice versa, for each sex projects itself toward the other. Well, I need an individual woman, the one I am in love with, in order to *be myself* as a man. In this sense, and only in this sense, I find her in my project, in that project which constitutes me, and not in my circumstance. *My project includes her*. When I love her I am truly who I am, in my full authenticity, and feel that heretofore I have not truly been the person I had to be. Hence the "optical illusion" of the lover—which is an illusion only from the psychological viewpoint, not from a strictly personal one—who feels that he has always loved the woman he is now in love with. This love has made him discover himself, and therefore caused him to exist in the fullness of his truth (*alétheia*). From this vantage point, everything that has gone before "wasn't worth bothering about," and the present love projects itself on his past life, illuminating it and "reconstructing" it, interpreting it anew, seeing it as mere preparation or anticipation. It is not strictly true that he has always loved her, but it is true that the man he always was loves her; *he loves her now out of the reality he has always been.*

This also explains love's expression of and pretension to its own "eternalness." The lover, who feels that he has "always" been in love, believes that he is going to be in love "for always," even though experience shows that this is frequently not the case. The reason is that he himself loves, out of his personal selfhood. The situation is not that the beloved is a fragment of his circumstance, fleeting and changeable in principle, but that the lover cannot conceive of himself without her, *ever*; to imagine anything of the sort literally changes him into another person, and this he cannot accept. If I am *constituted* by love for a woman, not to love her seems *con-*

tradictory to me; the lover is the man who *loves a particular woman*. This is the profound meaning of Calisto's famous response in *La Celestina*: "*Melibeo soy*."*

I believe that this conclusion, incorrectly interpreted from insufficient concepts, has led to the dominant theories about love as a claim to "identity," "fusion," or the mutual "possession" of lovers. These are concepts which ultimately refer to "things," and are thought of from the reality of things, not of persons as such, chiefly because the person is not an identity. The person is the same *entity* but not always *the same*, and "fusion" makes no sense unless we are dealing with realities which are already there and present. Lovers never want to dissolve their personality in that of the other, or absorb the other's personality into their own, but quite the opposite. For the man who is in love the beloved person just as she is is supreme delight; he takes pleasure in her, in her irreducible reality, in her *presence* and her *figure*, as St. John of the Cross knew very well, for these things are the only ones that cure the pangs of love. Presence and figure are the opposite of absorption or fusion. What happens is that the lover carries the beloved with him and in him, precisely as another person. That is why he is *in* love. He feels that what is most his own, his ultimate, intimate reality, is slipping away from him toward the other person without whom he is not, without whom he has ceased to be intelligible, who is his most authentic vocation, with whom he projects himself toward the future.

That is why authentic love presents itself as *unrenounceable*, and to this degree it *is* happiness. I mean that the lover, even the most unhappy of lovers, thinks that his love has been worth while; he would not accept its not existing, would not want the calm, tranquillity, and pleasure which he could enjoy without it. He prefers his love, with all its consequences, no matter how troublesome or painful they may be, to its lack of existence; he says "yes" to it unconditionally, because anything else would mean saying "no" to himself. And when this does not happen, it means that he is *no longer* in love—or has never been in love. That is why it is possible—and frequent—to *fear* genuine love, to fear being in love. Perhaps this is why, in some languages—English, for example—one uses the expression "to fall in love"; and it is interesting that the preposition which follows this expression is "with" and not "of" as in Spanish and other languages. One falls in love *with* a person, even in the case of one-sided, unrequited love; that is, one finds oneself in a situation which is in principle irreversible, from which it is not easy to emerge, as from an aperture, *with* the person whom we carry with us but who perhaps does not go with us. Both men and women feel simultaneous fascination and fear when they confront the "threat" of love. Probably they would rather escape, for they have a premonition that if they "fall," if being-in-love occurs and completes its cycle, they will not be able to escape, that each will be "someone else" than what he was before. Most of what is called "love"—from so-called "physical love" to affection, tenderness, attachment, and so on—is resorted to in order to avoid love in the strict sense, the state of being in love.

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* Calisto is deeply in love with Melibea. When asked if he is not a Christian, he replies, "I am a Melibean." [Translator's note]

And this permits us to understand the strange phenomenon that a man, in the presence of women—and, perhaps with certain differential shadings, in the opposite case—feels that he would probably fall in love with some of them, given the right sort of circumstances, that it would be hard for him to fall in love with others under any circumstances, and that he could never fall in love with many of them. And this is true even though they may be agreeable, attractive, admirable women, whom he "likes" in many senses, whom he might perhaps be able to "love," but with whom he could not be "in love." And this reveals a certain structural affinity between that man's person and the person of some women which makes possible that transformation of personal reality, while in other cases the relationship is reduced to the perceptive, sentimental, or purely psychic factor. Pleasure, gratification, attraction, even "love," affect what man *does*: being in love affects what he is, in that radical form we have called *installation*. The fact is that while other installations—sex, age, race, class, language—are of a generic or collective nature, the installation represented by being in love is a strictly individual and personal condition: installed in my being-in-love with a certain woman, I project myself vectorially from that love and live *all* reality out of it.

"No one chooses his love," said the poet Antonio Machado; rather, we are chosen by it, "called" to it; love is the form of personal vocation insofar as man is a sexuate person. Nor is vocation in general, as a vital project, chosen; one chooses *to be faithful to it or not*, which means being authentic or not, being *oneself* or not. This is exactly what happens with being in love; the man who follows the love he has encountered has the impression that he is choosing it with no possible option, a paradoxical formula which admirably expresses the quality of personal vocation. When I make my own that which I have not chosen, I am choosing *myself*; that is, I choose the "I" I truly am—the one I have to be. And that is when human freedom is most properly exercised, undeliberately, with that strange necessity which does not oblige, because it leaves open the possibility of being unauthentic; namely, the freedom not to be—not to be "I," that is. Giving oneself over, freely and necessarily, to authentic being-in-love is the supreme form of acceptance of fate, and that is precisely what we call vocation.

The dual structure of love, at once vectorial and a question of installation, imposes its double character of stability and plot. Love is neither an act nor a series of acts; that is, it is not reduced to them; it is what confers their amorous quality on certain acts, which without that quality might be exceedingly similar. It is a "state," something in which one pauses and stays. The man who is in love keeps on being in love throughout his life—or a significant portion of it—through innumerable acts, many of which have nothing to do with love, but which do not interrupt it; this proves that being in love does not consist in those acts, nor is it a psychic reality.

But, on the other hand, love *happens*; it is a dramatic, a plotlike reality, which has a history—it is history—and can be narrated, imagined, anticipated, remembered. It is a "state," but it is not "static," because it is neither a thing nor a determination of anything. Its permanence is that of the person who *is living*, who is arriving with and toward another person, with whom he is making himself. That empirical structure which is the sexuate condition causes man to move at the outset within the man *or* woman disjunction, and this places him in that dimension where love is possible, in the element of love. Man is, literally, *love-inclined*, love-oriented, projected toward it, referred to it, no matter what the fulfillment its reality may have in that dimension. This is why men and women consider themselves reciprocally *sub specie amoris*, in the perspective of love, which is the horizon of their mutual reference as well as that of their personal projection. Within that horizon are aimed all the vectors that constitute human relationships, most of which are *not* love—even intersexual relationships—precisely because it is possible for them to be love. I mean that the non-amorous relationship is never that because it is "alien" to love, because it "has nothing to do" with it, but because it is specifically something other than love. Love is included in every intersexual human relationship, in the form of its realization or transformation or absence, lack of fulfillment, frustration, extinction, etc., and this is what permits different human relationships within the same sex to also be called "love," as well as some not purely human forms of behavior, such as when we speak of "love" of God or, in another direction, of "love" for science, art, or country.

Until now, in this consideration of love, I have not even mentioned corporeality. Of course it is one decisive dimension. Human life has a corporeal structure, and this is supremely important when we are considering the sexuate condition. Man and woman fall in love bodily because they live bodily, because the body is the place where the person shows himself and becomes present; it is there that we find him. But it would be a mistake to believe that bodies fall in love with each other; we do not even—though this would seem more plausible—fall in love with a body. We fall in love with a *person*, who is certainly corporeal; and then we love *that person's* body, precisely as *her* body, because it is hers (or his).

Things become even clearer if we take note of the fact that love, to the degree that is affected by corporeality, is primarily attracted to the face and only secondarily to the rest of the body. Sensual or sexual attraction is connected with the body as a whole and particularly with those parts of it which are—or are historico-socially considered—most "erogenous." The face, as I said before, is only slightly erogenous, but extremely *erotic*: strictly speaking, we fall in love with a face and go on from there to love "its" body. The sexual impulse and sexual attraction are exercised from all of corporeality, and they are the impulses which set in motion the somatic projection—more accurately, the psycho-physical projection—of one sex toward the other. This is, of course, the substratum of love, that which makes it possible in its true form and sustains it, but with this alone love has not even begun yet.

Only in the face does the person show himself as such. The "arriving" quality of the face corresponds, as we have seen, to its "forward" and projective function, in which the whole body is contracted and concentrated as an abbreviation of personal reality. The face expresses the person, the whole biography, the "who" which can be both subject and object of love. That affinity with the feminine person toward whom

I project myself vocationally is discovered in a face. The face which *enchants* us is the one to which we feel irresistibly "called," the face in which a vital project is visible, a personal image which we can no longer separate from our own. And the feminine body stirs us precisely to the degree in which it corresponds to that same image, in which it alludes to a personal configuration. Anatomical perfection, vitality, beauty, are not enough. They might trigger our aesthetic admiration or our erotic sensibility, but the body arouses love when it is a "personal" body, when its form, consistency, and movements announce it as the body of someone we love or may love. This is why León Hebreo's observation in his *Dialogues of Love* is so perspicacious: he says that desire comes after love, that is, that we desire a person sensually *because* we love that person; although, on the other hand, sensual desire may sometimes provoke the birth of love. In any case, it is clear that sensual desire comes relatively late in the process of personal love and is secondary to falling in love, which is aimed primarily at the person and corporally at the face where that person is made *visible*.

The specifically sexual content is, of course, an ingredient of heterosexuate love, but only one ingredient. Love is far from *consisting* in sexuality, for sexuality is only a phase or moment of amorous reality; it culminates in one direction but only in one. What we call by definition "possession" is not really possession of the person except when it is amorous; a loveless sexual relationship has nothing to do either with fusion or personal possession. On the other hand, we have seen that these metaphorical expressions are relatively inadequate, for they refer to the mode of being of things: fusion with a beloved person is neither possible nor desirable, nor can one person be "possessed" by another. Sexuality is *one* form of the projection of one person toward the other. When it is assumed biographically, when it is linked to the other dimensions of personal life, it becomes one of the elements in the "story line" of love. Far from being a simple biological or psychophysical mechanism, sexuality, when it is amorous, has history and personal significance. It is the manner in which, in the real form imposed by the empirical structure, the being-in-love of two persons—whose mode of existence is corporeality—*happens*, in dramatic form.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

THE TEMPER OF LIFE

We cannot understand human life without recourse to the concept of *estar*. Remember that in an early chapter we saw that *estar* means the inclusion in everything that is a place, an ambit, a "where." When we understand this concept structurally and biographically—not in an abstract (that is, merely spatial) form—we arrive at the decisive concept of "installation," which makes "finding oneself" possible: I "find myself" in the sense that when I discover myself I was already "there," and I find myself in a certain manner; that is, I was already doing something, and at the same time being someone.

This refers to human life as such, but if we place ourselves in the perspective of empirical structure, these concepts acquire a peculiar concreteness; better still, *different kinds* of concreteness. Because man has an empirical and variable structure, he not only finds himself, but finds himself in different ways; not only does he have a number of installations—or, more precisely, a vital installation in various dimensions—but these installations represent a number of possibilities among which life moves. In Spanish this is called *temple*, "temper"; we might say that *temper is the modulation of installation.*

Before we go on, and in order to preserve the greatest possible degree of concreteness, let us take one of these installations: language. My utterance and my speech are made concrete and particularized in the specific language in which I am installed, in this case, the Spanish language. Now each of us uses the Spanish language after his own fashion. There is a personal manner of speaking Spanish, or better still, if we wish to emphasize installation, of speaking *in* Spanish, which is in each instance the habitual manner. But at each moment, at least within each short period of time, I speak in a certain manner, one which is adjusted to the person I am speaking to, what I am talking about, what I am speaking for, at what distance, what feelings go along with what I am saying. I can speak coldly, cordially, peevishly, imperiously, passionately, lovingly, submissively; I can speak in a way which is "out of temper"—for there is a peculiar temper which is called "being out of temper." Linguistic installation is modulated into very different tempers; none of them is necessary; but it is necessary to be in some kind of temper, to speak from one of them. And, of course, what I have said about speech also applies to listening or writing or reading.

The same would have to be said of the other forms of installation. Is the "Uncle Tom" type of Negro installed in his racial condition with the same temper as a Black Panther activist? Are the priest and the married man identically installed in their sexuate condition, or the Don Juan and the hermit, the old man and the young man, the virgin and the prostitute, the mother of a family, the actress or the nun? Can we compare the temper of installation in aristocracy of a feudal lord, a Victorian nobleman, a European aristocrat of 1970?

In a more sociological perspective, I pointed out many years ago a distinction between "condition" and "situation," and applied these concepts to the interpretation of historical epochs and social groups. The condition affects what one "is," the situation affects "how things are going for one." Similarly, installations are shaded by tempers. While installation is stable —relatively stable—temper can change, and a number of tempers are possible within each installation.

In *Sein und Zeit* Heidegger took up this theme—or, to express it more accurately, he referred to this reality. The theory of *Befindlichkeit*, completed by that of *Stimmung*, leads in this direction. *Befindlichkeit*, "finding oneself," is "existential," an ontological determination. *Stimmung*, "state of mind or temper," is an "ontic" determination. The distinction between ontic and ontological has never been particularly clear or controllable. Furthermore, their meaning depends on Heidegger's philosophy in general, understood as the question of "the being in general" and, more immediately, of *Dasein* or "existing," defined by "comprehension of the being" or *Seinverständnis*. This perspective has little to do with the one represented by this study, which tries to understand the empirical structure of human life seen from *my* life as *radical reality*; but undoubtedly Heidegger has encountered "the same thing" that we have found in this book.

Supposing that it is possible to speak of the temper of life on the level of analytical theory, tempers correspond in any case to the level of empirical structure. Hence, their theoretical place is not that of metaphysics or theory of human life, but the level of anthropology. Human life as such possesses a temper; true tempers pertain to man as a structure of biographical life. They are rooted in each of his installations—or in the dimensions of installation—thus, they appear connected with corporeality, the sexuate condition, social structure, and historicity, not separately but in their multiple interlacings. Biological factors offer a primary impulse toward one or various tempers. This becomes clear if we reflect that animal species have something resembling temper, something like a specific natural disposition; thus, we distinguish between "tame" or "aggressive" animals; the sheep's vital "temper" is very different from that of the panther, the dove's from that of birds of prey. Within the category of nonaggressive animals, we distinguish very easily between the indolent and "boring" temper of the sheep and the cow, and the more "jovial" one of the goat or dog. In man there are certain basic tempers or fundamental dispositions which are of racial origin—not strictly biological, because the human race is always a "historical race," but with a strong biological ingredient. In South America a difference of temper is observable between the Negro and the Indian; the former is more jovial and cheerful, with a strong sense of rhythm, the latter impassive and self-absorbed.

The sexuate condition, by causing each sex to project toward the other, establishes a basic temper which we could call "amorous" in the sense that it is that particular modulation of sexuate installation where love enters in as a biographical possibility. We might characterize this temper by means of the two qualities of attachment and effusion. Within this dimension, each human life moves along a scale ranging from the most intense attachment to detachment, from wholehearted effusion to the lack of it. And, of course, "amorous" tempers differ according to sex, because of the disjunction in which the sexuate condition consists: disjunction affects the forms taken by the temper of each sex, and that is why men and women are "amorous" in different ways, with a different temper, one adjusted to their respective biographical images, which we have studied elsewhere.

All tempers, whatever their content, are *channeled* by the society in which we live. I mean that we give ourselves over to what would individually be our temper at each moment, according to the measure in which society permits or demands it. Except for the child, who only gradually receives society's influence on his conduct, man regulates his joy or his sadness, for example, according to what is considered "normal" or acceptable. We move in societies in which it is unlikely for anyone to display exultant joy no matter how happy he may be, or to give in to delirious unhappiness no matter how profound his grief. It is not only that the expression of emotion is "moderated," but that one's temper itself is limited and shaped as lived experience. Society "expects" a "moderate" temper from us, and in fact we adjust ourselves to it save in exceptional cases.

Observe that this is what the word "temper" means. While the terms used by Heidegger come from the roots *find-* ("to find"), *Befindlichkeit*, and *stimm-* ("voice"), *Stimmung*; the word *talante*, so often used in the early works of Aranguren, comes from the Greek *tálanton* through Latin *talentum*, and means a coin, hence by extension "possessions" or "natural gifts," secondarily "disposition" and hence will or attitude. The word "temper" comes from the same root as the verb "to temper" and the noun "temperance," and proceeds from the Latin *temperare*, which corresponds to the Greek κεράννυμι (*keránnymi*, "to mix"—wine with water, for example—and hence to soften or moderate) and gives rise to all the meanings connected with "temperance" or moderation. The temper of a metal consists in the mixture or moderation of its qualities, perhaps by submerging it in a liquid (hence the French meaning of *tremper*, to "wet" or "soak"). The musical meaning of "temper" lies within the same semantic area of moderating or adjusting, and it is here that we can link "temper" with the German *Stimmung*, which is also extended to meanings such as *Bestimmung* ("determination"), *Übereinstimmung* ("coincidence," "agreement"), and so on.

Man is always in one temper or another, which can be good or bad: he can have "a great deal of temper" (as Ortega said, all that is human admits of degrees); he can be in good temper or out of temper. It can also be said that he is—or becomes—of a certain *tessitura*, or "texture." This term, frequently used in music, served me many years ago to describe what a language is and how it is spoken: one speaks in a certain *tessitura*, which may vary within the same language, either individually or socially (British English and American English, the Spanish of Spain and that of each of the Hispano-American countries.) What we call the "registers" of the language (colloquial, literary, oratorical, solemn, burlesque) correspond to the different tempers of life.

In the phenomenon of temper the different dimensions of human life converge: the collective biological dimension—the race—the biological heritage concentrated in the individual, historico-social norms, social class, the social image of one's profession, age, sex, the story line of one's biography. All these ingredients are operating simultaneously in the concrete determination of my vital temper at this moment, a particular phase of what we might call my habitual temper. And if we now look at things in a new perspective, we discover that temper, understood in this way, is also an installation. That is why we can predicate it of certain "forms of life," and each historical period appears to us, par excellence, as a "temper" which historians can try to characterize with accuracy. Is it not obvious that the temper of life in the Athens of the fifth century B.C. was quite different from that of the third century? Are not the "Epicurean" and "Stoic" tempers "versions" of the third century B.C.? Is not the difference between republican Rome and Diocletian's Rome more than anything else a difference of temper? Is it not what marks the transition from Charles V's Spain to Philip II's, from Charles II's to the Spain of the eighteenth century, from it to Romanticism? A long time ago I defined the fundamental temper of liberalism as "enthusiastic melancholy" or "skeptical enthusiasm." Both these shades of meaning arise from the general tone of Romanticism, the period in which the liberal attitude came into being. Is it imaginable that a "hot-headed party" (*partido exaltado*) such as there was among the Spanish liberals of 1820 could have existed in any other period—a party defined not by an ideology, a program, or a complex of interests, but by a state of mind, a vital temper? And obviously the moderate party, or *moderantismo*, was the reply to that radicalism in terms of a different temper. If the members of one group or the other had been asked about their politics, they might well have answered: "Anything at all, so long as it is radical (or moderate)," without paying much attention to what was being radicalized or moderated.

There are societies that are satisfied, dissatisfied, bored, frightened, irritated, exasperated, impassioned, exalted, enthusiastic, defeated, resigned, despairing. The individuals who belong to them may differ enormously: in principle, all those tempers can occur in any of those societies; but the individual must reckon with the dominant temper, confront it, achieve his own temper in terms of society's, and use that temper as a backdrop; similarly, each of us has a certain temper at each moment, which springs from our habitual temper. Once more we must resort to the concept of installation, once more we must launch from that installation the arrows of our vectorial projects—those vectorial projects in which human life actually consists.

The temper in which we are installed socially may have a greater or lesser degree of affinity with our habitual temper—or, in each instance, with our present temper. Our social installation now acquires an entirely unexpected coefficient of authenticity or unauthenticity. We can feel the temper of the society to which we belong as a prison or an exile. We can, conversely, feel perfectly "in tune" with it, tempered in unison with our country and our era. It is clear that individual trajectories are conditioned by this situation. *Exul umbra*, "the exile is a shadow"; we must not understand this only from the viewpoint of personal interests, of rootedness in our own country and lack of roots in the foreign country, which leads to a certain indifference and lack of interest. Previous to this there is a question of temper, of normal affinity with the temper of one's native country, though in exceptional cases the situation may be reversed. Anthropologically speaking, the exile *is* a shadow.

Long residence in a foreign country often leads to an alteration in the temper of one's life, sometimes in the form of imitation: "foreignization," unauthentic adaptation—whether sincere or insincere—to the temper of the society in which one lives; on occasion, in the form of "impermeability" or withdrawal. This is the case of individuals or minorities who become "encysted" in a foreign society and jealously preserve their own temper, who "stew in their own juices," turning their backs on the outside world—very frequently concentrating on their impermeability, almost totally ignoring the language being spoken around them. Finally, it is also possible that what we might call "grafting" may occur, the alteration or modification of the original temper by that of the society which has been temporarily adopted. I have remarked somewhere about this phenomenon among Americans—and especially American girls—who live in Spain for a time: without losing their own vital temper, they tinge and enrich it with elements from the Spanish temper, just as a grafted tree gives fruit with a new flavor.

This is not the place to present a typology of vital tempers. What I wanted to do was to determine their mode of reality, to discover their theoretical place, and, therefore, their position and function in human life. I had to "de-psychologize" the notion of temper without reducing it thereby to a sociological category, for that is not what it is either. If temper is an essential part of human life—which is, we might say, "tempered"—those tempers correspond to its empirical structure, that is, they are determined and come into existence only empirically and structurally. In other words, I have attempted a strictly anthropological interpretation—and therefore a biographical one—of temper. I have attempted to derive it from human life itself—the life of each individual—as it really occurs, and not to reduce it to the *resources* with which that life is made. Naturally, temper—like all the elements and attitudes of biographical life—affects those resources; but its own reality does not derive from them, but from life itself. The systematic structure of life means that we can never "add" or add up elements or ingredients: each reacts on all the others, and consequently transforms them. Each time that we introduce a new ingredient, what we have incorporated is a new perspective, but this means that we must also regard reality from it. The philosophical viewpoint cannot be single or static, but must be plural and in movement. Unity and complexity *together* are its characteristics. When we add one more installation, we find that it is not simply *a* new installaton, but a new dimension which intrinsically affects all the other dimensions of the unitary installation in which life—also a unitary operation—*is located*. Temper is an essential modulation of that *in* which one is when it is not merely a question of localization or spatiality, but rather when one *is living*.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

HUMAN TIME

Our era, more than any other, has thought and written about time as a condition of human life. Twentieth-century thought has taken temporality seriously, perhaps for the first time in history. Not only has philosophy centered on this theme, from Dilthey and Bergson to the present day, passing through Ortega and Heidegger, not only is the title of the latter's most important book *Sein und Zeit*, but the other intellectual disciplines have explored temporality in all directions: in society —theory of generations—in psychology, in literature, in art. In my own work I have had to devote many pages, from different perspectives, to the problem of time and temporality, pages which I am not going to repeat here; I shall limit myself to recalling them to the degree indispensable for comprehension of what I must now say.

We are dealing—let us not forget—with an *anthropological* perspective, but we must be well aware that this anthropology is *metaphysical*. This means, as we have said repeatedly, a *biographical* perspective; not the perspective of human life as radical reality, not that of analytical theory, but that which pertains to the *empirical structure* of that life. And so we must try to see how temporality functions, in a precise way, as one of the ingredients of *this* life; that is, of the empirical but structural form in which it actually takes place, and which we call "man."

Human life is temporal and successive. The definition of eternity given by Boethius is literally presented as a negative cast of human temporality: *interminabilis vitae tota simul et perfecta possessio*, "the simultaneous and perfect possession of everlasting life." Human life is not everlasting, but has begun and will end—most important of all, will end, whatever its *ulterior* fate. Furthermore, its possession is not simultaneous, but specifically successive—it is possessed bit by bit—and it is not perfect, but highly imperfect and precarious: unstable in the present *instant*, pale and impoverished in memory of the past, uncertain and vague in anticipation of the future. Life presents itself in any case as affected by temporal *finitude*: its formula is that of "our days are numbered." Stretching from birth to death, we might say that the radical form of "installation" in life is precisely time; time is that in which I "am," properly speaking, and the temporal mode of being—as we saw in general elsewhere—is "to keep on being": expressed more succinctly, "to endure."

Birth is the absolute past. While all the contents of my previous life have been present at some time, birth was never present: it was never present *to me*, I did not "attend" it. The past is recalled in memory and the future is anticipated in the imaginary project; but, in a more immediate way, life is both "retention" and "protention." The "instant" is not a point without duration, but a temporal *surrounding* when we are dealing with human life and not with cosmic time. Past and future are *present* in a decision, in a human doing. What is done is done "because of something and for some purpose," and it is that presence—no matter how "abbreviated" it may be—of motivation and aim, which introduces temporal distension, duration, into every instant of my life. This means that, strictly speaking, life does not consist of instants, but moments. This is the form of the intrinsic temporality of human life.

That temporal and successive quality is expressed, in a way that cannot be improved upon, by saying that human life *happens*. Language uses different and ultimately metaphorical expressions to describe what "goes on." The most frequent of these—which unconsciously emphasize the chance dimension of life, a point we shall have to discuss—allude to "falling": incident, incidence, accident, and so on. The particular shading of "hazard" is explicit in the Greek τυγχάνειν (*tynkhánein*), from the same root as τύχη (*týkhe*), luck or fortune. The idea of "arriving" or "coming" is very close to this: συμβαίνειν, (*symbaínein*), hence συμβεβηκός, (*symbekós*) "accident," occur (*oc-currere*), and the French *arriver*. In the English word *happen* we again find the idea of luck, fortune, or chance; in the Spanish word *acaecer* ("to fall out"), the idea of falling reappears. The word *acontecer* (happen) in Spanish is deeper and more interesting: it is derived from *contigere*, a Vulgar Latin form of the Classical *contingere* (that is, *con-tangere*); it is "what touches," that is, the luck which falls to *someone*; it is not mere *casualidad* (coincidence), derived from *casus* or fall, but the "lot" or portion (*méros*, *mórion*); in short, it is what corresponds to μοῖρα (*moîra*), and in this sense the word *acontecer* is semantically related to *destino*, "destiny" or "fate." (We find something similar in the German *Ereignis* and the reflexive verb *sich ereignen*, in which the root *eigen*, "own," shows through: in *acontecer*, one makes something one's own, what happens belongs to one or touches one.) And this etymological connection shows us that man's temporality and contingency are unexpectedly linked.

What happens happens to *us*; that is, it takes place, it "touches" us (*contingit*, *attingit*, from which the Spanish verb *atañer*, to touch or affect). Therefore, what happens "remains"; it gradually constitutes the content of life, its "resources," its "riches," its *ousía*, and in this sense is the substance of life. The future, for its part, is a reality which does not yet exist, and therefore is not possessed, but with which we have to make our life. Hence we live "on credit," reckoning with the future which is possessed by anticipating it in the form of *belief*. As it passes, time "brings me into realization" and, in a certain sense, "thingifies" me. I mean that the past "I," as it "continues to be," once that it "has been," ceases to be I and becomes circumstance: the "I" which I was is something that I encounter, with which I have to count, which conditions me, which opens up certain possibilities to me and closes off others. (I can speak English because I learned it before, because an "I" who is now past learned it; I cannot speak Russian because no past "I" of mine learned it, or because I forgot it, and so on.) That is, time affects *me*, like the other ingredients of my circumstance. The *executive* I, the true I in its pronominal function—not the substantive one, not "the I"—the function in which I say "I," is present, is pure presentness and momentness, but its reality consists in projecting itself vectorially toward the future. *I* am not future, but present and actual and acting, and therefore *future-oriented.*

On the other hand, if we attempt to understand in a concrete, non-abstract way, not in the sense of pure measurement, the meaning of the finitude of life, of the limited time of its duration, we must regard it *dramatically*. Human life does not "last" a longer or shorter time, like a building or a utensil, not even like an organism, but has a "plot." In the phrase *ars longa, vita brevis*, the brevity of life depends on the longevity of art. Life is short because it is not long enough for the art which must be learned and executed; that is, for one's projects. Human time is not a mere quantity, but is always the time there is not enough of—or too much of. When there is too much time, that tremendous situation we call boredom occurs, and then we say that we have to "kill time." There is not enough when the "plot" of our life needs more time than is available. Man frequently complains that he "has no time for anything," but then he usually discovers that he "has nothing for time," and his life takes on the form of tedium. This means that time is not mere passage or flow, that it does not limit itself to "passing," but has structure; and this structure is not that of simple duration or quantification, but the structure imposed by the projective reality of life. Once more we encounter the dual structure which we find everywhere when we analyze human life: installation and vectors. Man is "in" time, the substance of his life. But to live temporally is to aim vectorially in different directions, near or far. There is no such thing as an "indefinite" vector, and this will lead us to the ultimate questions posed by human life when it is considered as totality, and when, in consequence, its configuration becomes problematical.

All this is characteristic of human life in general, of biographical life as it reveals itself to the analysis of its necessary, and therefore universal, structure. But if we now go on to the higher concreteness of its empirical structure, we find some aspects which affect its temporality. Worldhood, corporeality, the actual sensorial system, the interaction of biographical life and its biological substratum, real social forms, the rhythm of history—all this conditions the true reality of human time. We must consider it briefly within this anthropological perspective.

Time appears as *articulated*; it is not a continuum, a permanent and homogenous flow. From the point of view of human "doing," we have already seen that the elective and decisive quality of human life, founded on motivation and projection, imposes the structure of the *moments* of which life is composed. The moment is not a chronological unit—it makes no sense to ask "how long" a moment lasts—but it is a vital one, that is, a biographical unit. Man lives moment after moment—and these moments are not instantaneous—and the linkage between them establishes the *articulated continuity* of the biographical trajectory. But the *world* as it actually is imposes another empirical articulation which is superimposed on the previous one: that of day and night, with light and darkness, which correspond to the periods of wakefulness and sleep, and these are dependent on human corporeality. (But, it might be objected, are there not other more elemental and primary articulations, such as the beating of the heart or the rhythm of breathing? Do not these impose the most characteristic structure of human temporality? No; for heartbeats, inhalation and exhalation, are primarily somatic and not biographical. Normally I do not notice them, they do not have *biographical relevance* for me save in exceptional cases; they are abstract units, what we might call "submultiples" of vital time.)

The cyclical quality of biological and terrestrial life, insofar as it conditions biography, is the primary mode of quantification of time; the "tale" of the numbered days allows them to be counted. Imagine a man who never slept, in a world that was always the same, where light was perpetual: he would have a completely different experience of life with respect to time and its finitude. On a larger scale, the rhythm of the seasons projects a new and higher structure on temporality, which reinforces the "plotlike" quality of life. To the passage of the days is added the recurrence of the seasons, and with it the "passage of the years," which is what is counted, strictly speaking, what makes us feel at a certain level in our vital trajectory. Daily life, by its repetition, creates an illusion of eternity: that which we do "each" day makes us feel as if we could do it "every" day; that is, *forever*. At the same time, variation and innovation impress the "plotlike" quality of life upon us. And from this arise all the concrete forms of sensation in relation to time: expectation, waiting, hope, despair (which becomes the experience of "this can't go on"), hopelessness (expressed in the melancholy experience of "things can go on like this indefinitely").

Naturally, the chief characteristic of time as a form of empirical structure is *age*. In the first place, life has a "normal" duration (which has nothing to do with "mean" duration, for that can be altered by infant mortality, accidental death, and so on). It is not the time one is going to live, but the time one counts on; in consequence, the time which makes us feel at a certain "altitude" in life. This is of an order of magnitude which in practice is constant, but by no means unchangeable: between the Romantic period and today, in a period of 150 years, the normal life of Western man has been extended by a good fifty per cent, and the end is not yet in sight. Age, on the other hand, besides being an accumulation of reality—what we call "experience," and that is why we distinguish between the time that "passes" and the age that we "are"—presents itself as a qualification of human *possibilities*, inextricably linked with biological *powers*. According to his age, man feels himself to be in each respect—in each vectorial orientation—in a situation which could be expressed in these terms: "not yet," "now," and "no longer." These expressions never affect the whole of life, but only each of its dimensions, and the "not yet" in respect to something coincides with the "now" in respect to something else, and so on.

The child, whose reality is intrinsically immature, who is not yet...we shall see what...nevertheless *is* with unusual fullness. He has a certain very obvious "substantivity," which on the other hand, in a form not easy to determine, persists throughout his biography: we keep on being, to an unsuspected degree, the child that we have been. But we have seen elsewhere that the child is not yet the person he is going to be. This explains the anxiety felt by parents about their children as they grow and mature: literally, they do not know *who* that child is going to be. This is only known—or it begins to be known—when the sexuate condition achieves the maturity of sexual development: at puberty. This is why the young person never feels quite identified with the child he has been, with that child whom people tell him about and whom he perhaps remembers: it is not obvious that "he" is that child.

Hence he must "revalidate" his loves, his friendships, his devotions, his childish beliefs, and largely reject them, at least temporarily; that is why I say that he has to revalidate them. The crisis of belief—religious belief, for example—in a young person is not primarily due to the expansion of his mental horizon, to contact with books or teachers who teach him things that are different from those he has received, but above all to the fact that the young person is a different person from the child who began to believe; and he must begin again, must revise and accept out of his own self what he cannot receive passively from the child he bears within, but whom he has left behind. This is the anthropological basis that gives meaning to the sacrament of confirmation, which is stripped of its human significance when it is administered before the age of puberty, before the "who" is established in the first fullness of adulthood.

The young person is defined by his minimum of reality and his maximum of *real* possibilities—those of the child are abstract, are not yet "his" possibilities. This is why youth consists very largely in the absorption of reality and the exploration of its possibilities—the traditional *Lehrjahre* and *Wanderjahre*, years of apprenticeship and travel. The child, and even the youth, considers the "grownup," the adult, as a stable and already formed reality, but when he reaches adulthood he discovers his instability, and, in consequence, the need to keep on inventing. As for the old man, independently of what his physical state of decline may be—that is, if we consider old age as a temporal level, as a form of age—in principle he represents a positive form: the maximum richness of reality, and possibilities which are reduced but in fact broadened by the accumulation of experience of life. The old man's powers are certainly less than those of the youth or the mature adult, but their significance is much greater to the degree in which his biographical life is a great deal more ample—at least, as long as physical decline does not impose a narrowing stemming from biological factors but with personal repercussions. The important thing about old age, however, is something different: "one can't go beyond old age," which means, if we look at things from inside life, that it is the last age, that there is no further age. But this means that the old man has to persevere in his vital phase, and this transforms the "plotlike" meaning of his life. Hence, the meaning of old age depends entirely on how one confronts death, on what this means for each old person. Don Juan's famous exclamation, "What a long credit you give me!" is a strictly juvenile attitude, which the young man cannot really escape. Old age, on the other hand, is the season of realization and fulfillment, that situation where life is installed in a form which is either "definitive"—unlike all the others—or results in death. And since death is a question mark, the life of the old person is determined by it and by the meaning which, in each case and at every moment, he gives it. This brings us to another problem, one we will have to deal with in its proper place.

Of course, all this is linked to the concrete form—not individual, but collective, historico-social—in which human life takes place. For example, at the present day longevity is encountering a number of social patterns which did not foresee it—retirement, statistical tabulations of age, difficulty of "starting over," and so on. The scale of the generations depends on the role of ages, and is affected by alterations in the biographical structure; historical knowledge conditions possession of the past and the possibilities of invention. I have spoken at length of all these subjects—from *Reason and Life* to *Generations. A Historical Method* and *The Social Structure*, in a different form in "Experience of Life," and most specifically in my "books about countries," *The Spaniards*, *Julián Marías on the United States*, *Our Andalusia*, and so on—and I need not repeat what I have said before and what does not belong in this book. Just now I am interested in the anthropological aspect of what I have studied elsewhere from the viewpoint of analytical theory, social structure, or the ultimate concreteness of the historical forms of life.

Life is *circumstantial invention.* It is not creation, for life never exists "out of nothing," but is a *making of oneself together with things*: it is not, however, mere "realization," for it consists in the previous invention of possibilities as such. This quality of *quasi-creation* has a temporal correspondence which affects man as the image of God, *imago Dei.* In Genesis, in contrast to the instantaneous *fiat* of the creation of things, γενηθήτω, (*genethéto* in the version of the Septuagint), a very different expression is used when the creation of man is being described: *faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram*, ποιήσομεν ἄνθρωπον κατ' εἰκόνα ἡμετέραν καὶ καθ' ὁμοίωσιν (*poiésomen ánthropon kat' eikóna hemetéran kai kath' homoíosin*), "let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Leaving aside the suspicion of some theologians that the plural contains a reference to the Trinity—one that is more interesting than it seems, even in an anthropological perspective, for we have already observed that the notion of person is connected with the concept of "living-with," and not in vain did Unamuno say: "An isolated person would cease to be one; whom, indeed, would he love?"—"Let us make" rather than "let him be made" seems to indicate a continuity, an undertaking; perhaps the best translation of *faciamus* would be "we are going to make." And if we ask ourselves in what man's resemblance to God consists, what allows us to think of man as an image of God, we would have to find it in his indefiniteness, the finite version of infinity. Man is essentially imperfect, that is, unfinished, uncompleted, always a thing-to-be-done and as yet undone. *Different* from God, who is infinite and eternal, but the *opposite of things.* Things are in time, but man *is making himself from the stuff of time*; and since the real man, in his empirical structure, is in a certain sense also a thing—the articulation of a *who* and a *what*—his temporality is conditioned by all the structures we have just been examining, not forgetting the sexuate condition, which introduces two forms of biographical human time. Nicholas of Cusa said that man is *Deus occasionatus.* We might say that in his created but creative temporality, the absolute innovation which has to make itself successively in the form of *happening*, we find the anthropological meaning of his nature as the image of God.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

CHANCE, IMAGINATION, AND FREEDOM

The problem of *chance* is one of the most complex and ambiguous in philosophy. By almost imperceptible transitions, which are, rather, changes in perspective, there has been a shift from "coincidence" to what seems like its opposite: "destiny." From the absence of cause there is a transition, one which goes almost unnoticed, to nothing less than necessity. In Greek thought we already find a whole series of concepts which range from the αὐτόματον, *autómaton* (literally "that which moves itself," the "spontaneous," coincidence or chance) to μοῖρα, *moîra* (the portion corresponding to everyone, "fate"), passing through τύχη, *týkhe* ("luck or fortune") πότμος, *pótmos* (derived from *pípto*, "to fall," the fate that "falls" to one), πεπρωμενον (*peproménon*), εἱμαρμένη (*heimarméne*), αἶσα (*aîsa*), μόριον (*mórion*), (the latter very close to *moîra*), and ἀνάγκη, *anánke* ("necessity").

We find the same idea of falling in the German *Zufall* or *Zufälligkeit*, in the Latin *casus*, in English *chance* (ultimately derived from *cadentia*). This "falling," to be sure, probably refers in the first instance to the fall of dice, and this is precisely the meaning of the Spanish word *azar* (from Arabic *zahr*, perhaps identical with the word that means "flower" and which appears in the Spanish *azahar*, "orange blossom"), probably from the flower painted on the face of dice.

It is interesting that these words almost always have a suggestion of value, either negative or positive; luck is good or bad luck; fortune can also be either good or bad, but its strongest sense is positive, and it is necessary to specify if one is talking about "bad fortune," as is revealed by the favorable meaning of the adjective "fortunate." *Azar*, "chance," on the other hand, is neutral, and has an unfavorable sense in some languages, such as Portuguese, while the English word "hazard" emphasizes the element of risk or danger.

All these ideas are associated with an outcome, sometimes understood as intention or aim. If we consider a causal series with a certain outcome, marginal, accessory, or accidental effects are produced which do not directly have anything to do with that outcome. If instead of a single causal series we take several, these have interferences alien to any outcome, which are also accidental and certainly would have a cause, but an extrinsic one, an alien one: this would be *chance*. When this chance affects beings who possess will, and who in consequence would have been able to "want" (or not want), it becomes *týkhe*, luck or fortune; this would be, therefore, the manner in which chance or hazard "touches" or affects me. This was probably the nucleus of Aristotle's interpretation. Naturally, as soon as we try to "understand" chance, we ask ourselves about some *other* possible outcome, one which is not the immediate and intrinsic outcome. This question leads us to the ideas of participation, portion, or lot—"luck"—that which is determined or "destined" for each person, in short, *destiny*, perhaps a necessary and inescapable one.

But this is not what directly interests us here. Our problem is not chance in general, but the chance condition of human life in its concrete form—or, if you prefer, chance as an ingredient in empirical structure. Human life is *choice*, for I have to be choosing at every moment among the possibilities which result from projecting my projects on the circumstance. But what is not chosen, at least not in its entirety, is that circumstance. It would be an exaggeration, however, to call "chance" the fact that one has been born in a particular world, in a certain precise historical period, with a certain biological heritage, in a specific social situation. Strictly speaking, I do not "encounter" these contents, but "find myself" with them; that is, they are inseparable from me; if they were different, I would also be different. This is the meaning of the Orteguian expression "I am I and my circumstance."

But, once *I am given*—with my circumstance, of course—innumerable contents of my life are chance ones. Within "my" world, I find certain persons, I make certain journeys, I read certain books, suffer some illnesses, perhaps have accidents, "by chance"; that is, without having foreseen or intended these things, in view of fortuitous and unforeseeable connections *foreign to my projects*. I choose—or the choice is made for me—to go to a certain school. The type of teaching, the qualities of teachers and fellow-pupils, the general form of life, are chosen and are in no way chance elements; but it is chance to encounter a certain teacher or schoolmate who will have a decisive influence on me, who will orient at least part of my life in a certain direction. If I am offered a job in a particular city, I make my decision in view of the climate, the city's attractions, its links with other cities, the salary I am to receive for my work, its prestige, and so on; but the decisive factor turns out to be that in that city I meet a woman whom I eventually marry. This encounter is strictly a chance one—even though my falling in love and getting married may not be, once they have taken place. If I take a trip, I choose by taking into account the timetable, perhaps the type of airplane or the solvency of the airline, but accident, a hijacking, or the friendship I strike up with the passenger who is sitting beside me are chance ingredients of that flight. If I am a professor, the foreseeable content is connected with the type of teaching, the institution, the normal qualities of the students; that a particular individual becomes my student is a matter of chance. If we go over our lives, we find that an incredible number of its most important ingredients have this chance quality—unforeseeable, unplanned, not directly willed. And if we look toward the future, the perspective of what chance has in store for us is positively bloodcurdling. And since chance affects not only myself but others—I mean the persons with whom I make my life—their chance experiences are also mine, and this multiplies the coefficient of chance in my biography. What is constantly happening "to me" is that certain things are happening to those other people, and if they are chance happenings, it turns out that I also have to make my life with those innumerable chances, that life is woven of the unforeseeable and inextricable tangles of chance.

If there were nothing more than "facts," it would make no sense to speak of chance; we would have to say that what happens, happens. But life, whatever its factual nature may be—a concept which contemporary philosophy has abused—is neither a fact nor can it be reduced to facts. Life is future-oriented, an anticipation of itself made from the present, and consequently it is primarily an imaginary reality, or better still an imaginative reality. To live is to prelive; this essential apriorism of life is possible thanks to imagination, in which life projects itself vectorially. This is the ambit in which human chance exists. In the system of our projects of every sort, imaginatively prelived, chance "lodges" itself. Life consists in the constant correction of its projects *in view of chance*, just as the chess player constantly changes the moves he has planned in view of the moves made by his opponent.

It might be thought that chance alters the shape of human life, that it keeps life from being "ours." This is true to a certain degree, and it must be recognized that chance, still more than the pressure of things, imposes an element of strange "passivity" on life, reduces its character to an inventive and personal time. But *the configuration of chance* in each life is no less obvious. Each life, through the system of its projects, works out chance, "digests" it, incorporates it to a *form* of life. We make *our* life with chance. This becomes clear if we realize that chance itself—the very content of chance—acquires completely different biographical meanings in each of the lives which it affects. Each chance occurrence, when it lodges in a vital trajectory—or, more precisely, in a quiverful of possible trajectories—undergoes a change which consists in its personalization. We might say that chance—as a particular form of causality, or rather as "coincidence" or "instance"—becomes "my" chance, and I react to it *in my own way*; that is, personally. The style in which a biography consists is imposed on its external or adventitious contents and assimilates them to it. There has been a great deal of discussion—too much—about "adaptation to the environment." Rather, we would have to speak of "adoption of the environment," even of its chance ingredients, of the appropriation or "reabsorption" of *all* circumstance.

Yearning for security, so dominant in the man of our time, leads to an attempt to eliminate chance—this is sometimes done in the form of statistics—but then there is a falling back on necessity. If not, we resort to the windowless monad which tries to avoid exposure to chance; or, in another form, to anaesthesia, the protective shell or crust, the "outer skeleton" which the adult so often assumes in order to be less vulnerable. All this can be done, but at the price of a diminution of personal reality. In the measure that I am protected from chance or exempt from it, I am not "I" but have undergone a process of "thingification." Hence we vacillate between chance and necessity. For thousands of years the combination of these two things has been called *destiny*, but usually it has not been properly understood, for it has almost always been interpreted from the viewpoint of "things," not as *personal destiny*. And what rules that inseparable and hostile pair, chance and necessity—what inhabits the imagination—is *freedom*. Destiny has to be adopted, accepted, appropriated, made "mine." It is not an object of choice, but it must be chosen; only thus is it a rigorously personal destiny, or, under another name, a *vocation*. Strictly speaking, I never feel more "I"—I myself—than in the presence of a chance content which bursts into my life, when I react to it in a way that springs from the root of my person; when I discover in it the *destiny which is not chosen* and choose to make it mine, to be faithful to it; in other words, *I choose to be that unchoosable chance.*

Human life is a thing-to-be-done, not a mere doing, for it always consists in the fact that I *have* to do something, and in general have to make life. The question might be asked what I have when I have to do something. First of all, I have a future horizon, present in my imagination; second, possibilities, which come into being as such in view of my projects, and hence have an imaginary reality. (Without it, they would be mere potentialities, whose actualization could be a biological life, but in no wise *my* biographical life; there would be activities, but in no sense a thing-to-be-done.) But possibilities are not enough, because they would go no further; *desires* are also necessary.

Desire has usually been disqualified from the point of view of will. Seen in that perspective, it seems "unreal," but in another context, that is its chief virtue. Desire is much broader than will because, while one cannot want more than what is possible, which to some extent depends on us and what we are ready to attempt, *everything* can be desired: the possible and the impossible, the accessible and the inaccessible, what does not conflict and what is unreconcilable, the present, the future, and also the past; what one wants, what one does not want, and even what one cannot want. Desire is all-encompassing, all-inclusive, perhaps "irresponsible," but also "responsive": the source of vitality, the principle that impels us to everything, even to want, when it is felt authentically—because often man "wants" things he does not desire, which do not capture his imagination and which, once attained, leave him limp and empty. Thanks to desire, man's life flows like a fountain.

Imagination is inseparable from memory. Memory is always *empirical*; it derives from the experience of our life, including in that life our "imaginary experiences," as imaginary as you please from the viewpoint of "outside" reality, but which have taken place in a biographical sense. This means that imagination is linked from the outset to the empirical structure of human life, besides being, on the other hand, linked to sensorial structure and, in consequence, to concrete corporeality. In the third place, memory is not only individual, but collective as well: the primary form of collective memory is composed of received interpretations, which constitute the primary meaning of "world" in two forms, the "immemorial" and the properly speaking historical. We might say that the immemorial serves as memory for the *resources* with which man makes life, and that the historical serves as memory for the projection and invention of its *plot*. (This would explain the fact that social forms rooted in immemoriality—primitive man, agrarian societies, and so on—seem ahistorical or historical only to a slight degree. This is not true, but their historicity is less projective and plotlike, and they seem not very historical to our cast of mind, which in the West has always emphasized the other dimension. To understand the "history" of these societies, and even great cultures such as that of China, we must seek an adequate visual angle, within which a new set of *relevances* would appear and restore their historical character to many contents and variations which are scarcely perceptible to Western man.)

The imaginative and projective quality of memory becomes visible if we consider that history as knowledge—a necessary condition if there is to be history as reality—has required for centuries a certain *temper* which will justify it and, therefore, make it humanly possible; for example song, and in general the "literary temper" of narrative poems and chronicles. The function of historiography has never been "mere" recollection, but incitement and undertaking. What do we remember for? In all human affairs this is the decisive question, and so long as it is not answered the reality with which human life deals has not been understood.

Freedom, finally, is conditioned in man by imagination; it permits him to project and realize. The animal's lack of freedom—or its minimal and heterogenous quality in comparison with human freedom—depends on the poverty of the animal imagination. At the other extreme, if we wish to understand the freedom of God, by analogy at least, we would have to think of him as something homologous (by *via eminentiae*) to what we call imagination. This is precisely what theology has tried to do for many centuries, when it has attempted to understand the different ways of "knowing" that we can distinguish within the divine simplicity. What happens is that God's "imagination" would be the only true creative imagination. What we call imagination in reference to man is very far from any sort of creation, and not only because it starts off from certain "materials" and is not a product *ex nihilo*, but especially because it is a *circumstantial imagination.* The clearest and most important example of it is *interpreted reality*; but note that the element of interpretation in the thing—the element of "the imaginary"—is what it possesses of true reality, as a source of possibilities.

The materials of imagination condition both the ambit or boundary of freedom and the possibility of its real exercise. It is obvious that Robinson Crusoe's freedom was limited by the paucity of his material resources, but at the same time incredibly amplified by the richness of his imagination as a civilized man. If we compare him with Friday, the inference is clear. Once associated with Robinson Crusoe, he has the same "things" available as his European master, but Crusoe possesses a reality unknown to Friday: the imagination of Europe, the intangible resources lodged in his personal and collective memory, the memory of an Englishman of the early eighteenth century. And a "Crusoe" of 1970, shipwrecked with the same things, would be in a completely different situation from that of Daniel Defoe's character, who in his turn was on his island in a different way from the sixteenth-century Spaniard Pedro Serrano, whose story was told by the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, and which I once commented upon ("The Other Man on the Island," in *The Task of Thought*).

"Primitivism" in all its forms is a threat to freedom, both individually and collectively. The multiplication of possible human *figures*, and with them multiplication of acts, conduct, experiences, expands the real margin of freedom; but it must not be forgotten that *excess* of images, resources, and stimuli diminishes freedom to an equal degree, by reducing the possibilities for individuation. In a world that is too "full," biographically speaking, no space remains for possibilities. It is clear that our present-day world is doubly threatened: on the one hand by the excess of its resources, by the stifling concentration of stimuli, information, impacts of all kinds, by the density of common living; and on the other by the appetite for primitivism and simplification displayed by most of our contemporaries. Between one type of pressure and the other—buttressed by two politico-social positions which we might call, though somewhat inaccurately, technocracy and totalitarianism—human freedom tries to find its path.

And now we can discern a new and unexpected function of chance. Freedom is inseparable from imagination; chance lodges in imagination, where it can really exist in its human, biographical sense, not its cosmic sense. It has always been felt that chance, which is not "wanted," which is always alien to my projects, threatens and diminishes my freedom. This is true, but it is no less true that chance, by breaking into my life *unexpectedly*, with an element of surprise, introduces an element of innovation into it, avoids its "closing off"—the closing off that would derive from a circumstance that was already given and a vital project which constitutes me and with which I identify myself. Chance mocks all planning, all attempts to confine life. When I believe that I "already know," chance intervenes and turns everything topsy-turvy, for I do not know what to hold to with respect to chance and have to seek and decide. Chance offers *occasions* for the exercise of freedom. It is the form circumstantially assumed by the emergent and flowing quality of freedom, which reminds us that reality cannot be domesticated.

But chance cannot be "assimilated" or incorporated except by its absorption within a biographical project. Then it appears as that which constantly keeps alert that thing-to-be-done in which life consists. Let us repeat Nicholas of Cusa's perspicacious expression: man, *Deus occasionatus*; his creative action—quasi-creative, rather—once its reality is received, literally *created* as radical and irreducible innovation, is exercised occasionally, and chance is the form of those "occasions" when it is experienced and realized by a free imagination.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

UTTERANCE, SPEECH, AND LANGUAGE

Human life, because it is not a ready-made reality but is always being made, because it is a dramatic, imaginative, projective, and future-oriented reality, is *interpretative*. I have to prelive my life, anticipating it in imagination, and therefore it presents itself to me as "such and such" a life—this one or this one or this one. It is transparent for me, and consequently it is possible only through a theory of itself, which is an ingredient of its own reality, and which we might call *intrinsic theory*. Human life—I have said it many times— is a reality which is possible only if it includes a theory within itself. This interpretation is the way of dealing with the "unrealities" which compose an enormous portion of human reality: images, memories, anticipations, projects, the future as such. And this is the root of the "uttering" structure of human life: I cannot live except by uttering, to begin with to myself. But since man is originally—and not adventitiously or secondarily—a social being, utterance to myself is neither sufficient nor primary: it is a question of utterance to others—and this utterance "contracts" on occasion to "myself," in what Husserl called the functioning of meanings in "the solitary life of the soul."

Ortega's great discovery was to take the theory of language back to this more radical phenomenon of *utterance*. This is a quality or requisite which we discover when we analyze what my life is, and consequently it belongs automatically to the reality of life and the study of it corresponds to the analytical or universal theory of human life; I have written about it on other occasions, especially in *Reason and Life* and *The Idea of Metaphysics*. Biographical life is possible only through utterance, that is, by indicating or pointing out—*dicere*, *δείκνυμι* (*deíknymi*)—"making manifest" or "uncovering," placing in *alétheia* or truth. To utter is to show or make patent *in any form*: with a pointing finger—the *index* finger; with the glance, with a gesture, with the voice, with a word, with a caress, with a threat; also, of course, with what is called "the inner word" or *verbum mentis*, with what I utter to myself.

Now, the fact that man *speaks*, that he has *language*, is something else and belongs to another plane of reality. Language is the phonetic and auditive form of utterance, possible because human life has a certain empirical structure. It implies that man is an "aerial" animal—the auditive system of aquatic animals is extremely deficient—with a certain anatomical structure, with very specific vocal and acoustic organs, arranged around that muscle which we call the *tongue*. Utterance pertains to human life as such, to its necessary and universal structure which is the subject of analytical theory; but language does not: it pertains to the empirical structure which that life in fact possesses. If you prefer, we will say that it is a determination of *man*, and therefore a subject for anthropology.

Finally, the fact that language takes the form of tongues or *languages*—that is, forms "proper" to each society—pertains to the historico-social reality of human life, and its study is rooted in a sociology. Tongues or languages are social *usages*. In my inaugural speech in the Royal Spanish Academy, "The Historical and Social Reality of Linguistic Usage" (1965), I pointed out the difference between these three realities and studied the last of them in detail.* Here, what interests us primarily is the second level, in virtue of which that structure of biographical life which we call man includes language among its determinations; that is, the form of utterance which consists in speaking and listening, and secondarily in writing and reading. We must "root" this determination in that universal requisite of life which we call utterance, and we must also see that human speech is historically and socially diversified into languages, each of which is the concrete form assumed by *linguistic installation.* In other words, the anthropological reality of language is fully intelligible only *from* its metaphysical root in utterance and *toward* its social concretion in languages.

Human life occurs in speaking form. Self-absorption—man's most characteristic quality—has a verbal character: when I say that I am "sunk in thought," I am literally among my words, uttering to myself. It is another matter whether or not those words are adequate, whether everything I utter to myself is in words or can be formulated in words. But this also happens with external and communicative words: Ortega saw very clearly that all utterance is simultaneously deficient and excessive or exuberant, that one always utters both less and more than what one "means." Intimate utterance, talking to oneself, is no exception. The fact that thought—at least the bulk of it—is primarily and normally verbal and does not operate with another sort of sign, which in principle could occur, implies an essential duality which in fact affects language. I mean that while a visual communication stays entirely in the ambit of vision and is an exclusively optical phenomenon, language is a motive reality on the part of the transmitter and an auditive one on the part of the receiver. I speak with my tongue and hear with my ear. This means that

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the linguistic fact establishes a cycle within my own corporeality, sets two different functions in motion, and introduces a division into the solitary language of thought. Since thinking is thinking with words—I repeat, though thinking is not done only with words—when I think I both speak to myself and listen to myself, I function as two things—transmitter and receiver which coincide in *me*—I utter to myself, in essential *selfhood* and *dialogue* at one and the same time. Solitary speech takes the form of intrinsic company.

But the most proper function of speech, communication between different persons, determines certain forms of installation and "living-with" owing to its acoustic quality. The word is transmitted and has a limited range: it is heard at a certain distance and not beyond that distance. "Near" and "far away" have a linguistic meaning; and the graduation of intensity of the voice permits establishment of a series of circles of "living-with," from the extreme intimacy of words whispered into the ear to the maximum range of the powerful or stentorian voice. (And here we have a particularly clear case of the way in which empirical structure is permanent but in principle variable: technology, with microphones and loudspeakers maintaining physical presence, with telephones and radio transmitters making that presence unnecessary, reintroducing it in the form of actual vision by means of television, has profoundly altered the original, "natural" conditions of verbal communication.)

The fact that sound waves are not propagated in a straight line, like light, but concentrically, creates a surrounding auditive "ambit" without privileged directions (or hardly privileged, according to the positions of the organs of transmission and reception of the voice). We can speak and listen in any direction, if distance permits, in light or in darkness. This last factor, however, is not strictly true, to the degree that certain linguistic forms are not entirely auditive. Rather, the voice is strongly supported by expression and gesture, as is the case of many primitive peoples, who can scarcely understand each other with words alone, without seeing each other or gesticulating. Even among Occidental peoples, dependence on gesture is much greater among Latins than among speakers of German or English.

On the other hand, the fact that the voice is intimately linked with expression of the state of mind or temper means that linguistic communication is subtly altered by affective and expressive elements. And the fact that the voice is transmitted in one direction and in principle has a recipient—and not a mere receiver; the receiver can very well not be a recipient, as when I overhear something being said to another person—gives it a strictly vectorial quality. This is what Karl Bühler has expressed so admirably in his brilliant *Theory of Language*, which I translated into Spanish twenty years ago, when he distinguished the three functions of language: expression (*Ausdruck*), appellation (*Appell*), and representation or meaning (*Darstellung*).

To the degree that it is visual, thought—*noeîn* or *noûs* for the Greeks—is or can be "instantaneous"; one of its possibilities is "synopsis," in which everything is seen together and at the same time. But what can be seen all at once can only be expressed consecutively. Speaking and listening, owing to their auditive quality, are forms of successivity and are affected by temporality. Language has to say things one after the other, it occupies time and, what is more serious, passes; it is impossible to turn back to what has been said, so long as it is only said. This characteristic of language bears a disquieting resemblance to the condition of life itself, and we may well ask how a form of utterance that was not linguistic, and did not have this resemblance to biographical flow, would affect life.

Naturally, man wishes to "retain" or salvage what he has said or what has been said to him; its survival in his memory is affected by an essential transformation. Because memory is selective, it is by that very token interpretative; moreover, its inherent quality of abbreviation—for one can only remember by condensing or reducing to a pattern, or suppressing large portions of what is remembered, for otherwise it would take up too much time, and memory would "displace" actual life—introduces a new category, decisive in all historical knowledge and in all recollection of what has been experienced or uttered; *the memorable*. Rhyme, the count of feet or syllables—meter or measure—melody, song, are the auditive forms of recollection, of the conservation of utterance. The view which man has of his individual and collective past is conditioned by audition: man "sees" himself according to the way he "hears" himself—or hears others.

The interrelationship of the two "senses," hearing and sight, sight as the sense of world or worldhood, hearing as the sense of language and consequently of utterance—that is, of interpretation—conditions the structure of projection and, in consequence, the structure of all human life. Imagine what a form of life would be like in which interpretation and communication were visual, hence permanent and in principle "synoptic," not transitory but always available.

Do we have to imagine it? The need to preserve utterance, the desirability of making use of what has been uttered, have caused technology to invent writing and reading. And this has introduced visuality into language; its original structures have been altered, a system of interpretive optical connections has been established, the past has been accumulated and stored in forms which are unimaginable from the natural viewpoint and in the end have become overwhelming. Modern man is literally buried in his written words, to which he can "return" whenever he wishes, were it not for the fact that their very bulk makes this difficult. And he lives in a world of visual signs, which "speak" to the eyes what in principle would have to be uttered to the ears, as well as many things which cannot be said to the ears, or at least not in the form of simultaneity. That is, technology has caused a transformation of the empirical structure, and not in a manner which we could call "external" or marginal, but in the very nucleus of its interpretative—and therefore biographical—substance.

But at this point a disquieting thought breaks in. Technical possibilities have been discovered for the preservation, repetition, and actualization of past utterance in auditive form: today the techniques of the phonograph, gramophone, and especially the tape recorder permit the perpetuation of sound as such, and therefore of *speech*, without changing it into writing. What is happening is that, by a colossal historical "chance"—so colossal that its chance quality becomes problematical—these techniques have come late in history, many thousands of years after the invention of writing. If these techniques had been possible before, it is very likely that language would have been preserved and kept available as auditive language, as an acoustical phenomenon, without being "translated" into a system of visual signs. One can imagine the change in individual and collective human life if this had been the case: the structure of human life would be essentially different, there would be other mechanisms of communication. The storage of news, doctrines, feelings, and so on would have a completely different character and would be used in different ways; thought, which today is enormously *visual but symbolic*, would be so only to a minimal degree. If to this we add the function of our present-day reproduction and preservation of images, of the visual as such, who could guess what form life would have adopted had it passed from a primitive state, with elementary techniques—human life is always to some degree technical—to the techniques of the twentieth century, instead of passing through writing for long, decisive centuries. However, visual signs and symbols whose meaning is auditive—words—offer in simultaneous availability what in natural form is a temporal, successive, and fleeting event. This is the world of writing and reading, the form in which most of human utterance in fact takes place. This is the real form of Western man's, especially modern man's, linguistic installation, and to an increasing degree. And there has obviously been a turning point in our time: we are beginning to have a different linguistic installation, one which is going to change the way man lives in his present and past circumstance, and one which in consequence is projected toward the future.

For centuries European and American men—and in lesser degree men in general—have passed a large part of their lives reading and writing: from road signs to telephone books or railroad timetables, or from newspapers to books of philosophy and poetry. Reading and writing are ambiguous operations, primarily visual ones, but operations in which what is "seen" are sounds—words of a particular language or signs which are "pronounced" and also become words, like numbers, for example. In the past few decades man has been constantly assailed by images and sounds (or the combination of both). Reading and writing become complementary resources of the primary operations of seeing and hearing, which in their turn escape the age-old demand for *presence*. To see and hear, we need not have what is seen and heard *here* (or nearby); it does not even have to exist. When we hear a phonograph record, still more when we see a motion picture in which the actor who plays one of the roles has died, his presence, his figure, his voice and his utterance are experienced at the present moment by the spectator as if that man were still with us, though he is nowhere in this world. It will be said that we are dealing only with images; but since, in fact, real communication with a living man—over the telephone, on radio or television—has this same indiscernible quality and is effective as vital, real communication, a strange "homogenization" of the real and the unreal, the present and the past, is inexorably produced, and this alters to an incredible degree what we call installation.

Since our social usages and psychic habits come from the previous world and the new linguistic installation has not become consolidated, we consider these changes to be marginal and feel that we can still "assimilate" them and bring them into the traditional structure of things. But imagine what is going to happen within a few more decades, as soon as the population of the world is composed of people who have been born into the situation I am describing. Forms of intellection will be different, probably less rigorous and more emotional. Reading permits a systematic comprehension of a "text" which is present in its entirety and does not change, which can be "gone over" and repeated at the rhythm the reader chooses. By contrast, except for the presence of the author's person in his *style*—relived in imagination by the reader—the written text is "depersonalized." In hearing, successivity prevents the hearer from retaining what he hears, except in the precarious form of memory. Repetition becomes difficult—and intrinsically bothersome; it is the analogue of rereading, for it does violence to the irreversible quality of elocution and audition. A certain vagueness or unmanageableness is characteristic of the normal manner of understanding speech: what is spoken "does not count" because at most it can be repeated, also in an oral form, a fleeting and evanescent form, and is never "there." Despite all artificial techniques, the old Latin saying continues to be true: *verba volant*, "words fly." On the other hand, the personality of the person who is speaking comes home to us in an immediate way, not only through style but especially in something which more than anything else reveals the temper of life: voice, rhythm, the "tone" of speaking. How a man feels, and what his state of mind is, shine through in the phenomenon of speech. And when a man speaks, he not only "utters," but utters to *someone*: the receiver becomes an authentic recipient, and utterance becomes, on both sides, a *personal matter*.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

HAPPINESS, A NECESSARY IMPOSSIBILITY

The world in which we live always has a *tonality*. Because of it, to find oneself in the world is to find oneself "well" or "ill." When this finding oneself well or ill affects, not some particular content of life, but life itself, then we can speak of *happiness*. I have said life itself, and not "life as a whole," because the whole of life is in fact problematical and perhaps would turn out to be incompatible with happiness. Pleasure is always pleasure of the moment; I feel pleasure *now*, in this moment which I want to make last forever, as Nietzsche knew. Happiness (or unhappiness, of course) tends to affect futurition. "I am happy" primarily means "I am being happy," which implies a projective continuity: "I am going to be happy." (Or, conversely, I am going to become unhappy. The Spanish writer "Azorín" wrote a prodigiously clairvoyant page on this subject in *Doña Inés*.)

If we consider the repercussions which the structure of life has on happiness—or, if you prefer, on how happiness functions within the structure of life—we encounter a paradoxical situation, which can be summed up as follows: man is the being who needs to be happy and cannot be so. Aspiration to happiness is unrenounceable, because it coincides with the aspiration which constitutes our life. It is, to begin with, the realization of the aspiration; consequently, every aspiration is an aspiration to happiness; and therefore, instead of "flowing" normally, like biological life, it has a coefficient of success or failure which varies at every moment. Man feels himself successively at a certain "level" of realization of his aspiration, at a certain altitude of happiness. Hence it must be measured in view of two magnitudes: the reality and the aspiration. Its number is not a whole number but a fraction, in which the numerator is the degree of happiness attained and the denominator what is aspired to; the value of the fraction is independent of *each* of these numbers; it depends on their relationship. This explains the fact that a life which achieves a high proportion of happiness may perhaps consider itself unhappy, while a much more modest content of happiness can produce an impression of satisfaction, depending on whether the denominator is larger or smaller. What I have called "median happiness" in a society is a problem of level; but let us not forget that, in vital questions, level means *the level from which one lives.*

To the degree that happiness is the realization of aspiration, we would have to say that *all life is happy*, or that one lives in the element of happiness. But to the extent that the aspiration is never sufficiently realized, happiness appears to be impossible. Still more: even supposing that I were always to choose correctly and that the circumstance always allowed me to carry out my projects, since I cannot carry out more than one of the possible trajectories of my life, and several of these are at every moment desired and desirable, all choice or preference is a delaying or setting-aside of what I would *also* like to be and do. This makes happiness intrinsically impossible for structural reasons. If in one sense it is true that all life is happy, in another perspective we would have to say that *the best of all possible lives is not happy*. This means that life is perpetual, inexorable *dissatisfaction*; but as soon as we have said this we realize that this means that satisfaction is inherent in life, that life moves in the element of satisfaction. (Elsewhere in my works, in *Reason and Life*, in my essay "Human

Happiness: World and Paradise," included in *Essays on Theory*, in *The Image of Human Life*, and especially in Chapter V of *The Social Structure*, I have developed a theory of happiness from the point of view of the individual human life and collective or social life. Here I need not repeat what I have said in other books, but will return to the subject in a strictly anthropological perspective.)

Happiness is always installation: when I am happy, I feel that I am "in" happiness. But since human life is made up of instability and successivity, that happiness is by definition a fleeting and faulty installation: it is the reason for the constituent *restlessness* of life. We might say that man feels himself to be continually installed in "little presents," in "moments" (not instants) in which he finds that he is happy. Carrying this intuition to its ultimate consequences, the Greeks did not dare to say of any living man that he was happy, for that can never be known; only at the end of life, when it is over, can we say that he has been happy. Modern Western man wants to look forward to happiness, wants to "possess" it; but then it presents itself to him in the form of "for the moment everything is going well." The vital structure of emplacement means that happiness is experienced in installments or, if you prefer, on credit—credentially—for we count on it only precariously.

But the decisive factor is that human life, which has multiple dimensions, which is *mehrseitig* or "many-sided," nevertheless consists in a unitary operation, and happiness is related to this; that is, to life *itself*. This seems to make it much more difficult and improbable, but everything human has its obverse and its reverse. One can be happy in the midst of considerable suffering (just as one can be unhappy in a state of well-being or amid pleasures). We can understand this better if we resort to a comparison with certainty. I am always certain with respect to many things, I have innumerable partial certainties, but I can nevertheless be in a state of *radical* uncertainty and not know what to hold to. Conversely, if I have that radical certainty, if I know what to hold to with respect to the reality and meaning of my life, this does not imply that I have particular certainties with respect to the contents of life. I can be surrounded by uncertainties, my life can be an inexhaustible catalogue of questions, doubts, or particular ignorances. Similarly, happiness is related to *my life* in its totality, no matter what the suffering, unpleasantness, or threats that compose its content may be.

Happiness is that to which we say "yes," that with which we coincide, which we feel as our inexorable reality, without which we are not ourselves. But to bring it into existence requires the positive *response* of that which we feel as our most proper vocation; without a favorable response from the circumstance, we cannot be really, presently happy, though in all cases the imaginary trajectory of our happiness can be traced. When this happens, the expansion of our own programmatic, projective reality takes place; the vectors which make up our life, at least the "resultant" vector which is our radical vocation, reach their target. Then happiness *occurs*, it touches or affects us, fills us; when the arrows reach their goal, installation is full to running over, time seems to stop, to cease flowing, and we get a whiff of eternity, precisely because time keeps on flowing without stopping, like water in the eddy of a river.

The structure of reality is naturally the conditioning factor of happiness. It has dramatic structure, like all of life, and man's age-old mirage has been to imagine happiness by stripping it of that intrinsic condition of life. Disjunction, emergence, fugacity, duration, futurition, are conditions of that which we call living, and happiness must adjust itself to them. If man wishes to be happy, he must be happy in these conditions and under these conditions, not by trying to escape from those demands. The replacement of the world by Paradise is man's most dangerous temptation with regard to his happiness. In the name of the lost Paradise, he allows possible happiness in this world to elude him. This is why there has usually been a static and non-dramatic idea of happiness, rather than a plotlike one. Happiness, in this world—and, I believe, in the next world as well—must be dramatic and plotlike; not a "state," but an installation from which one projects vectorially. That is why I said that happiness *occurs*: it is not simply "there" nor is one in it, nor, strictly speaking, can one "be" happy, but one is *in a state of being happy*, especially when one is about to be happy.

Human needs, whose attainment seems to assure happiness or make it possible, are that in which the truth of life—of each life—consists, that with which man finds himself identified in his unsubornable core; because happiness cannot be deceived. Man's most frequent reaction in order to assure happiness in the face of threat and insecurity is renunciation, simplification of the project. (There have been doctrines and whole eras which have made renunciation and simplification the *method* of happiness.) This may perhaps assure "well-being" or comfort or absence of pain, or its mitigation, but its effect is precisely *to eliminate happiness*. Quite the contrary, it is necessary to *complicate the project* so that it will correspond to the complex structure of reality, simultaneously reinforcing its projective unity. One must project in several directions, at different levels, *unitarily*. It will be said that this is not easy; quite true, but nobody has said that it is easy to live; indeed, living is the hardest thing there is.

The decisive point is that happiness is not different from the reality of human life. It might seem that one first "is" and then is or is not happy. This is not true. The fundamental reason is the *neediness* of life, which we discussed at length above. Man is indigent and insufficient; his life consists in *needing*—both what he lacks and what he has—in order to be *himself*. Selfhood is nourished from otherness—and also, of course, alienness: once more, I am I and my circumstance, and that circumstance is, quite as much as "the other," "others." Hence, the "self-sufficient" man constructs a vacuum of himself. Here we again encounter—repetitions are inevitable in philosophy, for it is systematic, circular, or better still spiral in form, and at each turn we find the same themes at different levels—chance, inseparable from the aspiration and realization of happiness. The necessity for chance—an apparently paradoxical formula—is the form of life as circumstantial trajectory. The strange mixture of both ingredients is what we call destiny, on condition that we do not understand it in the perspective of things, but as personal destiny, which is not intelligible without the freedom that governs—or tries to govern—that mutually hostile pair, chance-necessity. Destiny, freely accepted but not chosen—that is, I choose that it be "my" destiny, I "adopt" it, but I do not choose its content—is my vocation, and the reality of that vocation is what we call happiness.

In one of its dimensions, human life is the *humanization* of the world. The mere circumstance, the repertory of facilities and difficulties, becomes a system of possibilities and impossibilities when projects are projected upon them; that new projective and interpreted reality is what can be called, strictly speaking, "world." And this world is, in the literal etymological sense, a *dwelling* (Latin *vivenda*), those things with which and in which a person lives and makes his life. In Spanish this word (*vivienda*) has emphasized the second element, the moment of "in"; but note that the *place* in which one lives is not described as a "vivienda" when it is purely natural—a wood or a plain or an island—but when it is the result of an act of humanization: the abode, the house, made by man's hands or at least imagined and adopted as such: the cave, for example. That is, man makes his dwelling, at least he makes it be a dwelling, by interpreting it. On the other hand, Spanish has another word from the same root, *vianda*, which means "food," "viands"; that is, what one lives with from a nutritional point of view; and it is interesting that the primary meaning of "viands" is prepared foods and not natural ones. Many years ago, in *Reason and Life* (1947), I said that "man is the only animal that prepares his food, the only cooking animal; even in the event of his having food available, it generally appears to him to be unusable just as it is. He projects upon it the image of something as yet non-existent—the cooked food—in the name of which he 'denies' it and declares it to be inedible; and then, postponing his eating, he replaces the present food by the absent and imaginary one: the raw animal flesh, which would be capable of nourishing him, by the projected roast, which in the beginning did not exist. In this attitude of man, who *waits* until the roast of meat is done—that is, who decides not to eat what is available on the spot, to later eat something that does not exist except in his imagination—is displayed one of the radical modes of human behavior." In his abode and with the viands he has prepared, in a circumstance "reabsorbed" and humanized by projects, changed into a world, making a pattern out of chance occurrences in order to incorporate them to a form of life, man, out of his imaginary unreality, keeps on trying to be real, and he calls this happiness.

This becoming real is usually understood as possession of reality; but possession is an extraordinarily obscure concept. Literally, it means "to be able to sit down" (*possessio*, from *possidere*); it is, then, a perfect metaphor, which can be applied only very allusively to the majority of things which we possess or think we possess. I believe that the problem of possession would have to be posed from the viewpoint of various aspirations: to what do we aspire with regard to things, and especially to persons? We speak of possessing land, cattle, houses, movable goods, money. We also speak of possessing a painting, an academic title or a title of nobility, a language, a science, a skill, a faculty, such as a good memory. We call "possession" what the Bible calls "knowledge"; that is, the sexual relationship with a woman. We speak of our fellow man by calling him "mine"; or, finally, we speak of diabolic possession: we say of someone that he is "possessed," and figuratively that he is possessed by a passion or a vehemently willed project.

The decisive factor is the difference between persons and all the rest. And since persons, because they are corporeal—a corporal someone—are also things, they can be treated as things, moreover they have to be treated as things; the ambiguity of this is a permanent threat. Happiness is always personal, it affects us as persons; hence, a safe criterion to see if we are dealing with others as things or persons is to see what we are demanding and obtaining from them. If we treat them as things they will give us use, service, or pleasure; if we treat them as persons they can give us happiness. But the personal factor is precisely what cannot be possessed. (Along this line it would be valuable to attempt an anthropological study of slavery, which would shed unexpected light on the forms of human life in different societies. We would see that the man who tries to possess a person "thingifies" himself, as much as the person possessed, by doing so.)

This bent for possession has led to the concepts of identity and identification or fusion, which range from carnal love to mysticism, and for many centuries have beclouded the comprehension of human relationships. Vectorial projection toward something "assimilates" with it the person who projects himself, and either thingifies or personalizes him. Very acutely, the Spanish language says of a person that he is "metalized." The person who radically projects himself in the pursuit of money acquires its characteristics; he really is metalized, changed into metal, with a texture similar to that of this reality, and in consequence depersonalized. And the zeal for possession leads to alienation: the metalized man is the man who does not possess himself, but is possessed by the money he yearns to possess.

The fundamental question is: what do we want from persons? The simplification of patterns makes us forget the richness of the different possible vectors. It has always pained me to think that all languages are limited to half-a-dozen or a dozen words to designate everything that one person can feel about another, claim from another. While the vocabulary of agriculture, livestock breeding, hunting, war, games, is abundant, minute, inexhaustible, that of personal living-together is incredibly clumsy. And since language offers the model for the first interpretation of life, the linguistic prison almost stifles the freedom of personal relationships. We are not sure what we *want* from each person—and in fact we do not claim it and do not achieve it—because we have no word to give it a name.

I believe that, to balance the metaphor of possession, we would have to attempt another of a different sign: *effusion.* Through effusion we pour ourselves out, empty ourselves, toward something or someone. It is our innerness, our intimateness in the highest degree, which is poured out; it is what we have or are, our assets or substance. And this would lead us to the paradox of "effusive possession." Without effusion what one "has" cannot be possessed, just as one cannot bite if one has no teeth. The only possible mode of "possession" of a person is his inclusion in the texture of our own life, which is poured out on that person and envelops him. If I can make another person "mine," it is because, by virtue of effusion, I have incorporated that person into my life, have previously made myself "his." This is the formula of happiness. When I project myself effusively upon reality—and primarily upon personal reality—I give efficacy to my I as aspiration and infuse it with reality. When I say "yes" to that reality and receive its reply, I feel that its chance quality is overcome, precisely because it is absolutely necessary *to me*, and that necessity comes from the fact that in that chance I choose myself and fully come into being. Hence the *gratification* which comes over me, and which is the sentimental halo of that metaphysical relationship we call love. Happiness consists in that unconditional, absolute "yes," free and inexorable, effusive and therefore possessive, made up of giving, joyous and indifferent to any secondary grief, all affirmation and gratification.

But we have seen before that happiness occurs, and this means that it consists in a series of successive emplacements; one can be happy only "in installments," and in Spanish we have a saying that "there is no installment that does not fall due." The future-oriented structure of human life leads from present to present, until death. Let us recall the two radical questions in which, for me, philosophy consists: *Who am I? What is to become of me?* If in the end I must answer the second question with "nothing,"—that is, "nobody"—this annuls the first question and obliges me to give it the same answer. If I die altogether, at some point everything will cease to matter to me; therefore it is a question of waiting. Nothing really matters, therefore nothing *is worth doing.*

And if this is true, no one can be happy except in the measure that he can provisionally forget death. Happiness would be, in the end, a cheat. We must get used to calling things by their name. Now, death is an ingredient of human life; life appears to us affected by mortality, threatened by it at every instant, called to it. Death makes happiness impossible, illusory, deceptive; but happiness is necessary, for it is the very reality of life. Death means, therefore, the inner emptiness of life, its annulment. But where is death? "Out there," everywhere; yes, but this is true only of the death of others, of someone else. My death is nowhere, because I am living. It appears "in" my life, rooted in it; I have to try to understand it from the viewpoint of life. If my life is radical reality, only it can reckon with radicated realities; one of those realities, no matter how unique it may be, though it seems to consist in life's end and its destruction, is death. Human death belongs to the empirical structure of human life; we must seek its place in an anthropology not unworthy of the name.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

HUMAN MORTALITY

Mortality is so clearly a determination of the human condition that for thousands of years the word "mortal" has meant "man." In Greek, θνητός (*thnetós*) and especially βροτός (*brotós*) and the adjective, βρότειος (*bróteios*), are opposed to θεός (*theós*), which means "immortal," *ámbrotos* (from which *ambrosía* derives); *brotós* is originally **mbrotós*, in a few cases *mortós*, where we can see the same Indo-European root that we find in *morior*, *mors*, the Spanish *morir* and *muerte*. *Brotoí*, "mortals," are simply men—not animals—as contrasted to the immortal gods. The same is true in Latin: *mortales* are "men," the adjective *mortalis* often means "human," *mortalia* means "human things," human affairs, *mortalitas* is certainly "mortality," the mortal condition, but also humanity as a whole, the totality of men. Likewise, *thánatos* and *mors* are said primarily of men, like the corresponding verbs, and are applied only in a figurative or metaphorical sense to animals, plants, and inanimate things which wear out or perish. On the other hand, it is interesting to observe the frequency with which the word *thánatos* means "judicial death," the death penalty and its execution—one of the extreme cases in which death appears in its full biographical significance. One is condemned to death, and this death appears as a strictly biographical and personal content, which may not be obvious in violent or accidental or merely natural death.

What do the terms "mortal" and "mortality" mean? To begin with, that one "can" die. Man is conditioned by that possibility, which threatens him at every instant. Man's corporeal condition, his vulnerable, destructible quality, expose him to the risk of death. My reality is threatened by a thousand contingencies; I am "exposed" to death as a contingency (something that can "touch" me), as an eventuality; death can occur to me (*occurrere*, to go out to meet), it can "befall" me (accident). This would be quite enough for me to have to *take death into account*. But this expression in Spanish (*contar con*) has two meanings: to keep in mind, and to have available. If I take into account the possibility of death as risk, accident, or eventuality, that is, if I am to keep it in mind or include it in my plans, it is available to me as need, certainty, and inevitability, as a firm and constituent ingredient of my life. "Mortality" does not mean only that one "can" die, but, moreover, that one "must" die. The combination of both these points of view—one can die at any moment, one must die sometime—is the real mortality of man, unsurpassably expressed in the old formula *mors certa, hora incerta.*

That man "can" die becomes obvious simply by thinking about it; but how does he know that he "must" die? By experience, you will say. All men have died. All? All but the living; today there are more than three billion "exceptions" on earth. If it were a question only of knowledge based on experience, would we be sure? Do not those innumerable living men, those who have not "yet" died, introduce a doubt, an uncertainty, a hope? Let us admit that now, with an exceedingly long historical past behind us, surrounded by memories, living beside immense and ever-growing cemeteries, experimental knowledge of the fact of death can counterbalance the existence of the living. In remote historical periods, when the known and "present" dead were much fewer than the living, that single method would not have provoked such absolute certainty of mortality, to the point of its being identified with humanity.

The possibility of dying is extrinsic to life; its necessity has to be an intrinsic quality. Only if man discovers mortality *in* his life, within it, will he feel, not only *mortalis*, but what is more serious, *moriturus*. I do not believe that the Greek and Latin usage of saying "he has lived" (*βεβίωται*, *bebíotai*, *vixit*) for "he has died" is merely euphemistic; I would say that it is biographical. Dying is not simply disappearing, as killing is not primarily "getting rid of." If someone physically disappears or is entirely destroyed as an organism, we will not have the impression that he has "died." We will think it, certainly, but in a rational and non-evidential way; if his corpse is missing, we will feel that his death has been a sleight-of-hand trick. What is the meaning of this? The corpse is the *body*—it is one of the meanings of this word—of the man who was alive. In the presence of the corpse, we find the "remains"—what is left—of him; it is not that there is a man less, that there is "no longer" a man, but that what has happened to that man is that he "has lived"; that is, he has died. The *who* to whom death has happened, who has died, becomes present, in the form of privation, in the corpse. The dead man is, as we say in Spanish, "present in body"—although his I, his who, is absent. The destruction and ultimate disappearance of the corpse is unimportant; it is necessary only so that man will have truly died, so that his death will have been consummated, and that death will be followed—at least for us—by his absence and disappearance.

That is why we are troubled by the person who dies in his sleep, in a coma, under anaesthesia; to die is to "become dead," and in such cases the "becoming" is lacking. The man who dies has lived his last moment, and we do not find him here; we have to go back to the last moment when he was really alive, before he went to sleep or was anaesthetized or lost consciousness; that was the last moment of his biographical life, though nobody knew it, though it was not the end of his biological life. That is, that death is "outside" his biography (literally at a distance from it, from its end). The fascination produced in us by the death penalty undoubtedly proceeds from the fact that in this case dying assumes a maximum, wholly biographical quality—and also, in another sense, the fascination of suicide; but in this last case the situation is perturbed by other elements—and this is why anaesthetizing the condemned man has never been permitted, despite all desires for "humaneness," because this dissipates the quality of "penalty"—a strictly personal reality—in capital punishment. The animal is not executed; he is eliminated or exterminated or got rid of, unless a certain degree of "personalization" is exercised with regard to him. The best-known and most interesting case is the fighting bull, who is killed "ritually," but not in the form of a sacrifice; for the rite of sacrifice is connected with the divinity who is being sacrificed to, not with the sacrificed animal. In the bullfight the rite is connected with the bull himself, within a historico-social context which confers upon him a strange, inhuman kind of "personalization." Compare the significance of killing a bull in the ring with that of killing an ox in the slaughterhouse; in the first case, the bull must *die* in a certain form, in a battle, in accordance with rules; in the second, it is a question of carrying out a mechanical operation as a result of which the animal, the living organism, becomes "meat."

Before man can be *moriturus*—"he who must die"—death has to become lodged in his biography, and has to acquire within that biography, not merely a place, but a necessary position. And this means a significance. The problem of "meaning" is inseparable from human death, and this is revealed in Thornton Wilder's admirable novel *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the bridge of San Luis Rey in the Lima of the Spanish viceroyalty has broken. A handful of persons has died, by chance, at that moment; but when death came to them it had a certain specific function in each of those biographies. In each of them, it "means something"; those deaths are specific human deaths only insofar as they function within the characters' respective lives, conclude and hence interpret them.

If mortality were merely possible, but not necessary, if man were "exposed" to death but not directed toward it, if he were simply mortal but not *moriturus*, he would have to reckon with death as an eventuality, but he would not reckon with it as a condition shaping his life. Hence, death functions in the *detail* of life, especially in everyday life. We know that we can die at any moment, but precisely because it may be at any moment, it is neither necessary nor probable that it be this moment. But the future-oriented structure of human life brings us inexorably to its projection, and this is structured into foregrounds, middle grounds, and backgrounds. Backgrounds? Why? Is an indefinite projection impossible, perchance? Is human life simply and absolutely destined to its end?

Here we make a transition from the general theory of human life to its empirical structure, from life as radical reality to that radicated reality which is man; that is, to an anthropological perspective. It is not *my life* which inexorably debouches in death; it is *the man I am*. Remember that, when we spoke of human time, I said that old age consists in being the *last age*, the age beyond which there is no other. Projection, as it happens—*de facto* but structurally—remits me to the mortality internal to my life, to what I call biographical mortality. I discover myself as necessarily mortal, as *moriturus*, when I project my life biographically. That is why the innumerable "exceptions" represented by the living—three and a half billion according to the latest statistics—do not introduce the slightest uncertainty into my conviction of human mortality, do not leave the smallest chink for hope. We living men are alive because we have not died "yet," but the structure of futurition combined with the process of growing old, which means the existence of a last age, leads us toward death. And, when the centenarian is dead, we have the impression that his victorious "resistance to death" has been in the last instance useless, and that "by now" it is just the same as if he had died in infancy or youth; for he is "just as dead" now as if that had happened.

An elementary loyalty obliges us to recognize this; but if loyalty is complete, it will lead us to realize other biographical facts of the opposite sign, which are no less manifest and true. For the fact is that death always appears as affected by a certain "unreality"; no matter how closely it threatens and attacks us, we never quite manage to take it seriously. In the first place, because of the dominant and habitual belief that death is not "our thing," and which explains that air of returning to true reality with which the survivors go home after attending a burial. Their dealings with death seem like a parenthesis after which they return to true reality, in the real world, which is that of the living. It does not matter that, when we visit the cemetery, we reflect that within fifty years —to make it certain, within a hundred years—the whole city of the living will be there; this flight of imagination is disqualified by the full reality of our present life. In the same way, the youth knows that his youth will not last, the young girl who looks at her flowering beauty in the mirror is well aware that in a few decades it will have faded; but at the moment it is so real, and her youth is obstinate; old age is a long way off, and she could not bring it closer even if she would.

That is, all the *certainty* of death does not prevent it from being *unreal*, non-existent. I find *in my life*—a radical reality—the image, anticipation, threat, certitude, of death. I discover in my life, in its empirical structure, its orientation toward mortality; but all this takes place in life and must be interpreted from life. "Mortalism," which tries to reduce life to death simply because it is "certain," does violence to the reality of things and turns the true perspective upside down. Death is "of life," it is something which happens to life, or better still, something which happens to the man who lives.

What interferes most with the comprehension of human mortality is the difficulty of staying in a strictly biographical perspective, the perspective which systematically defines this study. Death is a biological phenomenon, one that affects animals, in a slightly different sense plants, and in a third and metaphorical sense inanimate realities. Biological death is something relatively understandable—the irreversible interruption of an organism's vital functions, and in the last instance the destruction of that organism as such, its reduction to its material elements. Man's death is *also* biological, it is what we call corporal or psychophysical death. The most obvious temptation is that of reducing human death to corporal or biological death; the second is to infer a different reality in man—his "soul" or "spirit"—a thing or substance, but not a material one, which would not die, which would be "exempt" from death. I believe that both positions are phenomenologically unacceptable, that both are unfaithful to reality as I encounter it, as it in fact presents itself to me.

In the chapter entitled "The Appearance of Man" I arrived at a formula which, if I am not mistaken, gives simultaneous proof of two facts which have been present throughout history: the biological continuity between man and animals and the unbridgeable ontological abyss which separates them. I said that man is *the animal who has a human life*. What makes him human is not to be sought in his organic, biological, or animal characteristics, not even his psychic characteristics, but in his person as a corporal someone, in his life in the sense of biographical life.

This life has a structure which we call "man"; this structure is "closed"; it has a biological cycle which ends, which does not go on happening indefinitely, which concludes with a last age that we call old age. The life *of man*, biographical life in its real empirical structure, must end. When I take possession of what I am as I really am, I discover myself as mortal and, moreover, as *moriturus*. Hence my certainty of death, and the innumerable "exceptions" of the living avail me not at all. In my own biography, when I project myself as the man I am, I encounter my intrinsic mortality.

It is what shapes the trajectory of my life. I project myself in my successive ages, installing myself provisionally in each of them, and then I reach one which is the *last* but which is not definitive: old age. When we say, "one can't go beyond old age," we are encountering the inherent mortality of man; we can neither get past being old nor continue to be old indefinitely. This structure is both limited and closed: that is why it ends in the black hole of death. And it is on the basis of this condition that we must confront life in its entirety, and more specifically the subject of happiness.

But, after stating as precisely and energetically as possible what we have just observed, we cannot stop here. For *my life*, insofar as it is radical reality, is not "reduced" to any of its structures, but is itself the structure that accounts for them all. "Man," the empirical structure of human life, is a closed structure; but *my life*, that is, I as a person, is an *open* structure. To live is to project, imagine, anticipate; it means to *go on* projecting, imagining, and anticipating. I am inexorably future-oriented, given over to the future; there is no intrinsic reason whatsoever why the plotlike projection of my life should be exhausted (what is exhausted is the "story line" of my biological and psychophysical life when it reaches the last age).

Corporal, inexorable death is not *my* death. Let us leave aside the question of whether it may be the "cause" of my death, whether that corporal death can bring about my death. It is "another" death, numerically different, and it occurs for purely physical or biological reasons or even for "biographical" reasons insofar as they affect empirical structure—for anthropological reasons, we might say. This explains that "disqualification" of death as something after all unreal, which we make when we confront the death of another. That disqualification is executed *from life*, from a much more radical level of reality. Death is something that happens "to me," in my life.

It will be said that we are talking about the death of others. Certainly; moreover, we are discussing the death of "just anybody," of someone who is not unequivocally presented to me as a person. The death of a person who is radically a person to me—especially the beloved person, who is all person—is unintelligible and, in a certain sense, unbelievable. When Gabriel Marcel says, "*Toi que j'aime, tu ne mourras pas*," ("you whom I love will not die"), he is expressing this same intuition in an executive and convivential form. *Personal death* is wholly unintelligible from the point of view of biology, because *I* am absolutely irreducible to my body—as absolutely as I am corporeal.

And this disposes of the second temptation. It is not that there is a "part" or element in man which does not die, which is "exempt" from death. Death is something that happens *to me*. Biographical death means that *I die*. Death cannot be eluded, cannot be escaped; it is not a question of abandoning corporeality as the snake sheds its skin, and escaping intact toward other worlds. Quite the opposite: the condition of the existence of death is that it happens; that is, that it happens to *someone*, and this someone—*I*, *thou*—dies indeed.

Now we understand the crux of the problem: we do not know what it is to die, because we interpret it from outside my life. The death of someone else seems intelligible to us because we do not even try to *understand* it, and we do not need to understand in order to deal with it. When we deal in terms of statistics, insurance, hospitals, burials, cemeteries, this is not understanding death, but failing to understand it. The most terrible thing about the death penalty is that we do not know what it is, we do not know "what" the man who is sentenced and put to death is being condemned to. It is not a question of "hurting" him, or of "destroying" him, or of "getting rid" of him; it is a question of making him *die*, personally and biographically, and we do not know what this is.

The last question to be posed, the question without which we do not know what to hold to, is precisely this: what does it mean to "die"? Only thus will we be able to ask ourselves the decisive question: *what is to become of me?* And only with this question, in inexorable conflict with it, will the other question acquire meaning: *who am I?*

CHAPTER THIRTY

DEATH AND PROJECT

If we want to understand death from the perspective of human life—biographically, that is, not as a "thing" or an event affecting things—let us think for a moment about what we might call the "analogies" of death, those forms of reality in which the fact of personal death comes home to us.

The analogical form of *someone else's* death, when it is a question of a person and not an organism, is *absence*; and the form of "happening" of death when it is "shared" (an essential contradiction in terms: death cannot be shared, it is not possible to "live with" the person who dies, and one cannot "die with" him, therefore everyone dies in solitude) is *farewell*. When someone goes away, or when I go away, that someone no longer "is" for me, he is no longer with me; and when we say goodbye, at the moment of farewell a form of "living-with" is summarized and recapitulated at the same time as it is "broken"; this means that the projects which had arisen out of that living-with are interrupted.

Let us suppose that it is a question of a beloved person, a necessary condition for absence to be really present as a form of life, not mere separation between persons. A person is really absent when I "miss" that person (in Spanish, *echar de menos*, from the Portuguese *achar menos*, "to find not there"), when he "shines by his absence," not simply when he is not here. It is then that farewell becomes a personal reality, something that affects me in my biography, that introduces a discontinuity into it. The decisive point is that love persists or subsists. I continue to love the absent person, who is no longer with me; in the extreme case, I am still *in love* with that person; that is, she (or he) continues to form part of my reality, and precisely the most intimate and fundamental part of it: my vital project.

Let us imagine that that person dies during my absence; perhaps I do not learn of it, and then nothing changes in my biography, at least for the moment. If I do find out, what comes between that person and me is "the news" (which might not have reached me), and love persists. On the other hand, that news might possibly be false, yet its biographical effects would be the same. In any case, death will mean that I am linked to that person in a different way, that my projects with regard to her or him will have changed, that I imagine that person in another "place"—in another life, or in the future, or only in the past—but the *personal* content remains whole and intact, it has been saved—that is what the words "save" and "salvation" mean. Fifty years ago, in an essay in *The Spectator*, Ortega analyzed marvelously what he called "sentimental geometry," the way of living a place, a city for example, when the woman one loves is in it and one can find her there, or when she has gone away and the city has become empty, when it is not brought to life and biographically organized by her presence. This sentimental geometry could be extended to all the forms of being or not-being, including the extreme forms of life and death.

In another context, we again find this discovery by Segismundo in *Life is a Dream*:

. . . I loved
But one—a woman; that was true, I'm sure;
All else is gone, but that will still endure.

Love as personal reality survives absence, even when that absence is rendered irrevocable and irreversible by death.

But we must take a further step. The death of another is not strictly personal, by virtue of that impossibility of "living-with" the person who is dying. This is why—and it is the crux of Unamuno's "personal novel"—"experience" of death is impossible, and it can only be known imaginatively. In its primary and fundamental sense, death is my death, one's own death. What are its "analogues," what are those realities in which it is announced or foreshadowed, which make possible its imaginative apprehension and give meaning to the word "death"? First of all, and daily, sleep, that "frightful image of death," as darkness is the image of nothingness; in exceptional forms, fainting, unconsciousness, deep anesthesia. In all these states the body loses its "transparency"—in sleep, we might say that it continues to be "translucent"—and becomes "opaque"; it does not allow the other-than-I, the circumstance or world, to be present to me through its agency; that is, I am left *alone*. Death appears primarily as *solitude*. In my book *Miguel de Unamuno* I analyzed this interpretation at length; it is founded on the experience of corporal opacity, the annulment of the quality of transparency which is identified with sensorial functions. Death would therefore mean the radical loss of the circumstance, the fading away of the world, at least of *this* world.

Let us take a further step. Although it may not occur instantaneously, death *can* be—and this is sufficient—the total destruction of the body; whether or not its "matter" persists, its somatic structures vanish, or can vanish, entirely. Dying means, therefore, beyond that first element of opacity, the loss of corporeality. Now we must examine carefully the nature of that loss: it is not a question of losing a thing which one has—for I am not limited to "having" a body, as we have seen—rather, "I" am corporeal, though I am not my body, but the body is mine—it is a question of losing the *installation* in which one was. Dying means being expelled from bodily installation; and since worldhood occurs precisely in that form

—that is, I am of the world in the concrete sense that I am so *because* I am corporeal and located corporally in a world which, by that very token, is corporal—that "expulsion" radically alters my worldly installation, and in consequence my circumstantial quality. But since circumstance is an essential ingredient of my reality and I am inconceivable without it—despite all idealism and all surreptitious "realism" of "the soul" —death affects the reality of my life in its radical meaning.

But—someone will say—is it not life that disappears? Does not *everything* end when life ends? If we consider the death of others, we understand it as an event in the world, and to that degree we "thingify" it, strip it of its personal quality of human death. And then we have a sense of certainty which is purely statistical and does not go beyond probability; the three and a half billion "exceptions"—all those men have not died "yet"—acquire their value as such. In any case, we can say that until now men have died, but who knows whether they will continue to do so in the future? The certainty of death—as we have seen—comes from its structural character: I discover *my* mortality in the empirical structure of my life. Consequently, the death which is certain—and not merely probable—is my death, and I have to relate myself to it if I try to place myself in a strictly biographical perspective, the perspective that corresponds to an anthropology in the strict sense, a metaphysical anthropology.

Now, my life is radical reality; death, whatever its ulterior meaning, is "rooted" in it, I encounter death in life's ambit or area and consequently only as expectation, anticipation, imminence, or possibility; in other words, as a "content" of my life, an ingredient of it. This is precisely the *radical* interpretation of death; its interpretation lies in its root, which is my life. Insofar as he can be spoken of as "reality," God is also rooted in my life, and this even though he be the creator of that life: he must appear in my life, reveal himself, be constituted, be found, before I can speak of him in any sense. Analogously, though death may mean the annihilation of my life, I can only encounter it and relate myself to it insofar as it is rooted in the radical reality of my life. Hence I can take different "positions" with respect to death; I can "live" it—strictly speaking, prelive it—in very different ways. In the last chapter of *The Social Structure* I made an analysis—to which I refer the reader—of the four fundamental possibilities in which death can present itself, the result of two perspectives which cross each other: the "cismundane" interpretation and the "transmundane" one—and, within each of these, the "connected" or "unconnected" interpretation of death with life.

The empirical structure of human life—what we call "man"—is "closed," and leads to his mortality. The projective and future-oriented structure of biographical life as such is "open" and plotlike, and in this sense postulates its permanence, its indefinite and unlimited persistence. If "man" is intrinsically mortal, "my life" consists in an aspiration to eternity. Remember the discovery of creation as an ingredient of personal reality at the beginning of this study. Because it is *radical innovation*, irreducible to every other reality, the person—I—appeared to us as a *creature*. Creation, we saw, is the mode of appearance of *new*, underivable and irreducible realities, though we cannot "start off" from the creator, though he is not "available." To the "creature quality" which is inherent in the person as irreducible reality there now corresponds, in the face of death, his *absolutely personal* quality, which is also irreducible to any thing or to all that can happen to things: for example, to my body. The connection which a somatic process—illness, mechanical destruction, biological death, in short—can have with me, with the person that *I* am, is literally *problematical*, just as the biological processes of my parents have a problematical and extrinsic relationship with that personal position which *I* am as an absolutely irreducible third. Descriptively, I discover myself simultaneously as *creature* and as called to survival when I do not look upon myself as a thing but as a projective, arriving person, as a *who* who must articulate himself with a *what* in making his life.

Both aspects of this are found in a strange and obscure expression which appears in St. Paul: *ἀποκαραδοκία τῆς κτίσεως* (*apokaradokía tês ktíseos*), which the Vulgate translates as *expectatio creaturae*, the earnest expectation, hope, or zeal of the creature (Romans 8, 19.) The whole passage, which deserves a long commentary, could be interpreted in an anthropological sense without doing violence to its theological meaning. The verb *ἀποκαραδοκεῖν* (*apokaradokeîn*), relatively infrequent in Greek, still less frequent than the simple *karadokeîn*, has a stronger sense than mere "waiting." It means to await earnestly, zealously, the result of something, for example of a battle which must have an outcome. In a passage in Polybius (lib. XVI, cap. II) it appears precisely connected with undertakings or designs; that is, with projects. "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God" (*expectatio creaturae revelationem filiorum Dei expectat*), says St. Paul; and elsewhere (Philippians 1, 20) he again refers to *apokaradokía* in a very similar context, and precisely in relation to life and death.

The human person appears as a creature, whose reality is received but new and irreducible, needy and indigent, condemned to a closed empirical structure and called to mortality, but consisting in incessant hope: a lasting project which struggles with death. "That which" I am is mortal, but "who" I am consists in aspiring to be immortal and not being able to imagine myself as not immortal, because my life is *radical reality*.

And so I believe that we must pose the problem of death and immortality from a personal and biographical perspective.

Let us not speak of "proof," for we would first have to come to an agreement about the meaning of proof in the case of personal realities. In any case, the *onus probandi* is incumbent on the one who affirms . . . anything at all: if man remits us to death, human life remits us to survival. If empirical structure as we encounter it is closed, life in its very structure is open, and the question would be whether life with a different structure is possible. But if that structure is to be empirical, I have to find it in experience; and this means that *from experience* it must appear to me as intrinsically problematical. And now we understand—once more we encounter the systematic spiral of philosophy—the reciprocal "exclusion" of the two fundamental and inseparable problems: *Who am I? What is to become of me?* The dramatic character of human life consists in that exclusion.

But if we now place ourselves in the perspective of immortality, of everlasting life, then this life becomes problematical in an unexpected sense. What is it for? If we are destined for another life without the internal conflicts of this one, and especially a life without this life's fleeting and transitory nature, without its inherent mortality, what is this life for? Could not God have placed us directly in the other, installed us once and for all in everlasting life? The idea that God "tests" us in this life, subjects us to a sort of moral examination to see how we behave before he rewards or punishes us, is too crude and unsatisfactory.

What happens is this: if God had placed us directly in Paradise, we would be *something else*. Man is the being who, once created and placed in life, *makes himself*. And he makes himself projectively, and not only in his actual trajectory, the one we can tell of in his biography. Man makes himself in expectation, in dream, and in conflict; he makes himself out of his multiple installations, or better still out of the multiple dimensions of his unitary installation; he makes himself in authenticity and unauthenticity. Human life on earth is programmatic and at the same time always frustrated—that is why happiness is a necessary impossibility, that is why man needs to be happy and cannot be so.

Mortal life—our numbered days—stretching between birth and death, is the time in which man *chooses* himself, not what he is but *who* he is, in which he invents and decides who he *wants to be* (and never fully becomes). We can imagine this life as the choice of the other life, the other as the realization of this life. One terrible verse in the *Dies Irae* has always moved me deeply, more than any other. It is the verse that says: *quidquid latet apparebit*, "all that is hidden will appear." All that has truly been wanted, will be. To this we condemn ourselves: to be, in truth and forever, what we have wished to be.

From this perspective, how do the things of this life appear? They appear as anointed with unexpected seriousness: we pass our lives grieving for the fleetingness of things, which slip away from us and slide out of our hands, for "the snows of yesteryear"; but now their fleetingness is menaced by a "forever." It would be possible to think that reality in the other life would be determined by the authenticity and plenitude with which it had been desired or wished for in this life.

If this is true, we cannot know whether happiness is or is not a cheat. We must live in insecurity, and any attempt to eliminate it, in one sense or another, is either an act of intellectual disloyalty or an act of faith. And then we must ask ourselves: What things are truly important in this life? For me, the standard is clear: those in respect to which death is not an objection, those to which I can radically say "yes"; those with which I project myself, because I desire them and want them forever, since without them I cannot be truly "I."

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